The Saturday Evening
POST
August 26, 1961 – 15¢

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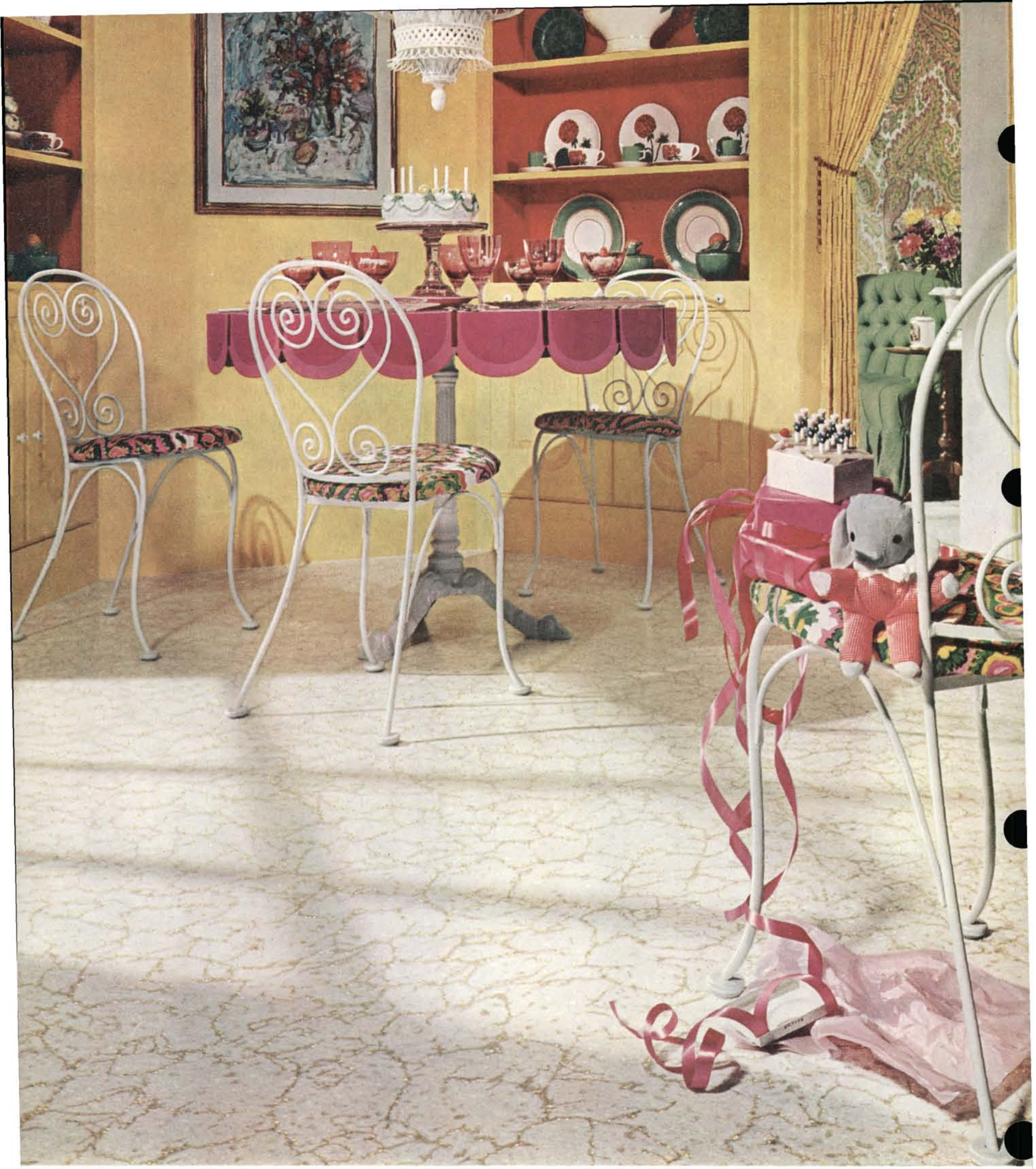

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THE COVER

The Cub Scout motto is "Do your best," and under these soggy circumstances the best idea is to send an SOS to the nearest ship of Sea Explorer scouts. While the boys are awaiting rescue they might try to improve the seaworthiness of the phone booth. Or the Cubmaster could conduct a refresher course in Cub lore, reminding the lads of the symbolism of their uniform: The blue stands for "truth and loyalty and the sky above"; the gold is for "sunlight and cheer and happiness." Yes, we realize this is an awfully small Cub pack—but artist Dick Sargent simply couldn't pack any more boys into the booth. Will there be any other questions? *Question:* What is the difference between a calf and a Cub? *Answer:* A Cub has sense enough to come in out of the rain.

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Letters

Last-Ditch Stand By Vermonters

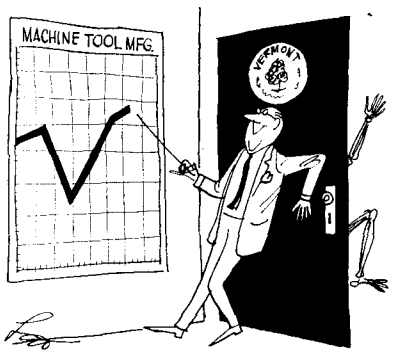
Dear Sirs:

This guy Hal Burton [VERMONT: LAST STAND OF THE YANKEES, July 22] just *has* to be kidding! . . . I am touched by his concern for our lack of "the creature comforts the rest of the country enjoys." Doesn't he know that practically everyone has inside plumbing now? Or does he perhaps mean high-tension living, ulcers and psychiatrists' couches? There's little "comfort" in any of those.

E. ROSS
Poultney, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

Hal Burton's . . . statement that the machine-tool manufacturing companies in Springfield and Windsor "are dwindling in size as plants close or cut down to a skeleton staff . . ." is ridiculous in view of the facts. In the period of 1958 through 1960 the four machine-tool manufacturers in this area not only doubled their net new orders and shipments, but their combined percentage of the entire U.S. industry's new orders went up 30 per cent. During the same period their combined percentage of the entire U.S. industry's shipments increased 60 per cent. Your readers will, no doubt, be interested



in the remarkable performance of these Yankee "skeletons."

NICOLAAS A. LEYDS
Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.
Bryant Chucking Grinder Co.
Springfield, Vt.

● *Author Burton says, "Mr. Leyds's figures effectively rebut my appraisal, which was based on dwindling employment in the machine-tool industry—an insufficient criterion."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I wonder if Mr. Burton's age is such that he could be the New Yorker my father used to tell about. The story related to a very patronizing summer visitor from New York. As he came to leave he asked his host, "My dear man, what do you Vermonters ever do when we summer people leave?"

After due thought the answer was, "Well, first we fumigate."

DAVID P. SANFORD
Sherburne Center, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

That Hal Burton feller who rit about *Vermont* is sartenly mixed up. He don't know if to cuss us for bein' as we are or to kiss us for bein' as we aint. I red the articul after chores t'other nite, a-sittin on the verandee. . . . I settled back to enjoy m'self with Hal's Last Stand. . . . Then, I laffed an laffed as I looked up at thet ole maple in the frunt yard, listened to the birds an watched the cows chewin' there cuds over in th' south pasture, an thot o' poor ole Hal buckin' traffick down on progressive Long Island where he cum from. An I thot, too, how cum Hal visits Vermont so much ef he's so hell-bent on progress?

STEPHEN M. KELLEY
Montpelier, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

Politically Mr. Burton's knowledge appears weak. In 1958 William Meyer was elected as the first Vermont Democratic Congressman at the same time that Robert Stafford squeaked into the governorship, *not* two years later.

We also were dismayed to find no mention of our present governor, F. Ray Keyser Jr., who, as the youngest governor in the United States, is a fine example of the constructive conservatism that is strong among the young people of this state.

ALAN E. BLAKEMAN
Montpelier, Vt.

● *Reader Blakeman and many others are correct about the error made in referring to Mr. Meyer's election. On the second point, the author says, "Having described Vermont as one of the best-governed states in the Union, I certainly should have listed Governor Keyser as one of those who make it so."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

In going away to college in the fall, I am one of the many youths who will leave Vermont. . . . It appears that the truth hurts too many, even our own popular Governor Keyser. I have always admired the governor, but I do feel he is making a mistake in "beefing" about a darn good article. If anything, Mr. Burton's story will help Vermont. Not only should we get more tourist trade—everyone ought to see the only "unspoiled" state in the Union—but perhaps it will wake a few Vermonters up. Here's hoping!

VIRGINIA P. CASSARA
Montpelier, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

It is too bad Mr. Burton's lovely view of Vermont was not in better focus as he traversed the state. His allusion to the town meeting as "boring" would no doubt be true if he arrived on "the last Wednesday in March," only to find that it had taken place on the *first Tuesday* in March.

DANIEL T. O'CONNELL
South Londonderry, Vt.

● *Reader O'Connell is correct. Mr. Burton adds, "I couldn't be more embarrassed."—ED.*

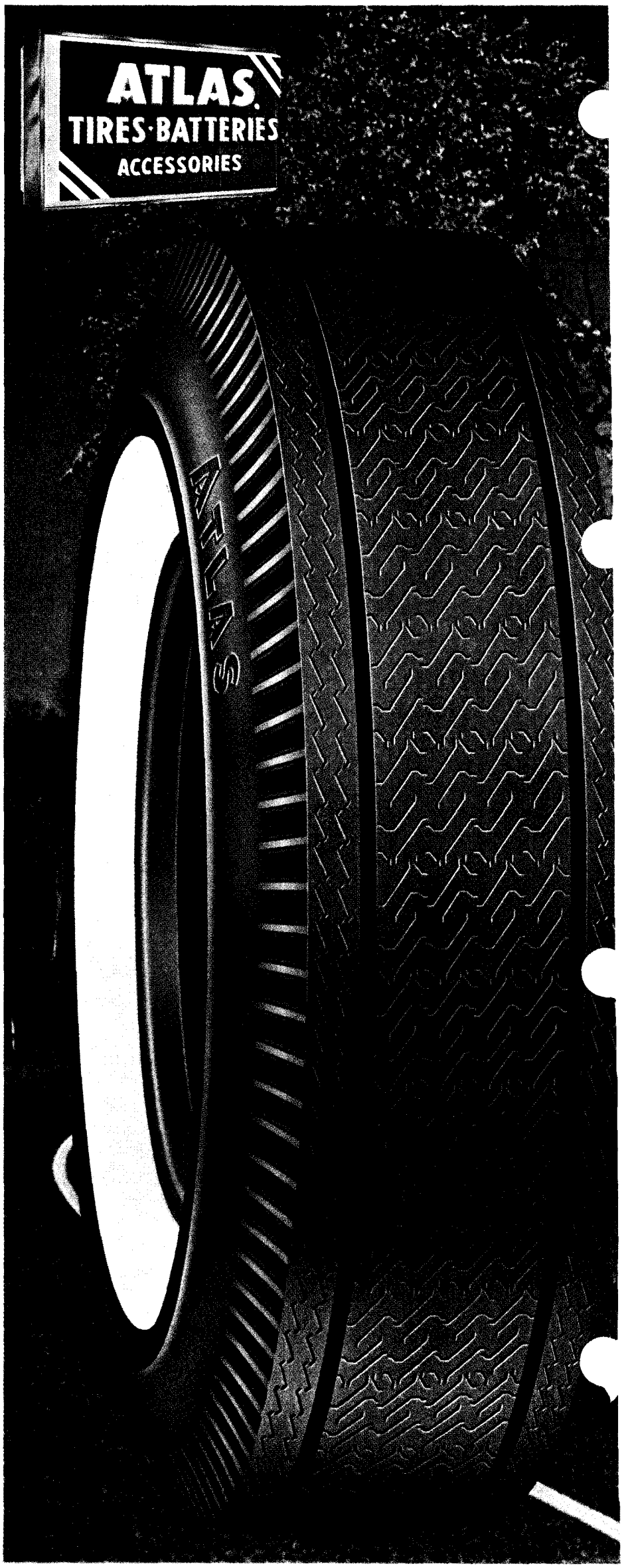
Nude Awakening

Dear Sirs:

We poor benighted villagers here in Laguna Beach certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Frank Taylor for his vivid article, THE WORLD'S LIVELIEST ART SHOW [July 15]. . . . The author has awakened us to the tremendously high "sex voltage" present in our Pageant of the Masters.

The present writer, for instance, who has scarcely missed a performance of the Pageant since its lowly beginning . . . has never heard the depictions of sculpture spoken of as "nudes." Certainly he has never heard the slightest suggestion that they were in any way daring, much less loaded with sex. We might find an excuse

(Continued on Page 6)



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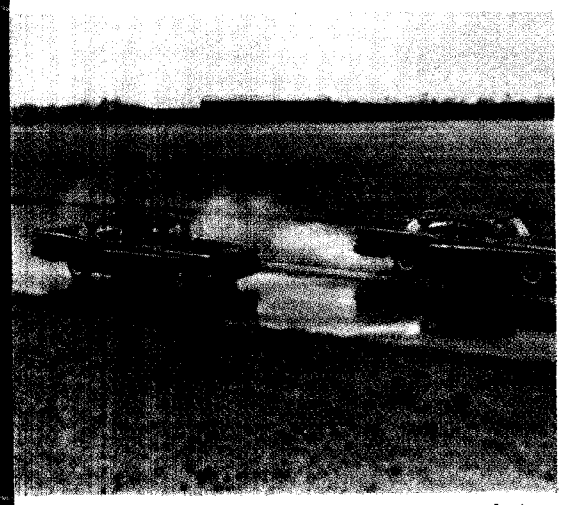

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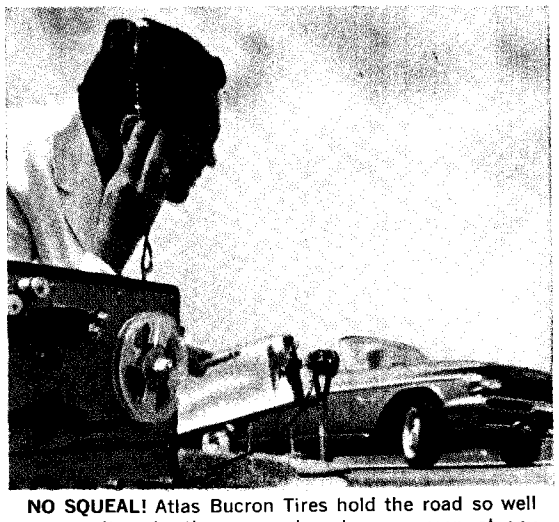

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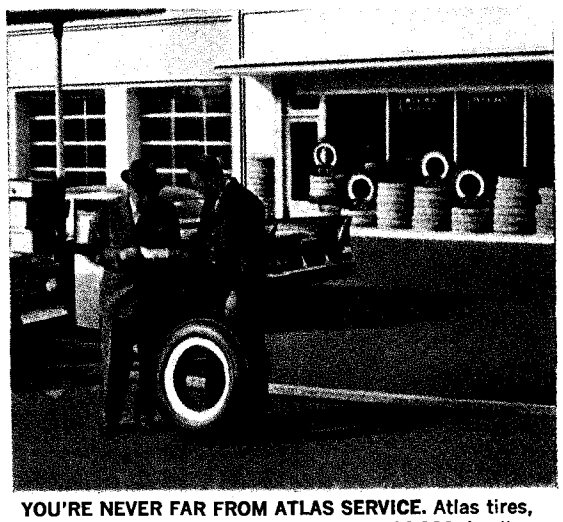

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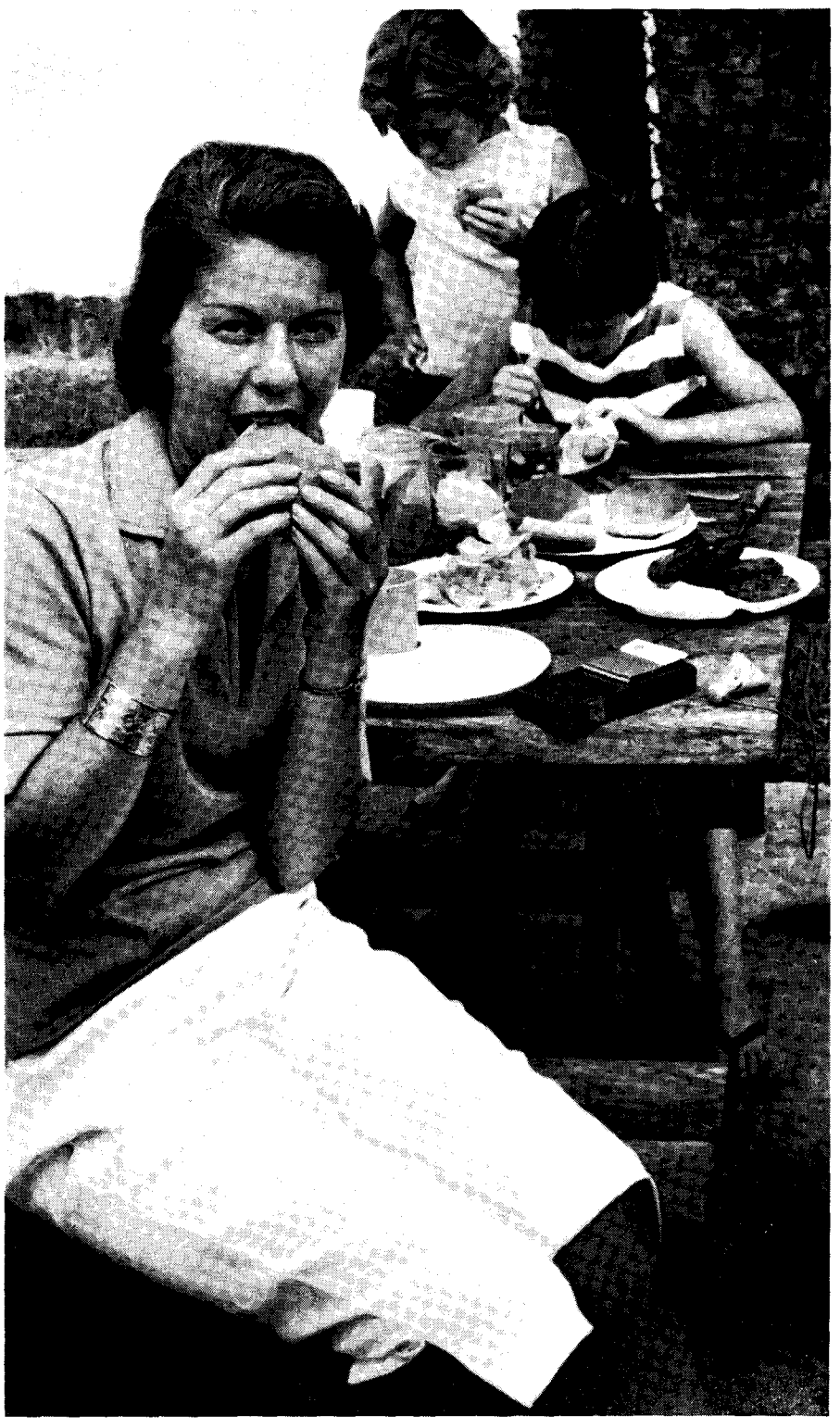


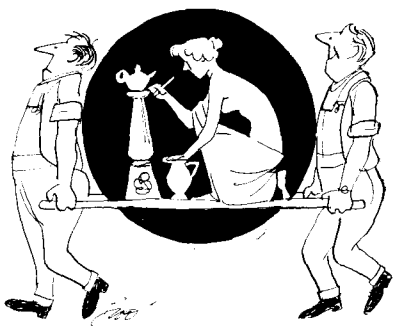
Letters (Continued from Page 4)

for our blindness, perhaps, in that all this time we've lived with beaches that are strewn with scantily clad humans. With all this quite normal nakedness around, it simply never occurred to us, it would seem, to find any titillation in the heavily coated sculptures of the pageant. Thanks to Mr. Taylor, however, we, and the world, will see them in the future for what they really are.

FRANCIS RAYMOND
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your article left me with just one question: How does one get the job as



scene shifter or, better than that, as sheen sifter of aluminum and gold powder?

FRANK HIRSCH
Medford, Wisc.

Dear Sirs:

You stated that one of the leading characters in last year's production was Judge Robert Morrison of nearby Santa Ana. We in Orange County have no judge by that name. We do have a Judge Kenneth E. Morrison, who appeared in last year's production.

ROBERT A. SCHWAMB
Newport Beach, Calif.

● *Author Taylor was wrong. No offense intended, Your Honor.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Are you sure our two friends the explorers, in your July 15 cartoon [below], aren't being prepared for a living picture by the cannibal after he read about the enterprising residents of Laguna Beach?

CANDACE MCCLELLAND
Vassar, Mich.

● *At right, below, a cherubic figurine paints some of the "goop" on her mother prior to the show. —ED.*

"I think it's barbecue sauce."

"No, ma, it's Laguna 'goop.'"

Readers Rewarded

Dear Sirs:

DOCTORS IN THE DESERT [by Allan M. McKelvie, M.D., as told to Milton Mac Kaye, July 22] is one of the finest, most rewarding articles that I have ever read. In this world of grief, greed and misery, how thrilling it is to know that there is a group of doctors who are willing, completely on their own, to take time out of their busy lives to share their knowledge and help these pathetic people.

MRS. CHARLES VAN DUSEN
Lancaster, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

To my great distress there was no mention of Dr. Theodore Norley of West Palm Beach, Florida, in my article. Dr. Norley, my close friend and colleague, was one of the organizers of the orthopedic mission to Jordan and one of the first of our group to serve there. Throughout he has been in charge of the collation of our statistics. His enthusiasm, his imagination, his selfless hard work played a vital part in making the project a success.

ALLAN M. MCKELVIE, M. D.
Washington, D.C.

● The Post *regrets the omission. Dr. Norley's name, which appeared in the original manuscript, disappeared in the editing process. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Fortunately, many of your articles offset each other. I was disappointed in the philosophy of I'M OLD AT EIGHTEEN [by Lynn Burke, as told to Dave Anderson, July 22]. The author reflects the all too prevailing point of view of "what's in it for me?" She laments the grind to become an Olympic champion and writes that each day the two gold medals she won at Rome lose their meaning. . . .

How refreshing it was to turn to DOCTORS IN THE DESERT, and read how a group of doctors contribute their talents and skills—skills acquired by years of laborious study and practice—to the needy people of Jordan and to the development of international good will without any thought of rewards or of becoming prematurely old.

RALPH M. ROGERS
Pasadena, Calif.

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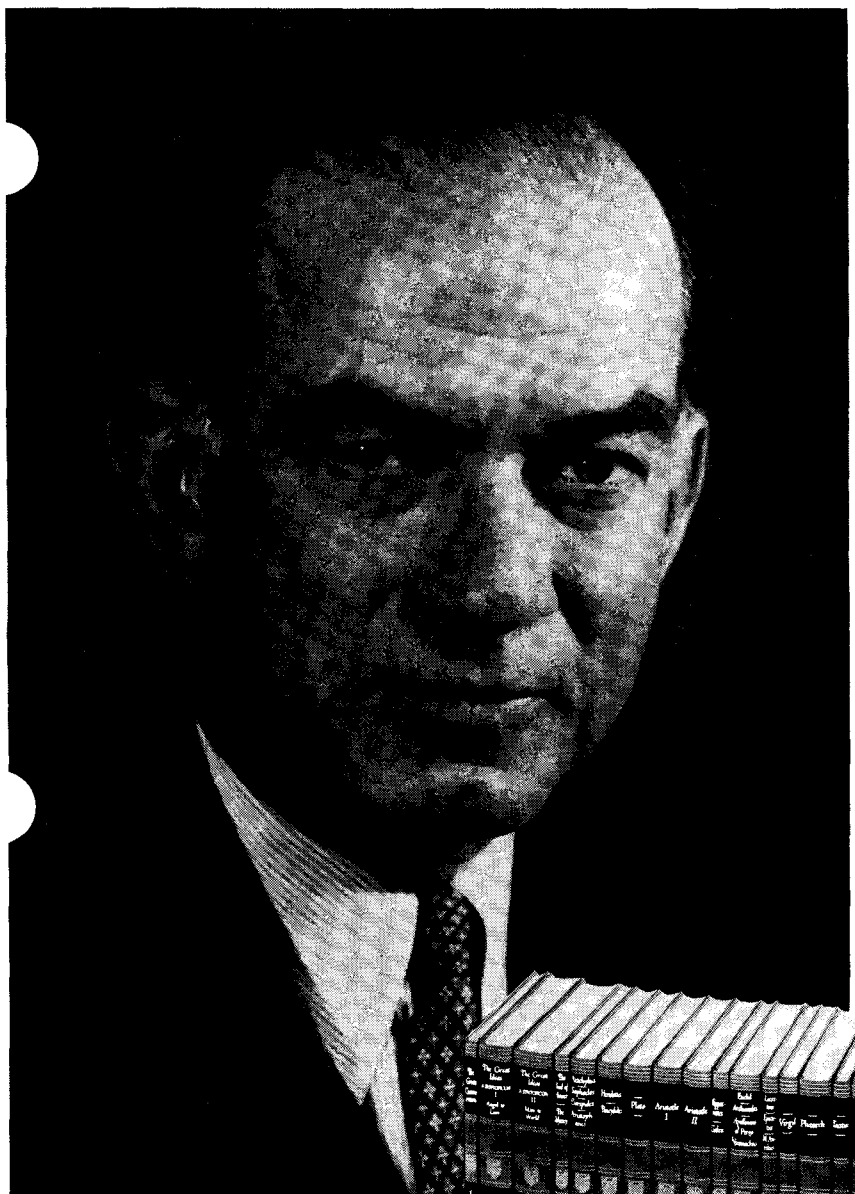

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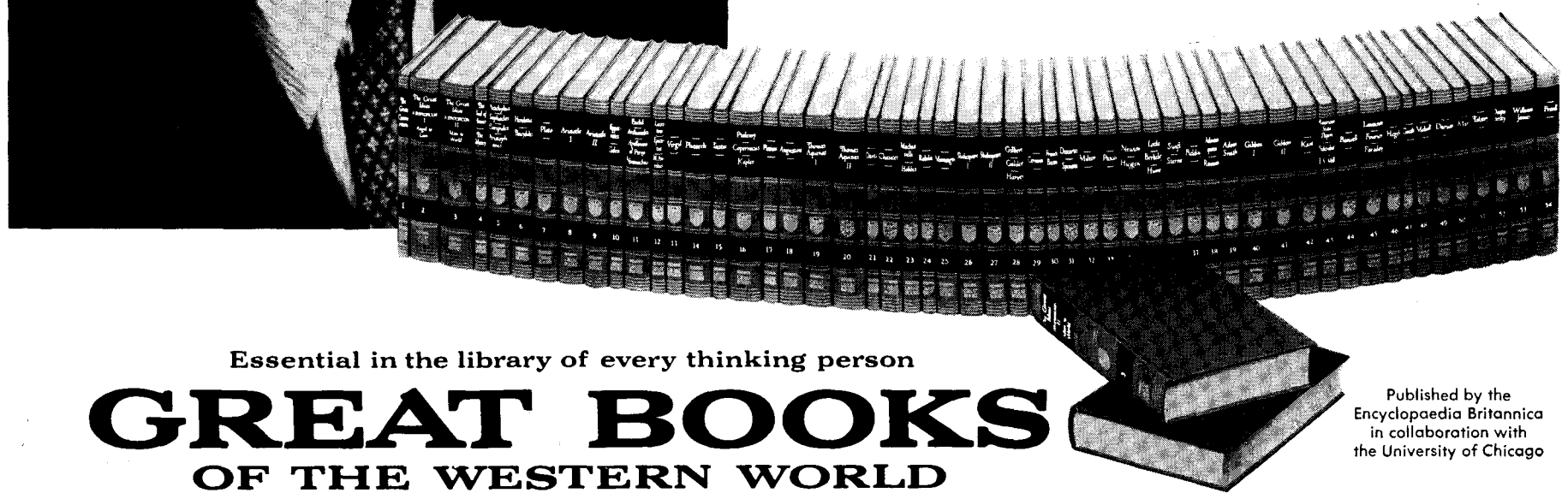

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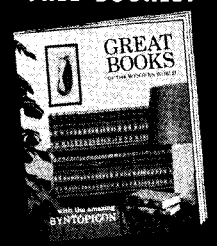

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The coils give you feather-bed softness at the top . . . yet firm support when compressed. We even put special coils at the edges (where you so often sit to dress). These sleeping beauties are shown at most good stores. Why not drop in and lie down on one? First ask for an alarm clock.

SPRING AIR®

"HEALTH CENTER"® MATTRESSES

Spring Air Company • 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago 11, Illinois

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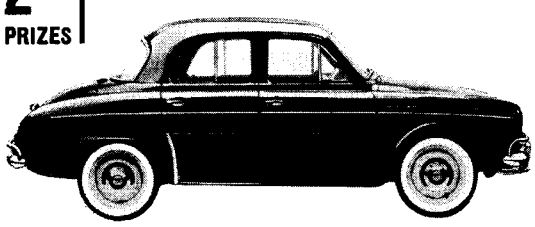
$40,000.00 WORLD SERIES 1961 CONTEST

FIRST GRAND PRIZE
Winning Player's Share
$10,000.00

Cash equal to the bonus of a player on the winning team in the World Series. Minimum of $10,000. It could be more!

1,455 other valuable prizes!

2ND PRIZES | 3 RENAULT DAUPHINES

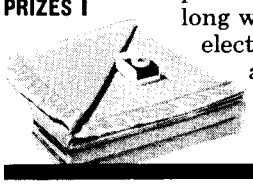


America's favorite four-door economy car, carries a whole family comfortably, gets up to 40 M.P.G., parks anywhere.

3RD PRIZES | 104 Matched sets AMELIA EARHART Luggage

Distinctively styled and sturdily built, this lightweight Amelia Earhart Luggage is easy to pack, a pleasure to carry.

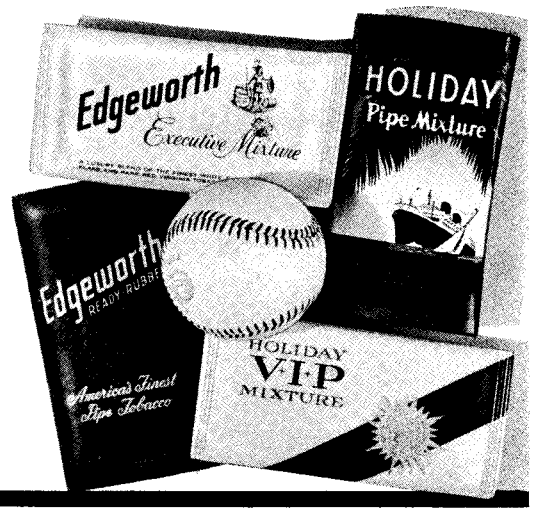
4TH PRIZES | 348 WESTINGHOUSE electric blankets



Sleep in summer sunshine all year long with a new Westinghouse electric blanket. Moth proof, allergy-free blanketing, easily laundered.

5TH PRIZES | 1,000 Medico Crest Filter Pipes

Finest Meerschaum-lined imported briar, bite-proof Nylon bit, famous Medico "Throw Away" filter. Pipe rest in every box.



HURRY! ENTER NOW

Just complete the easy jingle on the official entry blank in this ad. Mail it along with an empty pocket pouch or printed insert (or reasonable facsimiles) from a tin of any House of Edgeworth tobacco. Contest closes October 16, 1961. Get complete rules at your tobacco dealer's.

RETAILERS CAN WIN $2,000 Ask your jobber about extra cash awards for retailers! Get your House of Edgeworth Contest display racks in *early!*

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK
(complete rules at your tobacco dealer's)

Just finish this easy verse about famous House of Edgeworth Pipe Tobaccos:

Smoke any House of Edgeworth brand
To make your pipe taste extra grand,
There's one that's blended just for you

Your winning line might be: "That smokes the way you want it to!" (Make your line rhyme with *you.*) Enter as often as you want! And for top smoking, light up with these fine tobaccos: *Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed,* cool smoking white Burleys, famous for over 50 years. *Holiday,* with the aroma men relish, and women welcome, too. *Executive Mixture,* most luxurious tobacco you can smoke. New *V.I.P.,* a uniquely aromatic blend of luxury tobaccos.

Mail to: House of Edgeworth Contest
P.O. Box 50-B, Mount Vernon 10, New York

Enclose empty pocket pouch or printed insert (or reasonable facsimiles) from tin of any House of Edgeworth pipe tobacco.

PRINT YOUR NAME_____

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Enter as often as you wish! All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, October 16, 1961.

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Editorials

You Might Think Taft-Hartley Had "Enslaved" Somebody!

With Hawaii and Puerto Rico threatened by serious food shortages and the ports of our coastal cities faced with a disastrous paralysis of shipping, President Kennedy "reluctantly" invoked the provision of the Taft-Hartley Act that calls for a "cooling-off period" of eighty days and a resumption of work while a commission appointed by the President looks into the causes of the strike. The nation breathed a tentative sigh of relief.

But the President, in his statement on the subject, deplored the absence of a statute more "flexible" than Taft-Hartley and promised to suggest modifications to Congress later on. And Secretary of Labor Goldberg described the decision to enforce the law as "distasteful." From all this apologetic reluctance one might get the impression that National Maritime Union leader Curran was to be put on the rack and tormented with thumbscrews and hot pincers. Actually all that was happening was an eighty-day stay of execution from a sentence of economic stagnation imposed on the nation by a small group of irresponsible labor leaders for an object that employers could not grant if they wished to. Instead of expressing reluctance and distaste, our national leaders might better have given thanks that their previous efforts to defeat and discredit this essential statute had not been successful.

The consequences of this tendency to take our blessings sourly were dramatically illustrated at the Cape Canaveral missile base, the scene of outrageous extortion and gouging by unions, as developed by Sen. John McClellan's subcommittee on investigations. Because the unions at this base had control of the hiring of individual workers, vital projects were held up while wiring already installed was ripped out and installed over again by the "right" union. It was the judgment of many responsible observers that, but for such conscienceless gouging, Commander Shepard might well have made his flight into space before Russia's Maj. Yuri Gagarin accomplished his feat.

Except for failure to enforce protective legislation, none of this scandalous racketeering need have happened. Florida has a clause in its constitution which states that "the right of a person to work shall not be denied or abridged on account of membership or nonmembership in any labor union or organization." Had this provision been enforced, no union could deny the right to work at the Canaveral missile base to nonmembers of a union, any more than employers could deny the right to work to union members. What happened was that closed-shop unions moved in early and threatened to walk off the job en masse if nonunion workers were employed. A total of twenty-three stoppages for a total of 9045 man days occurred to enforce this illegal monopoly. The result was that nonunion workers and firms that employed them were excluded from the base, leaving the field open to the gougers.

It is true that Florida seems not to have passed legislation specifically stating how its constitutional "right-to-work" clause could be enforced. But Sen. Carl Curtis of Nebraska, a member of the McClellan subcommittee, insisted that Florida officials had ample authority to proceed by injunction and otherwise to curb these vicious practices. Why were these powers unused? Behind the many excuses is the reluctance of officialdom to enforce any restrictions on the monopolistic practices of union leaders until the nation is faced with a crisis or collapse.

The American Patent System Is the Basis for Our Industrial Growth and Progress

If Abraham Lincoln was right in believing that "the patent system added the fuel of interest to the spark of genius," it is difficult to understand why so many politicians want to tamper with it. Sen. Estes Kefauver, for example, is sponsoring a bill which would cut down the exclusive use of a drug patent by its owner from the seventeen years in the present law to a maximum of three. When the three years are up, the Senator's bill would compel a company with a new prescription drug to license its manufacture by any competitor who applied.

Actually licenses to manufacture prescription drugs are commonplace under the present law, but the owner of the patent is free to choose the licensee and stipulate the conditions under which the privilege to make the product is granted. Moreover, the courts have compelled holders of patents in other industries to license others to use them when it appeared that the owner of the patent was abusing his privilege.

As to competition, the industry asks with considerable plausibility what would happen to the effort to produce more effective medicines and drugs if a drug manufacturer need only copy a successful drug invented by a competitor, instead of spending his own money on research in the hope of making a better product. Another question is: How much money would a drug manufacturer spend on research if he knew in advance that his exclusive right to the product of his investment had been cut so drastically that he would have no chance to "get his nut back"?

The attack on risk takers is by no means confined to the Kefauver bill or the drug industry. Our defense industries are in a perpetual state of revolt against Government departments which insist that a contract to deliver, say, valves for use in airplane engines must be accompanied by drawings and other data which indicate how the gadget was made. Such information is described in patent law as a "proprietary right" because it is an essential protection against patent infringement. Anybody who buys a valve and takes it apart can learn a lot about it—but not necessarily how to make it under conditions assuring a profit. According to one patent expert, the Department of Defense obtains from all contractors "complete and detailed information on the manufacturing process of everything it buys and then redistributes these valuable data to those who do not have it under the guise of competitive bidding."

This is obviously an *ex parte* charge; and the Defense Department's reply to it would be that it needs the drawings for use in repairing the equipment purchased, that in some cases the product could be made without this "proprietary" information anyway, and that information on products which were developed at public expense should be available to everybody. Industry takes no serious exception to handing over its secrets for such reasons, but it does object when its information is passed along indiscriminately to competitors under the guise of aid to Small Business. It is a complicated subject, but it would not be complicated if the departments actually stuck by the principles laid down in a Defense Department directive that "it is the policy of the Department of Defense to encourage inventiveness and to provide incentive therefore by honoring 'proprietary data' resulting from private developments and hence to limit demands for data to that which is essential for Government purposes."

Representative Emilio Q. Daddario of Connecticut in a recent address reported that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, whose requirements in the field are onerous, had difficulty in obtaining "the best research for lowest cost and in the shortest time." Mr. Daddario, a member of the Committee on Science and Astronautics, added, "We actually found some instances in which the contractors refused to take NASA contracts, but far more important was the obvious fact that contractors who are required to surrender commercial rights to their inventions just do not give NASA their best efforts."

The committee declared that industrialists are "responsible under the private-enterprise system for operating a profitable business, yet if they decline Government business because it is unprofitable, they become vulnerable to charges of lack of patriotism. American industry should not be placed in this awkward, often injurious, position."

That seems to us pretty close to an important general truth, whether the product is a tranquilizer or a carburetor.

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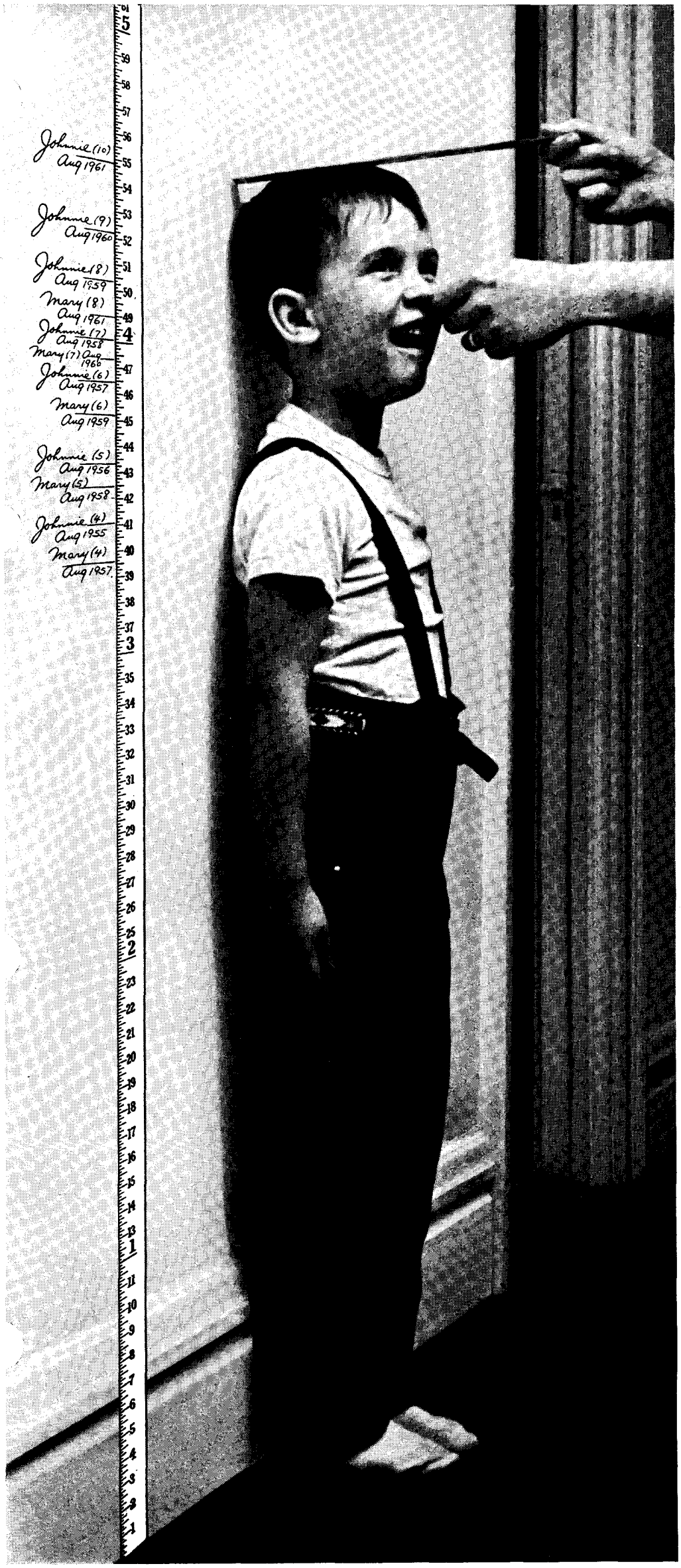
Johnnie (10) Aug 1961
Johnnie (9) Aug 1960
Johnnie (8) Aug 1959
Mary (8) Aug 1961
Johnnie (7) Aug 1958
Mary (7) Aug 1960
Johnnie (6) Aug 1957
Mary (6) Aug 1959
Johnnie (5) Aug 1956
Mary (5) Aug 1958
Johnnie (4) Aug 1955
Mary (4) Aug 1957

Will he "measure up" in his school work, too?

"Chin up! Shoulders back! Stand tall!"
"You're a big boy now— ready for school."

What about your youngster? Even though he may appear to be in tip-top condition—like the one shown here—it is a sensible idea to have his health checked before school opens.

Your child's doctor will be alert to problems—both physical and emotional—that could interfere with the youngster's school progress. For example, he might have some slight and unsuspected defects of his eyes or ears which, if attended to now, could prevent difficulty later on.

And when you see the doctor, you can talk with him about your child's health habits. If, for instance, he skips or barely eats breakfast, he will have a poor start for his day's work at school.

Now's the time to make sure, too, about the status of your child's protection against the communicable or "catching" diseases. Are his immunizations up-to-date against polio, diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus and smallpox? Protection against influenza is also given to some children.

A preschool check-up could make the difference between a good or a disappointing year at school—for children who are entering, as well as those who are returning to school.

To supplement your doctor's advice, Metropolitan Life will send you its informative booklet, ABC's of Childhood Disease. Simply fill out and return the coupon below for your free copy.

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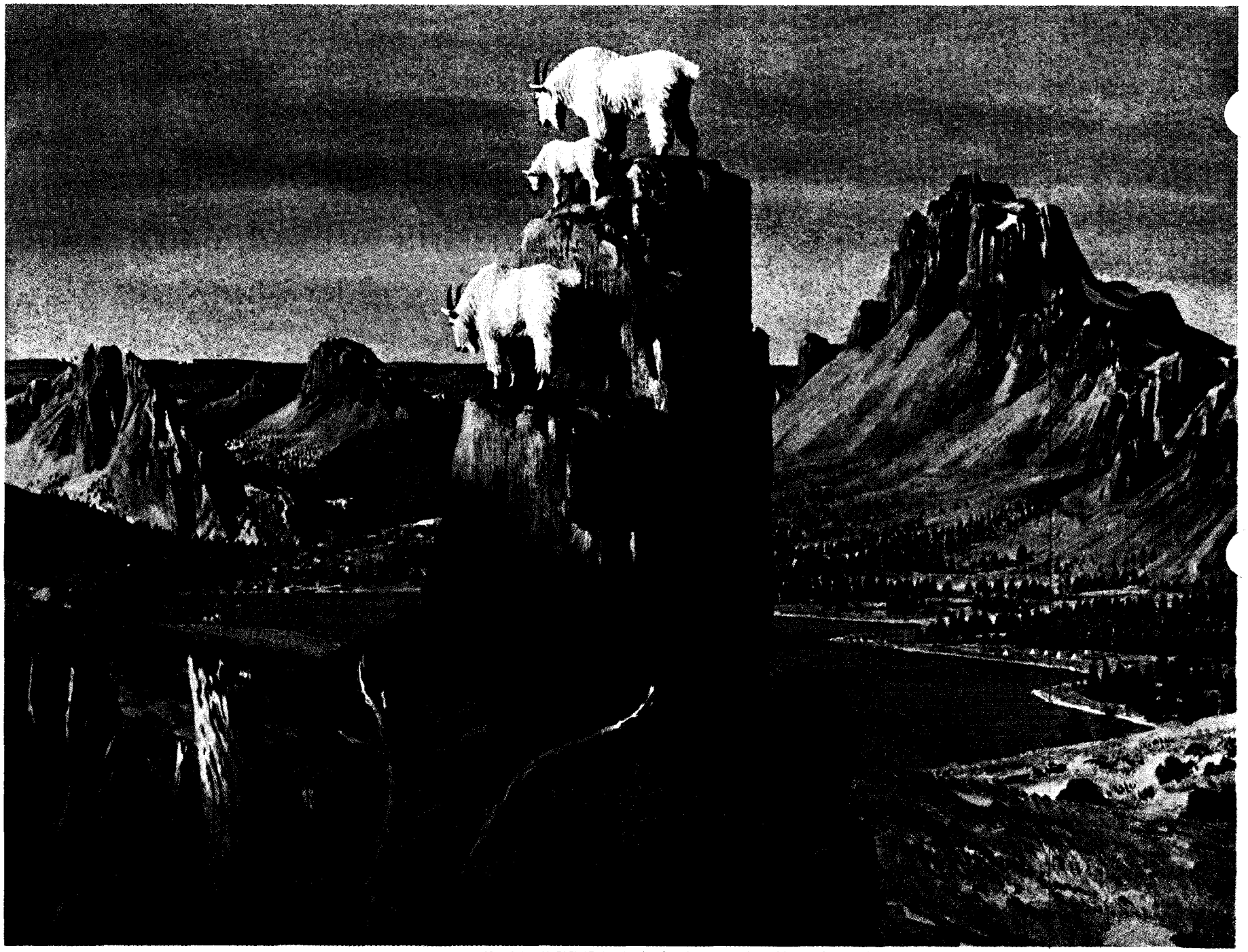
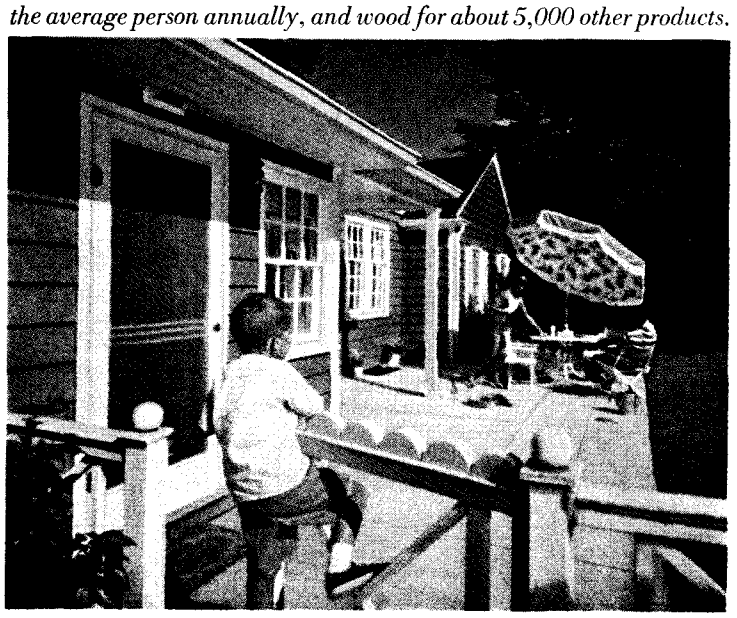


SCENIC HIGH ELEVATION lands often best serve the public need as wilderness recreation areas. Prime tree-growing land at lower elevation usually serves the greatest good by producing forest products, providing recreation and other values as additional benefits. This is wise land use.

America's growing problem...wise and proper land use

America's industrial forests supply lumber for millions of homes and other structures each year, pulp for the 438 pounds of paper used by the average person annually, and wood for about 5,000 other products.



Custodians of commercial forestland, public and private, face a mounting dilemma. As the nation's population continues to expand, the demand for forest products grows apace. In sharp contrast, acreage available for timber production steadily diminishes.

Clearly, this is a time for careful evaluation. Continued loss of tree-growing land can deprive future generations of essential forest products and other benefits.

Proposals that still more commercial forestland should be locked up in wildernesses, accessible to but few people, must be weighed thoughtfully. Large acreages already have been set aside. In the West alone, approximately 25 million acres of public land are currently administered as wilderness-type areas.

In the national interest, the principal use for commercial forestlands should be for perpetual production of timber crops. Properly managed, the same lands also can provide water, wildlife and recreation. Weyerhaeuser lands are so managed. *Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Wash., for a free booklet on modern forestry and forest products.*

Weyerhaeuser Company

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Despite elaborate [illegible]itation programs, two thirds of all [illegible]soners can be expected to serve again. An ex-[illegible]nvict's argument:

I SAY PRISONS ARE A FAILURE

By HAL HOLLISTER

In January of this year, in the prison where I served thirteen years of a life sentence, 20 per cent of the inmates had done a single previous jolt in that or another penitentiary, 16 per cent were three-time losers and 37 per cent had four or more prison commitments on their records. Only 27 per cent of the inmate body were first-timers, and of this group 6 per cent were twenty-one years of age or under and therefore hadn't yet had a fair chance to demonstrate their capacity for long-haul jousting with the law.

If these figures are typical of prisons throughout the land—and all available evidence says that the national record is actually even worse—then it's apparent that we taxpayers are pitching a great deal of money down an extremely deep rathole. If more than two thirds of the inmates discharged from the nation's penal institutions are destined to pick up the pistol, the jimmy or the forger's pen again, then it's quite clear that prisons are thundering failures at the business of protecting society by reforming the criminal.

Well, why is this so? Why *doesn't* a stretch in prison more often persuade a prisoner to drop the tools of larceny or whatever and pick up a lunch bucket instead?

This is a question that has no easy or complete answers, but certainly one of the reasons prisons fail to correct criminals is that the prisoner himself is often a type of person who is singularly well equipped to resist correction. To a degree far greater than normal, most prisoners are impatient, impulsive, heedless of consequences. More than is common among most adults, they are resentful of authority and impatient with the restrictions that personal responsibilities would place upon them. Almost by definition—look again at the percentage of multiple repeaters—they seem to be unable to learn from experience. And in conjunction with all these is a wide streak of irrationality, an obvious and constant inability of many—if not most—convicts to think and act in a manner consistent with their own best interests.

It isn't a coincidence, of course, that so many people in prison should have so many characteristics in common, for it is those very characteristics that helped to land them there.

There was Rex Hennepin—as good a name as any—a car thief whom I knew off and on for twelve years in prison. He never brought more than a year or two at a time and must have done half a dozen jolts during the time I knew him. He stole nothing but cars, and his *modus operandi* never varied: He would see on the street a car to his liking, drive it away and—without changing the plates or making any alterations in its appearance—continue to drive it until the law caught up with him and sent him down to the penitentiary to do another stint behind the walls. Rex's case was not so extreme as you might suppose. Although by no means a mental giant, he wasn't retarded either. He was just a convict.

There was Pete Jones, an intelligent, likable and—on the surface, at least—thoroughly sensible man. Pete wound up a jolt for robbery soon after I was committed to the prison, and for two or three years thereafter reports kept filtering back about how well he was doing. He had married, had a couple of kids and owned a thriving little business. Then something went sour, and he suddenly found himself in debt and hard pressed for money. Did Pete try to borrow enough money to tide him over the rough spots? Did he file bankruptcy papers or just plain take his losses and try to start over from scratch? Did he even (We're examining his thought processes here, not his honesty) sit down and clearheadedly try to hit on some relatively safe illegal means to get the money he needed? No, Pete got hold of a pistol, drove in his own car to a supermarket in his own neighborhood, held it up and shortly afterward showed up in prison denims again. The irrationality is sometimes well concealed, but it runs deep.

There was Butch Reily, who during my time in prison had three successive falls for burglary. Butch fancied himself a professional. Each time he landed behind the walls he was able to tell you exactly where he had made his mistake and how he was going to avoid making it again. The first time his crime partner had snitched him off; from then on he'd steal

(Continued on Page 40)

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TUGBOAT ANNIE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Beginning a two-part story by

NORMAN REILLY RAINE

Moving ghostlike through the white fury of an arctic blizzard, and with foghorn blaring, the powerful deep-water salvage tug *Narcissus*, Tugboat Annie Brennan, master, butted doggedly across the Beaufort Sea at the close of a darkening prewinter day. And on a long towing wire astern, invisible in the swirlin whiteness, wallowed a huge converted LST deep-laden with three-ton weasels, snow tractors and other heavy equipment intended for a Dew Line supply base on Glacier Island, two hundred miles ahead.

Although the tug's progress was slow, Annie was not worried, for slush ice and broken floes held the rising seas to no more than a heaving swell, and she had made the trip many times before.

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nie peered ahead at the bow
iecting from the spit
tide.

"I'm sure glad it's our last tow up here this season, though," she mumbled to Hank, the second deck hand, who was relieving her at the wheel. "Six solid months o' this was too cussed much!"

"You're so right, Annie," he said, noting her red-rimmed eyes and pallid face. "We've had it—all hands! And we'll be lucky," he continued, rubbing a cleared spot on the ice-filmed window and peering through, "if we can make it back out before we're locked in for the winter. That snow is freezing as fast as it hits!"

"We'll make it," said Annie grimly, "if I hafta drive her over or under, as the old windship skippers used to say." She forced a tired grin. "Reminds me, one time years ago I was towin' a big Swedish bark ——"

"Annie!" Hank's voice was stark with fear. "Sta'board helm! Quick—quick! There's a ip bearing on us from ahead!"

Instantly she spun the big wheel hard over, and signaled to him to take it, flung open the door and darted to the rail. Then she saw it—a long, gray shape with flaring, knifelike bows that loomed so close that she could see on the forecastlehead a panicky lookout, his mouth open in a soundless shout. As the *Narcissus* payed off, the swift-moving stranger disappeared into pelting whiteness beyond and on a course parallel to the towing wire that stretched astern. Then, almost immediately, over the scream of the blizzard Annie heard a rending, splintering crash.

Racing down the ladder to the engine-room housing, she was met by Big Sam, the tug's engineer, his stare tensely apprehensive. "What goes on up there?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Ship's hit the LST. She'll sink an' take us down wid her unless —— Sam, did ye loosen the clamps on the towin' drum earlier like I elled ye?"

"Yeah! Yeah, I did!"

Quickly Annie pounded aft, but as she reached the fantail she could feel the stern pulled down, and a wall of water broke over the counter and swept her back along the narrow main deck.

"Oh—oh, here it comes!" she groaned and, grabbing a handrail, clung desperately on.

Then, with a dull clang, the end of the unshackled cable whipped from the drum and slid over the stern; and with a lurch the tug recovered, and her powerful propeller beat out a wake.

For the next hour the *Narcissus* retraced her course, with Annie, soaked to the skin, standing in the bite of the arctic wind and searching for survivors. But all she saw were bobbing, splintered fragments of the LST's stern.

"I'm goin' in to change an' rest up now, Hank," she said when she returned at length to the wheelhouse. "Got any word ye'd like me to send up to Him from me bunk tonight?"

"Plenty, Annie!" Hank replied huskily. "But don't bother. I'll be talking to Him myself."

Hard ice was forming over the Bering Strait approaches when the *Narcissus*, homeward bound, headed down toward Unimak Pass. But south of the Aleutians a hurricane struck with stunning violence; and it was not until a week later, on a night of heavy rain and darkness, that she staggered into the more sheltered waters of Puget Sound. And her scars of conflict were smashed ventilators and bulwark, and bent davits holding remnants of a vanished boat, snatched away off Swiftsure Bank by a gigantic sea.

But she was in home waters now, threading through familiar channels in the heavy downpour. And in her cold, dank little cabin abaft the wheelhouse, Annie stirred uneasily, heaved her unwieldy bulk upright and painfully levered herself to the side of her bunk. Then, shivering in her old-fashioned nightgown, she padded to the window and peered out. "Yep," she grunted morosely, "good old Puget Sound weather. Good fer dogfish an' wharf rats, that is!"

Switching on the light over the tiny washstand, she dourly peered at her mastiff face, pouched, flabby and etched deep with exhaustion.

"Bro-ther!" she rasped. "Ye never was a ragin' beauty, Brennan, but now ye look like somethin' what's bin et an' gave back!"

Hastily she dressed, between fits of convulsive shuddering, and talking to herself the while. "Sure gittin' old! Jest can't take it no more!" she grumbled. "Little puff o' wind an' a spit o' rain an' I'm shakin' like a lump o' jelly wid the St. Vitamen's dance. Sure, go ahead an' smirk, ye grinnin' ape!" she suddenly roared at the oleaginous likeness of her rascally and long-defunct husband, Captain Terry, in its plush-and-gold frame. "It's nice an' dry—an' plenty hot!—where you are."

Then she cupped the tawdry portrait in her big, work-calloused hands. "I was on'y kiddin', stupid," she murmured. "It's jest that the way things has bin goin' lately, I've felt like sayin', 'Move over, bum, here I come!' Oh, well"—she shrugged and turned away—"time I relieved Peter at the wheel. Mebbe lookin' at that glum puss o' his'll make me feel better."

Reaching the pilothouse along the rain-swept deck was like fighting up a logging flume; and when she got there Annie saw, with surprise, that Shiftless, the gangling first deck hand, was there with Peter.

"Who-oosh!" she panted, scattering icy drops as she hung up her oilskins. "If I was any wetter ye could drink me fer a chaser! What you doin' up, Shif'less?"

"I wuz gonna relieve the wheel, Annie, case you was too beat."

Annie's temper flared. "I ain't so feeble yet that I can't stand me watch!" she snapped. "Gimme that wheel, Peter!"

"O.K., O.K.," the usually phlegmatic mate retorted. "No call to blow yore stack!" He pointed. "Have some coffee. It'll make ya feel ——"

"I feel fine!" she said curtly. "Shif'less, fetch me up a few sangwiches. I'd ha' went meself, on'y it was too wet."

"Well, what about me?" Shiftless protested rebelliously.

"I'm fatter'n you are, so there's more o' me to git soaked!" Annie exploded; and resentfully he complied. "Impident skinamaroo!" she muttered and turned to Peter. "Where are we?"

Peter gave a short whistle blast, and a rain-dulled echo answered.

Annie nodded. "Ragtag Island, huh? We'll be home afore noon."

"Great!" said Peter. "I can use it. We all can."

"Yeah, great fer you guys," said Annie morosely. "You all got homes ashore—places to go—whiles I stay aboard like a snail in a shell, wid nothin' ahead but more years o' this muck. On'y diff'rence is, in my case the shell totes the snail."

Peter glanced at her heavy, tired face. "Come on home wi' me, Annie," he said gently. "My wife'd be glad to ——"

"I know that, Peter. An' thanks jest the same. Dunno what's wrong wid me lately. Snappin' at everybody like a mangy old dog!"

"We're all the same," Peter told her reassuringly. "It's just that we've had too many stinkin' months on that Dew Line kick. But give us a few days in port, an' ——"

Annie shook her head. "Unh-unh! Fer you boys, mebbe, but not me. I bin tugboatin' too long. I'm fed up, wore out. What I should do is quit. Retire ashore. Swaller the anchor."

"Aw, nuts!" he scoffed, falsely cheerful. "All ya need's a vacation. Get away for a while. Tie one on an' have yerself a ball!"

"A ball!" Annie echoed bitterly. "Yeah, some ball!"

For a time neither spoke; then Peter tried again. "Ya could be right, Annie. Maybe ya ought to quit. But I hate to think," he went on guilelessly, "what a bang Bullwinkle would get outta that. It took the boss a lifetime o' work to build this business, but wi' you not around, Bullwinkle'd skunk him overnight."

Usually at mention of Captain Horatio Bullwinkle, master and owner of the big rival tug, *Salamander*, Annie's hackles instantly would bristle. Now she merely shrugged.

"That's horse's ta-ra-ra," she intoned. "I know ye're tryin' to (Continued on Page 76)

"I won't be around fer mebbe quite a while," Annie bellowed.

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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Absorbing change like rain on a restless sea, the English village survives the storms of social revolution.

Of all the social images of our time, none seems more serene, stable and secure than the English village. There it lies in a fold of the green downs, the smoke drifting from its topsy-turvy chimneys, the manor house kind but grand among its elms, the village shop quaintly thatched, the children catching water beetles in the stream, the smell of cassocks, candles, hair cream and throat lozenges that emanates from the church vestry, the distant hum of a tractor and the clink of tankards from the timbered pub. Thus it dreams in a thousand travel posters, in the hazed heraldic imagination of many a colonial dame, in the homesick fancies of the English exile. Gray's *Elegy*, Constable's *Hay Wain*, "Oh to be in England," a vicarage lawn in Barsetshire, honey still for tea—all those dear, familiar old conceptions blur and blend most seductively in the mind, serenaded by bees and washed in

Ickham, County Kent, remains doggedly English. But church attendance has fallen, and the parson, the Rev. Harold Paget (above), lives ten miles away.

Mrs. Baynes, a widow of Ickham. Independent, dignified, she represents the village's remaining gentry.

Substantial farmer Montague Sillers (left) carries about him "the flavor of English consistency," says the author—himself an Englishman.

Col. Reginald Friend. His a cestral mansion (at rear) h been converted into apartmen

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ENGLAND, EVER ENGLAND

By JAMES MORRIS

summer sunshine, when you stand in the hurly-burly of Chicago or the spiced babel of Singapore and think of the English village.

Much of it is still reassuringly true, if you pick your village far enough from London. The crooked cottages are still there, rose-enshrined and lavender-fragrant, even if they have built a service station at the crossroads. The sky line may be meshed with television aerials, but the tumbled (Continued on Page 64)

Photographs by Larry Fried

Clippity-clopping down the main street of old Ickham: Mrs. Peter Harmsworth, her dog Leicester, and Phillipa and Sarah Smithers.

Embedded in the settled order of English rural life are many individualists. Charles Hodges, for example, has produced "racy" literature since retiring from the ministry.

Friday night at Ickham's pub, where the villagers meet for gossip, a hand of whist and a glass of beer—mild or bitter, and very likely lukewarm.

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The teeth of the saw were upon the soft skin of his neck.

CAUSE TO KILL

No retribution was too severe for this man.

By WILLIAM OTHA HOPPER

It was October—a Wednesday night. Outside the cabin the full moon shone, its light through the window joining with that of the oil lamp upon a stand beside the cradle where the baby slept. A first-born son, Thomas Lorenson Jr., was now three weeks of age.

Beside the cradle, looking at their son, Tom Lorenson and his wife Marjory sat. And his mind, at once in the present and in the past, reached back into the time two years ago when, with the Jameson Lumber Company of Ryanville, he had first come to these hills. For one year now the company had been gone, having moved to the West Coast in 1925, after the great tracts of the virgin southern pine were cut. They had gone, leaving him, their best woods foreman—the quickest to anger, wildest, most hell-bent, when on payday weekends corn whisky flowed and the men brawled for entertainment.

He had remained when they went, held by the look in the dark eyes of this woman beside him, and with her love in this past year he had calmed and sobered halfway into manhood.

Now, with the birth of a son, even as Tom Lorenson became aware of the change in himself, he believed that the change had been completed.

In the adjoining room were footsteps an undressing sounds, where his wife's sister Eu genia was, having come this afternoon to stay and help for a few days. And he knew that soon his wife would lift the small cradle with the child asleep within it, take it into the room where she and Eugenia would share the one bed in the cabin. And he would be left upon a pallet alone. (Continued on Page 45)

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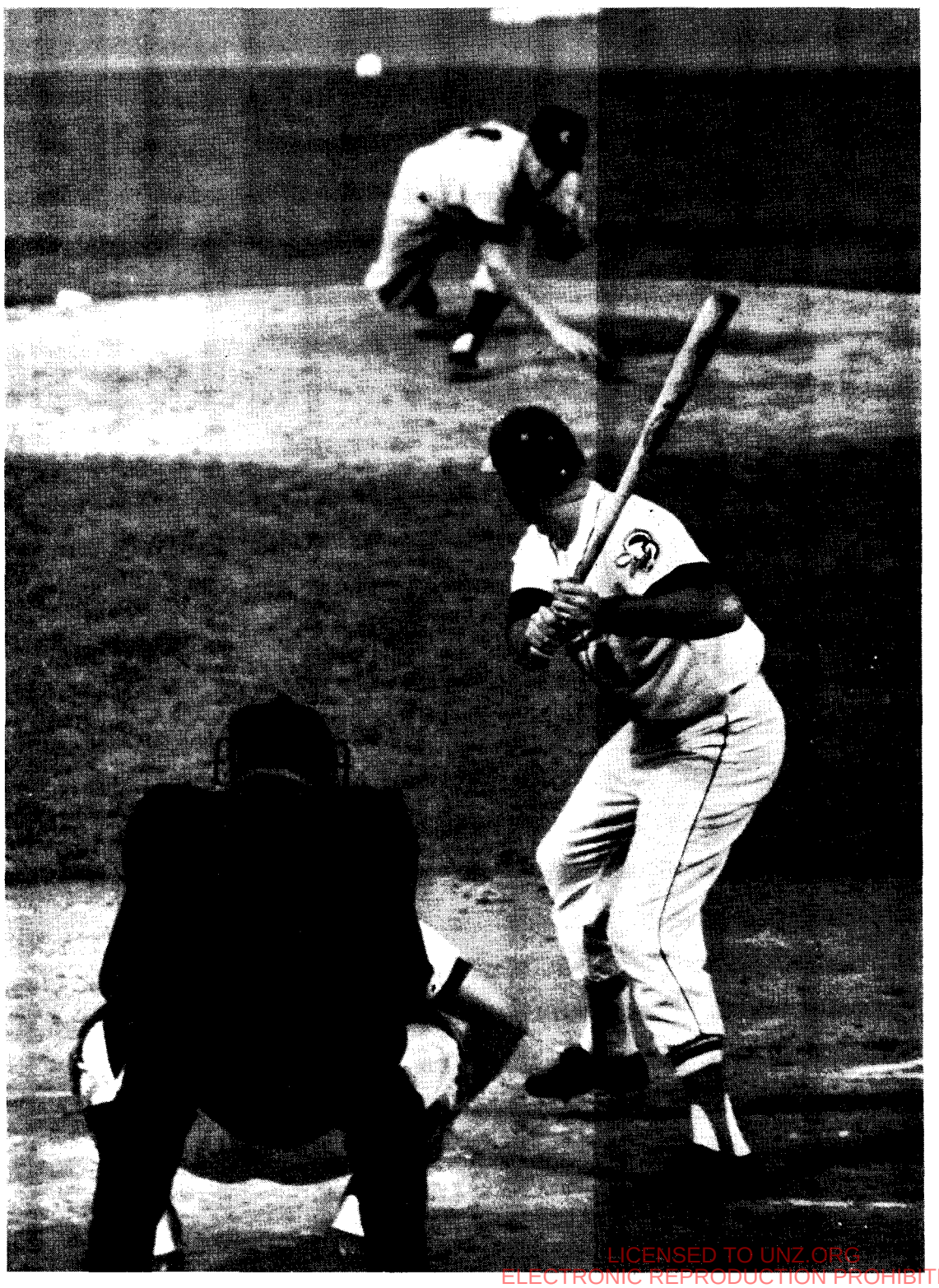
Umpire Larry Napp ejected Gentile (4) from this game against Cleveland in June during a heated disagreement over a close call at first base.

Hot-Tempered Oriole

By MURRAY OLDERMAN

Baltimore's Jim Gentile is the only big-leaguer ever to hit consecutive grand slams. But is he too temperamental to stay on top?

Gentile, a left-handed pull-hitter, has been in the American League's top ten in batting, R.B.I.'s and home runs most of this season. He hit a single on this pitch by Kansas City bonus baby Lew Krausse.



In the farm system of the Baltimore Orioles there is a promising young catcher named Frank Zupo, who jumped all the way from Class C ball last year to the high minors this year at the age of twenty-one. This is all the more startling, because until recently the Orioles regarded Zupo as a problem boy. He battled with everyone from umpires and opponents to his teammates and managers.

The situation changed last year when first baseman Jim Gentile, the current muscle man of the light-hitting Orioles, took a big-brotherly interest in Zupo. "You're only hurting yourself with that kind of stuff," Gentile would tell him. "Believe me, I know."

And Jim Gentile—pronounced jen-TEEL—does know. From the time big-league scouts began looking him over at San Francisco's Sacred Heart High School—the same school Frank Zupo later attended—Gentile has had a name for being temperamental. During his ensuing struggles to move up the professional ladder, he built a documented reputation as a malcontent and a hothead, with a penchant for throwing bats and tantrums.

However, Gentile did have an uncommonly frustrating time of it in the minors. The Dodgers, who originally signed him out of high school in 1952, had the right to keep him down on their farms for as much as seven years—the limit has since been reduced to four years. And with Gil Hodges blocking Jim's way to the first-base job on the parent club, Gentile wound up having to serve the maximum time in the Dodger chain gang.

That wasn't the worst of it. When the seven years were up, and the Dodgers had either to put him on their own roster or give the other clubs a shot at him, not a single major-league team was interested enough to claim him at the $20,000 waiver price. So Gentile went back down for his eighth season as a minor-leaguer.

The transformation of Jim Gentile into one of the prospective stars of the game dates from that moment. For the first time he admitted to himself that his temper was holding back his career.

(Continued on Page 62)

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GLAMOUR TREATMENT FOR THE MENTALLY ILL

By Milton and Margaret Silverman

How expert hair stylists, clothes designers and beautiful young models are helping women in mental hospitals.

One day last spring forty women were quietly ushered into the auditorium at California's huge Napa State Hospital, about an hour's drive northeast of San Francisco. Most of these patients had been hospitalized with mental disease for at least five years, some as long as fifteen. Each was fear-ridden, confused, depressed, or cursed with strange delusions.

One, for example, was a white-haired grandmother who gazed happily at the stage, nodding in rhythm to imaginary music, while she savagely ripped a handkerchief to shreds and muttered imprecations which would have shriveled the lips of a mule skinner. A powerful colored woman, her eyes fixed on one spot on the floor, sat writhing on the edge of her chair. A pretty, young Filipino girl, hospitalized for seven of her nineteen years, proceeded to take endless notes with an invisible pencil in an invisible notebook. Most of the others sat silent and motionless, as unanimated as so many sacks of vegetables.

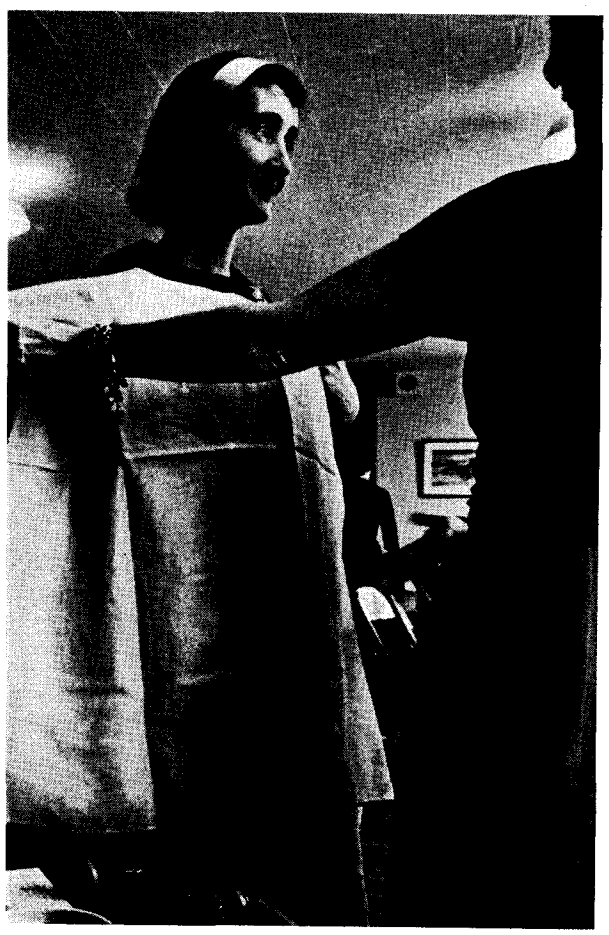
"But you didn't have to notice what they did or what they said to know they were mentally sick," said a visitor. "They were dressed sick."

Nearly all the women were bedraggled and unkempt, their hair untidy or pulled into a severe bun, their lips pale, their faces untouched by make-up or carelessly overrouged, and their clothes—everything from robes and blue jeans to drab house dresses—clean but rumpled and dowdy.

Starting that day, the patients underwent one of the most novel and remarkable courses of mental treatment—not by mental drugs, shock therapy, icy baths, occupational therapy or "acting out," but by fashion. They were treated with the latest Dior, Estevez, Adele Simpson and Emme creations, with stunning cocktail dresses, wacky hats, bright sportswear, foundation garments, lipstick, rouge, purple eye shadow, artificial eyelashes and the brightest of nail polishes. Furthermore, they were treated by top-notch professional stylists, designers, hair experts, fashion-show moderators and glamorous young models.

These style experts were far from "empty-headed clothes horses." They were warm, tactful, friendly counselors who treated each subject not as a patient but as a fellow woman.

At the climax of the first day's session, an exclusive California designer announced, "We will help each of you make a dress for yourself, and you'll model it yourself at the end of the course." As she quickly worked out the design for a patient, she would say, "With your blue eyes and that blue fabric—ah, devastating!" or, "*Mon Dieu*, what legs! In your new sheath you will be but sensational!" or simply, "Darling, you will be so pretty. I will be so happy with you."



At Napa State Hospital, in northern California, an elated patient selects the material for a fashionable dress which will be designed especially for her.

Madame Irina Roublon, one of California's most successful designers, has a special knack for making patients feel attractive. For this older patient she designed a frothy hat.

A fashion show climaxes the "treatment." Some Napa patients have responded to fashion therapy after all other attempts to reach them had failed.

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Above: Stylist Jane Winthrop (left) who helped launch the program at Napa, with a patient (center) and model Henrietta Ledebur.
Below: The same patient, during a class in make-up. When the women at Napa began sprucing up, the male patients followed suit.

Behind such predictions was the implied guarantee that each woman would not only look better; soon she would feel better, she would act better, she would be better.

"And the damnedest thing," a staff psychiatrist commented later, "is that's just what happened. The patients—not all, you understand, but most—started to improve. Practically all of them were better in the hospital. They got along better with each other and with us. A few of them improved enough to leave the hospital and go back home. Some way or other, the fashion thing works."

On the effectiveness of this so-called "fashion therapy," there now seems to be general agreement among the administrators, doctors and technicians at Napa and at other mental hospitals where it has been tested over the past two years. How and why it works, however, are still uncertain.

Perhaps the most significant comment was provided by a farmer's wife who had been hospitalized for years with severe schizophrenia, and then recovered remarkably after the fashion therapy.

"All my life," she said as she left the hospital to return to her home, "I suppose I knew I was a woman. But now, for the first time, I feel like a woman."

The doctors, fashion experts and volunteer workers now directing the fashion-therapy program had nothing like this in mind when they first joined forces.

"Actually," says Hazel Holly, of the San Francisco Association for Mental Health, "all we intended to do at first was fill a request for some decent clothes for a few women who were ready to be discharged from Napa and go back to their homes."

To make arrangements for this simple bit of philanthropy, Miss Holly called the local office of the Fashion Group, an international organization of women executives in the fashion field—designers, artists, advertising specialists and co-ordinators. The regional director of the San Francisco Fashion Group was then vivacious, pint-sized Jane Winthrop, one of the city's top style experts and producer of fashion shows.

"There shouldn't be any problem in getting the clothes," Mrs. Winthrop said. "We can get some help from the stores. And we can probably do more than just pass out dresses. We might be able to talk to these women and tell them what's been going on in fashion while they were—well, you know—away."

At their next meeting they were joined by the staff co-ordinator of Napa's corps of devoted volunteer workers, Mrs. Ruth Baham, and outlined their plans to her.

"That's wonderful of you," she told them. "You're doing so much for these women who are ready to go home." A little hesitantly she continued, "But we've got so many more patients who aren't going home, who aren't getting better. Maybe this fashion thing would give these very sick people a lift too. Maybe you'd be willing to do something with them."

"Of course, we would," said Mrs. Winthrop.

In the next few weeks hospital officials gave their tentative approval to the rough program, and recruiting the first fashion-therapy team began. A group of women, including some of San Francisco's leading models, was invited to work at the hospital, all without pay. In spite of anxieties over what might be involved, they all accepted (Continued on Page 79)

Photographs by Jack Fields

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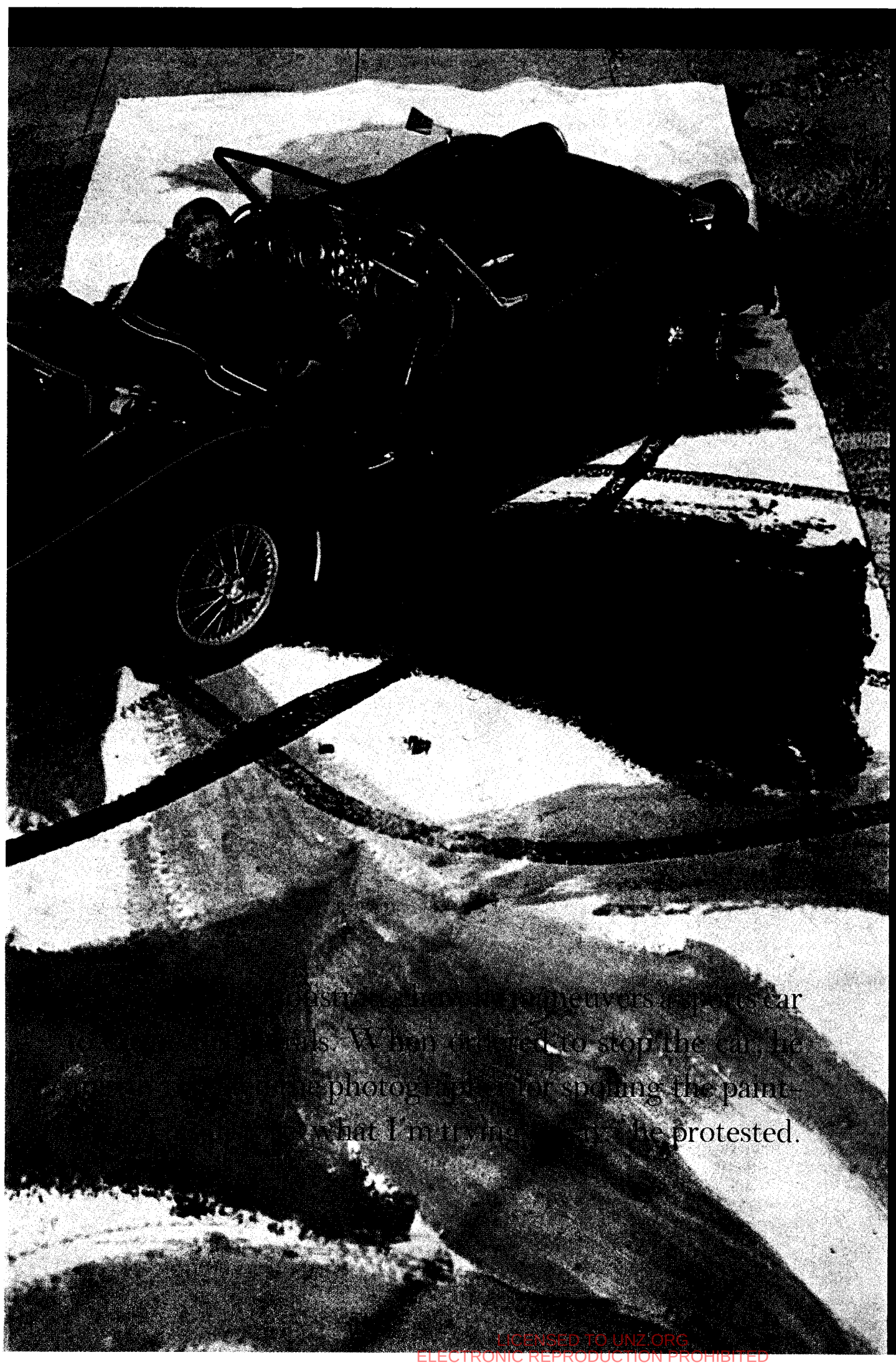
He's Got ARTISTIC Drive

A POST PICTURE STORY Complete on These Two Pages



In making this painting, call *Integral*, he used only rubber-so shoes but carried two paint guns to spray the canvas as he danced.

Using cork boards, Schawinsky begins a block painting called *Silencio*. Dancing on the canvas, he maintains, results in purer art.

[illegible] maneuvers a race car [illegible] When ordered to stop the car, he [illegible] photographers for spoiling the paint- [illegible] what I'm trying to do," he protested.

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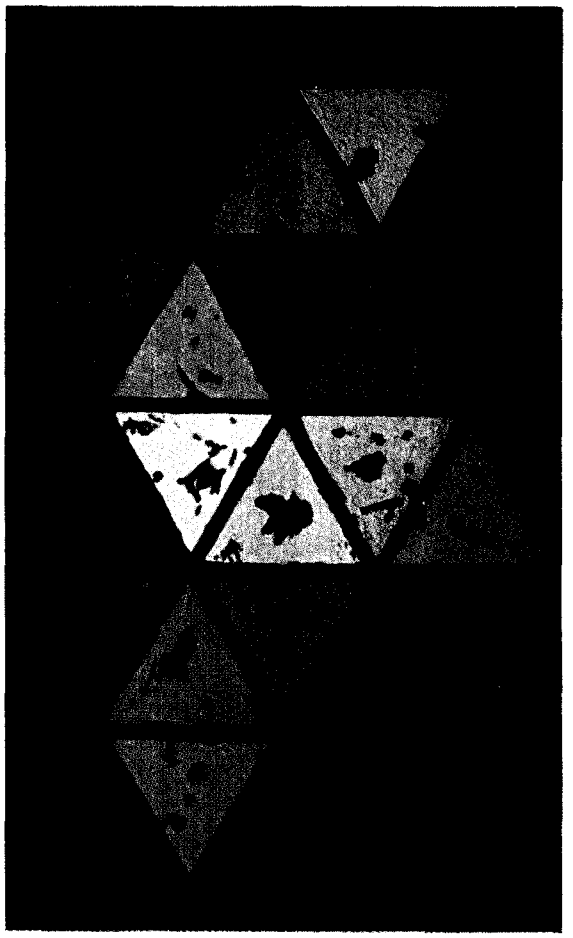
Xanti Schawinsky is an artist who has turned his back on what he considers the dubious standards of the past and, discarding the paintbrush as an obsolete instrument, has found satisfaction by driving a sports car whose tires are smeared with paint across a canvas nailed to an asphalt street. These canvases are given names like *The Desert*, *Maine* and—more appropriately, perhaps—*Intersections*, exhibited at creditable galleries in this country and in Europe and sold for prices ranging up to $8000.

Schawinsky came to America from Germany in 1936 and, after experimenting widely, concluded that there was too much discipline in art. Whether or not he lost his head, as more traditional-minded painters have hinted, the fact remains that in his way he has dealt artistic conformity a blow. In 1950, with his phonograph providing a rhythm, he dipped a cork in paint, and—as he describes it—permitted the cork to "dance across the canvas." After several years of creating these "dance paintings," Schawinsky turned to dancing on the canvas himself, with blocks of cork tied to his shoes. Mechanization was a logical progression, and in 1960 he turned to "track painting." The problem here was finding maneuverable space. New York University offered him the use of Greene Street in New York City. After cleaning the street, Schawinsky stretched his canvases, dumped black paint on one of them, borrowed a sports car and surrendered himself to artistic seizure. Twenty-three murals resulted.

Some of the "track paintings" suggest that he is an erratic driver, but this is not so. Schawinsky holds a New York state driver's license and has been arrested only once. That was for speeding.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ORMOND GIGLI
TEXT BY CASKIE STINNETT



Interacting is one of Schawinsky's most famous "block paintings" and was used as a design for a stained-glass window in a New York church. Painting with his feet, he discovered, brought a new quality to his work because it returned him to the natural position of animal life.

Schawinsky, born in Switzerland 57 years ago, is a buoyant, enthusiastic man who alternately scowls and smiles. He has been painting since childhood, and his long career includes experience at the celebrated Bauhaus.

Fairly typical reactions to a Schawinsky mural. He can't use an American car: the front and rear wheels are too far apart for a proper artistic relationship.

This lively "track painting," called *Chicago*, is an eight-by-sixteen-foot mural. When asked why he did not call the painting *Detroit*, since it was created by an automobile, Xanti Schawinsky said reprovingly, "How could I? I've never been to Detroit."

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THE UNTOLD STORIES OF THE CIVIL WAR

The atheist who found God in war.

AN INFIDEL'S SWORD

The story of a pious recruit who caused an atheistic Union captain to become one of the most celebrated preachers of the nineteenth century.

By ASHLEY HALSEY Jr.

The Bible, in Isaiah 2:4, says, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares. . . ."

Early in the Civil War the Nashville Plow Works gave a reverse twist to the Biblical injunction. It made sabers for the Confederacy from plow metal. The Federal Army, not the Almighty, brought production to an abrupt halt. Bluecoats seized the works in 1862 and jailed the owners for treason. The charges were later dropped. However, no more plowshares were beaten into swords at Nashville.

An even more symbolic sword, this one in the Union ranks, led to the conversion of an outspoken atheist. Eventually the convert became one of the most effective and celebrated Gospel preachers in the country. The blade that wrought the spiritual transformation was a richly decorated presentation saber, given by admirers to a brisk young Union captain for exceptional wartime services. The glittering weapon was gold-sheathed and bore the Latin inscription, *Vera amicitia est sempiterna*—True friendship is eternal. The sentiment was soon put to the test.

The boyish captain of Company D, 2nd Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, not long out of Yale University and facing the bloodiest war in American annals, scoffed at every mention of God.

The youngest recruit of Company D, Johnnie Ring, believed in God because his dead mother had taught him to do so.

Fate and circumstance decreed that scrawny Johnnie Ring, who already had suffered much from life, should become the atheistic captain's personal servant. During their association the captain methodically shattered every one of the boy's illusions except one. It began when Johnnie's father, a Boston customhouse employee, entrusted his son to the officer. The father explained that Johnnie was determined to go to war. Rather than have him run away to enlist, the father begged the captain, "Let him go with you."

"I asked John," the captain related later, "if he was prepared to lie on the ground all night and wake up in the morning to find his hair frozen to the ground. He said he was.

"I asked him if he was willing to have an arm or leg shot off in the service of his country. He said he was. To all the most extravagant questions that I asked him, he would answer that he was willing to suffer any privation if he could go to war.

"I asked if he was willing to do any service for me, no matter how menial. He said he would be only too glad to do so. 'Well, John,' I said, 'I will take you as my servant.'"

Johnnie shared the captain's tent, sleeping on a low couch across from his camp cot. On their first night together under canvas, the boy took a little Bible out of his pocket and sat down to read it by the pale light of an Army lantern. The captain took one look and roared, "We don't believe in the Bible around here. Neither will you after you go into war. You can't read the Bible in my tent. Everybody knows I am opposed to it, and I would not for anything have anyone see you reading it in my tent."

Johnnie, surprised and pained, gazed up at his angry captain. Gently he explained that he had promised his dead mother he would read his Testament (Continued on Page 61)

This statue commemorates Johnnie Ring's high sense of duty in saving his captain's sword (bottom), a deed which converted the captain.

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By NORD RILEY

The Girl Who Wouldn't Quit

She had lost him once. This time she wasn't going to make the same mistake.

Late one autumn afternoon, a couple of weeks before Dr. Kirby McGuire was to leave on his vacation, someone rang his bell. He took his feet off the operating table, stood the rifle he'd been cleaning in a corner and went to the door. A red-haired woman with a springer spaniel in her arms smiled up at him.

"Lord Harry, Kirb," she said, "you haven't changed a bit!"

"Dottie!" Doc cried and recoiled.

"Take this beast off my chest, will you?" She gave a heave and dumped the springer into Doc's arms. That done, she walked by him into the reception room.

Doc, who had paled, followed her. "Where'd you come from?"

"New York." She gazed about the room. "This is a reception room for horses, all right. There's no place to sit down." She turned and gave Doctor McGuire a warm smile. Doc dropped one end of the dog. "I've come back."

"Oh, no! For good?"

"For better anyway." She eyed him expectantly. "Well, aren't you going to kiss me?"

Doc dumped the dog back into Dottie's arms. "Are you kidding?"

"I'll be darned! You're still sore—after ten years."

"Twelve."

"My, you certainly hold a grudge, don't you?" She gave him another powerful smile. "But we'll fix that. Now let's get down to business; I think my dog's busted."

Tight about the mouth, Doctor McGuire led her into his operating room. He tried to get the springer to stand up on the table, but the animal kept folding up. He groaned a lot too.

"Not only that," Dottie said, "he's got something in his ear. He keeps fiddling with it."

"What's his name?"

"Peter."

"Peter," Doc said, "you've got a foxtail in your ear. What've you been doing anyway?"

"Ronnie—that's my son—and I took him out in the country today," Dottie said, peeping over Doc's elbow as he worked, "and let him chase a couple of jacks. When we got home, he lay down and wouldn't get up. I have a hunch it's his insides."

(Continued on Page 50)

"Wouldn't you want to marry me, Kirb?" she wheedled.

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ADVENTURES
of the MIND

The Revolution in Western Thought

By HUSTON SMITH

Our generation is playing a crucial part in a radical revolution of thought, the development of the Post-Modern Mind and a new view of reality

Quietly, irrevocably, something enormous has happened to Western man. His outlook on life and the world has changed so radically that in the perspective of history the twentieth century is likely to rank—with the fourth century, which witnessed the triumph of Christianity, and the seventeenth, which signaled the dawn of modern science—as one of the very few that have instigated genuinely new epochs in human thought. In this change, which is still in process, we of the current generation are playing a crucial but as yet not widely recognized part.

The dominant assumptions of an age color the thoughts, beliefs, expectations and imaginings of the men and women who live within it. Being always with us, these assumptions usually pass unnoticed—like the pair of glasses which, because they are so often on the wearer's nose, simply stop being observed. But this doesn't mean they have no effect. Ultimately the assumptions which underlie our outlooks on life refract the world in ways that condition our art and our institutions: the kinds of homes we live in, our sense of right and wrong, our criteria of success, what we conceive our duty to be, what we think it means to be a man, how we worship our God or whether, indeed, we have a God to worship.

Thus far the odyssey of Western man has carried him through three great configurations of such basic assumptions. The first constituted the Graeco-Roman, or Classical, outlook, which flourished up to the fourth century A.D. With the triumph of Christianity in the Roman Empire, this Graeco-Roman outlook was replaced by the Christian world view which proceeded to dominate Europe until the seventeenth century. The rise of modern science inaugurated a third important way of looking at things, a way that has come to be capsuled in the phrase "the modern mind."

It now appears that this modern outlook, too, has run its course and is being replaced by what Dirk Jellema of Case

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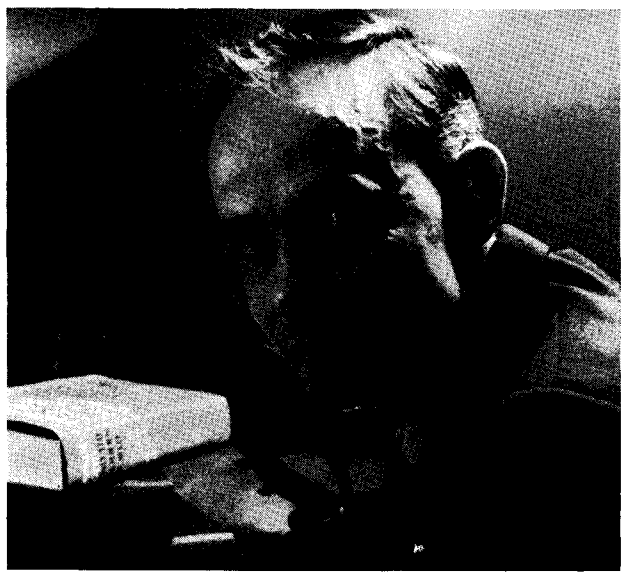

About the Author

Huston Smith is the first professor of philosophy to be appointed by M.I.T. since the early history of that primarily scientific seat of learning. "I accepted the appointment," he explains, "because it offers an unparalleled opportunity to tackle, head on, the problem of closing the gap in understanding which has developed between the scientific and humanistic components of our culture." A graduate of Central College, Missouri, who received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Chicago, Doctor Smith has studied at first hand the cultures of nineteen countries. Out of his experience came a book, *The Religions of Man*, published by Harper's in 1958, which has been hailed as "the first adequate textbook in the field because it treats religions as human."

Institute and others have begun to speak of as the Post-Modern Mind. What follows is an attempt to describe this most recent sea change in Western thought. I shall begin by bringing the Christian and modern outlooks into focus; for only so can we see how and to what extent our emerging thought patterns differ from those that have directly preceded them.

From the fourth-century triumph of Christianity in the Roman Empire through the Middle Ages and the Reformation, the Western mind was above all else theistic. "God, God, God; nothing but God"—in the twentieth century one can assume such an exclamation to have come, as it did, from a theologian. In the Middle Ages it could have come from anyone. Virtually without question all life and nature were assumed to be under the surveillance of a personal God whose intentions toward man were perfect and whose power to implement these intentions was unlimited.

In such a world, life was transparently meaningful. But although men understood the purpose of their lives, it does not follow that they understood, or even presumed to be capable of understanding, the dynamics of the natural world. The Bible never expands the doctrine of creation into a cosmogony for the excellent reason that it asserts the universe to be at every point the direct product of a will whose ways are not man's ways. God says, "Let there be"—and there is. That is all. Serene in a blaze of lasting light, God comprehends nature's ways, but man sees only its surface.

Christian man lived in the world as a child lives in his father's house, accepting its construction and economics unprobed. "Can anyone understand the thunderings of God's pavilion?" Elihu asks Job. "Do you know the ordinances of the heavens, how the clouds are balanced or the lightning shines? Have you comprehended the expanse of the earth, or on what its bases were sunk when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" To such rhetorical questions the answer seemed obvious. The leviathan of nature was not to be drawn from the great sea of mystery by the fishhook of man's paltry mind.

Not until the high Middle Ages was a Christian cosmology attempted, and then through Greek rather than Biblical inspiration, following the rediscovery of Aristotle's *Physics* and *Metaphysics*. Meanwhile nature's obscurity posed no major problem; for as the cosmos was in good hands, it could be counted on to furnish a reliable context in which man might work out his salvation. The way to this salvation lay not through ordering nature to man's purposes but through aligning man's purposes to God's. And for this objective, information was at hand. As surely as God had kept the secrets of nature to Himself, He had, through His Divine Word and the teachings of His church, made man's duty clear. Those who hearkened to this duty would reap an eternal reward, but those who refused to do so would perish.

We can summarize the chief assumptions underlying the Christian outlook by saying they held that reality focuses in a person, that the mechanics of the physical world exceed our comprehension, and that the way to our salvation lies not in conquering nature but in following the commandments which God has revealed to us.

It was the second of these three assumptions—that the dynamics of nature exceed man's comprehension—which the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries began to question, thereby heralding the transition from the Christian to the modern outlook. The Renaissance interest in the early Greeks revived the Hellenic interest in nature. For the first time in nearly 2000 years Western man began to look intently at his environment instead of beyond it. Leonardo da Vinci is symbolic. His anatomical studies and drawings in general disclose a direction of interest that has turned eye (Continued on Page 59)

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HOW A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG DUCHESS FELL FOR THE SWEET SINGER FROM SPLIT SKULL

By JACOB HAY

There was a certain sweetly solemn air about Col. Max Bonsal as he surveyed his dinner companion at Tim Costain's, which may be the best Irish pub left on Third Avenue, now that that thoroughfare is becoming as respectable as Fifth.

They made a curious combination. Max, large, beefy, with a broad, ugly face whose deep-etched lines fitted his grins perfectly; his companion, lean and sallow, with a feral expression calculated to put every last daughter's mother instantly on the *qui vive*—at first glance. At second glance, you realized it was only the long sideburns. Tim himself, who has played host these past thirty years to most of the more improbable characters who have descended upon the metropolis, was fascinated. He knew Max of old, but the youth was a stranger.

"Pray join us," Max invited. He waved in the direction of the youth. "This," he added in tones that mingled reluctant affection with wry distaste, "is Philo Joy. Philo sings pretty for the people. Perhaps you have had the misfortune to have heard his recording of *Black Motorcycle Jacket in the Dust*?" Philo cast his eyes down modestly. "Or," Max went on grimly, "his version of *Put Your Golden Curls Against My Longing Heart*? Went over a million last week, which proves something about people I'm not sure should have been proved."

"I've been lucky all me life," Tim said, easing himself into a chair and signaling a waiter to fetch him a slug of whisky. "You say the lad sings?"

"Beat it, Philo," Max commanded sternly. "And mind you, no more Big Orange on your way back to the hotel. It does something to whatever passes for your vocal cords. Get straight to bed. You've got a recording session in the morning and a German lesson after lunch."

"Aw, Max, it's only ten o'clock," Philo protested adenoidally, but nevertheless heaved himself up from the table. He was wearing an incredibly checked suit, cut along those lines described by the tailoring trade as continental, which, in combination with a haircut clearly derived from that affected by the late Pres. Andrew Jackson, gave him something of the appearance of a young Daniel Boone set down on the *Via* Veneto.

"Go!" Max boomed. "*Gehen Sie. 'Raus mit.*" Philo went.

"Philo!" The youth stopped short. "Manners!"

"*Auf Wiedersehen,*" Philo muttered, flushing furiously, and fled. Max sighed.

"But the last I heard," Tim Costain said, confused, "you were in the patent-medicine racket. Now you're teaching this crooner lad to talk German. You'll forgive a poor (Continued on Page 73)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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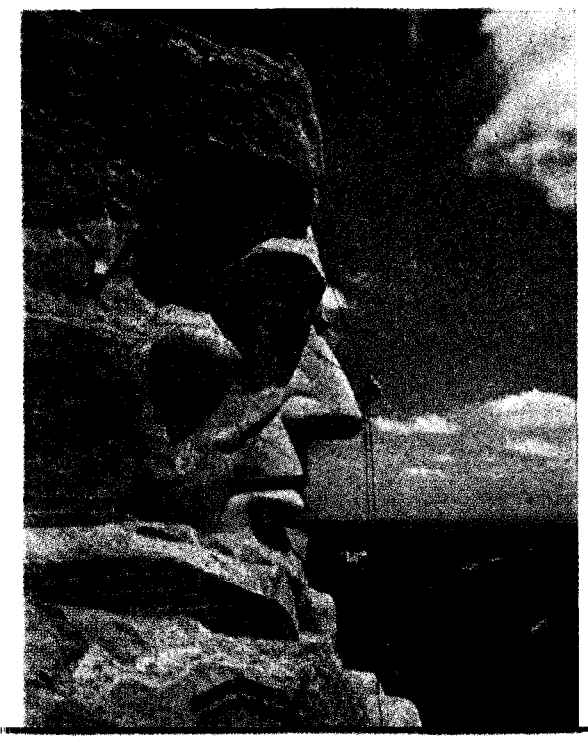
NOSE JOB

The startling close-up at right and the insert below show a maintenance foreman at the Mount Rushmore National Memorial as he works more than a mile up to repair a crack in Abraham Lincoln's nose. The National Park Service regularly affords such nerve-racking care to the four sixty-foot heads—of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Lincoln—that have been blasted out of the forbidding mountain in South Dakota's Black Hills. Though Mount Rushmore is almost solid granite, its myriad seams and fissures invite moisture which causes cracks to form in the massive heads. Park Service employees risk their lives to patch a twenty-foot-long nose or an eleven-foot-wide eye. The late Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor who created the memorial, liked to say that each of the great heads was twice as long as that of the Great Sphinx. Glenn T. Jones, the rope dangler shown here, might also find satisfaction in noting that—unlike the well-groomed gentlemen on Mount Rushmore—the Great Sphinx no longer has any nose at all. Photographs by Bill Shrout



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What chance did the white men hav(

It was the summer of 1831, and we had been two weeks without meat when we reached the valley of the Platte River. We were some discouraged by that time, and the emptiness of that great and sandy valley didn't do one thing to lift our spirits.

"Well," Troy Green said gloomily, "it looks like mule for supper."

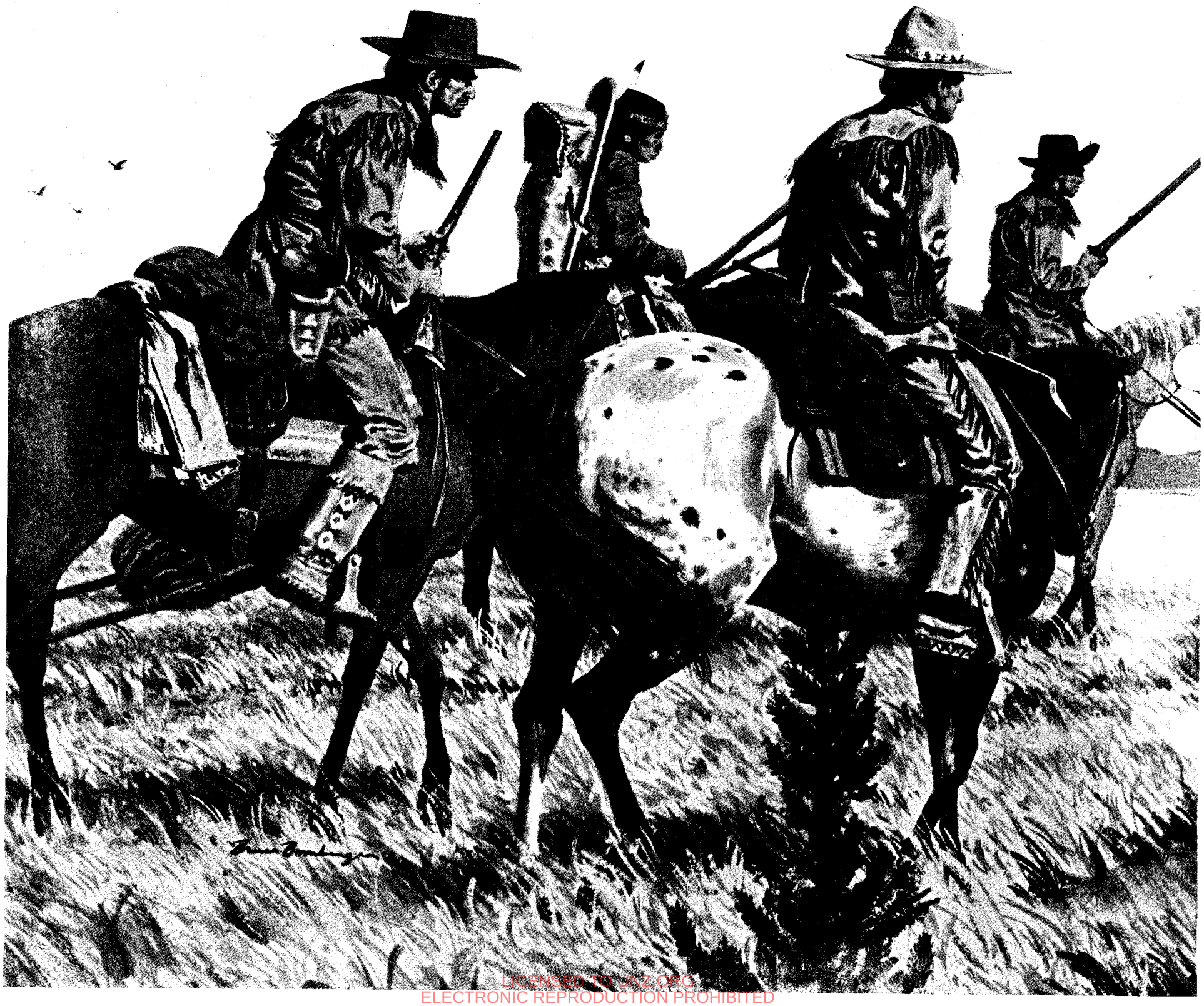
The Rocky Mountains and beaver plews seemed quite remote to all of us right then, but it seemed to me that if we started eating our pack animals this early in the game we might as well turn around and head back for Kentucky. And I wanted to see those mountains. I surely did. The thing of it is, if I didn't make it this trip I likely wouldn't ever make it. A man gets older, and he loses his nerve to try new things.

"We might as well mosey on to the Platte," I said, trying to buck the others up a little. "We might run onto some antelope—or something."

Tom Woodley looked critically at our pack animals. They were carrying our dab of trade goods, what was left of our provisions, our traps and our bedrolls. "That near mule looks a mite sore-footed," he said. Almost as an afterthought, he said, "Lord, but I'm tired of cornmeal mush."

"We'll see," I said, gigging my pony forward and hoping that Tom and Troy would be in a better mood once we reached the river.

We'd traveled some miles, I guess, without finding so much as a lizard for the pot, when we rode over a swell of that barren land and saw a tepee in the distance. The river



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traveling with a captive Sioux squaw?

Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

was there, too, but seeing that tepee put our minds to working in ways other than on our growling stomachs. Our eyes got busy and gave that valley a good raking over. There was just that one tepee in the distance, the valley stretching out of sight to the east and west, and the broad river looking red and sullen under the last rays of the sun.

"What do you make of it, Homer?" Troy asked me.

"How should I know?" I asked him. But it looked kind of strange, that tepee being off by itself that way, and I said as much.

Tom Woodley urged his pony up beside mine, and he talked low for no good reason that I could see; that tepee was at least two miles away. "What do you think we ought to do, Homer?"

"Well," I said, wondering when I'd been elected leader, "we might as well ride on down there. The three of us ought to be able to handle anything that comes out of one damned tent, and whoever it is might just have a bit of meat that we could beg, borrow or steal."

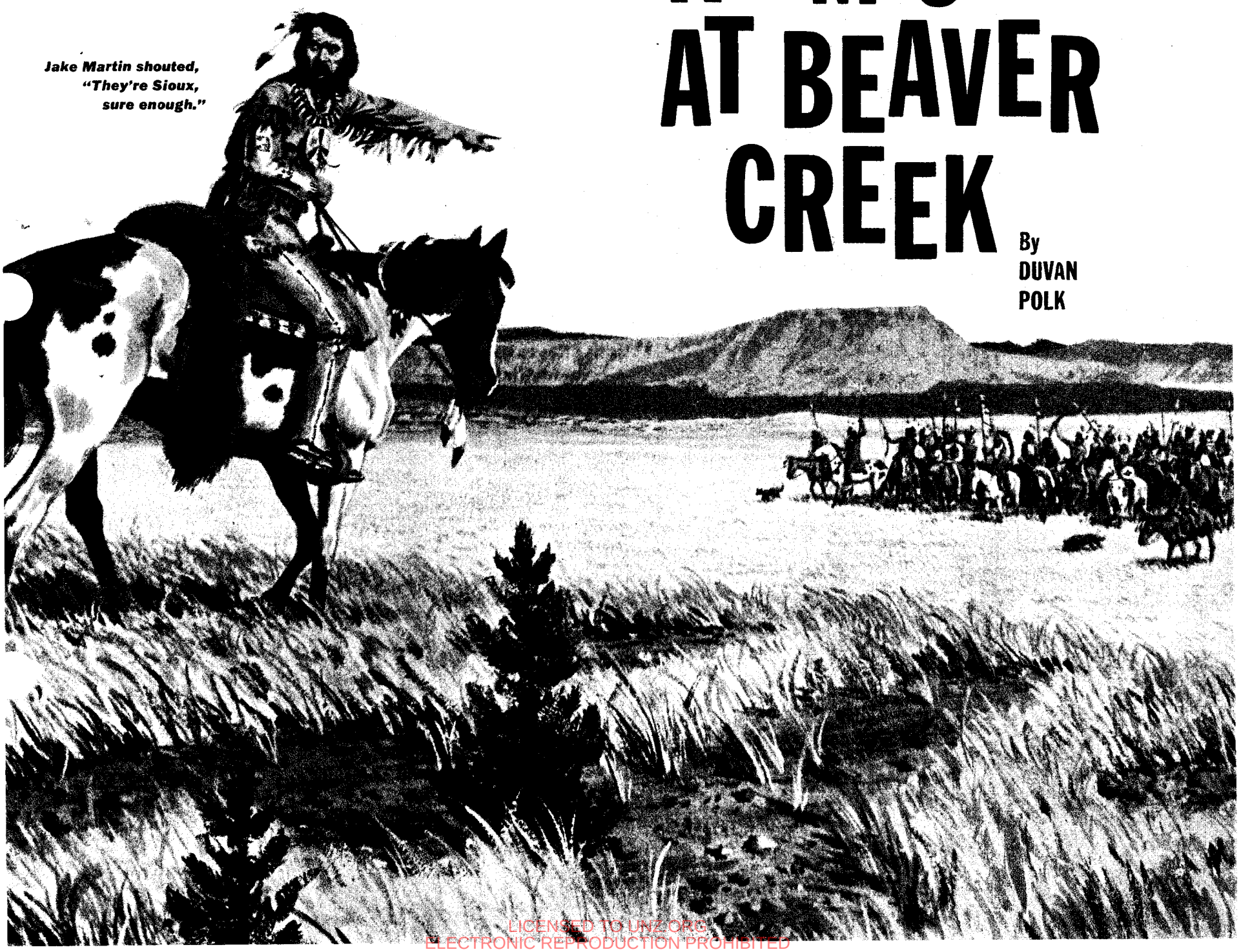
I looked at their faces, and the dismal thought struck me that maybe we all were too old to be out here like this. Troy was thirty-six and just two years younger than Tom Woodley, and we all were likely to judge every little risk against the needs of our families at home. But they went with me down that slope, Tom and Troy did, and they never made a murmur.

We were within a quarter mile of the place when we saw a man come out of that tent and leap astride a pony that had been tethered close by. We saw (Continued on Page 70)

Jake Martin shouted, "They're Sioux, sure enough."

SKIRMISH AT BEAVER CREEK

By DUVAN POLK



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Post Scripts

Just Give Me Time and I'll Get There

"Well, actually we didn't get much out of Spain; I mean, you miss a lot if you don't speak the language—and say, that reminds me! I'm a grandpa now, though you'd never guess it to look at me, ha, ha, but here's Davie's picture, got it right here—husky little fellow, isn't he, just two years old. Well, sir, we were over there the other day, and I went into the kitchen to get a glass of water. Now, Davie's sharp as a tack, mind you, but he can't talk yet—I mean, he's never said Word One. So there I am, just turning on the faucet, and all of a sudden I look down and here's the little rascal—he followed me out—and he pipes up, 'Gampa wa-wa!' Clear as a bell! 'Gampa wa-wa!' Talk about flabbergasted! Well, of course I called the whole family and tried to get him to say it again, but. . . ."

"Yessirreee, you can say that again; what we want out of the Statehouse boys is more action and less talk—and say, speaking of talking! I'm a grandpa now, though you'd never guess it to look at me, ha, ha. . . ."

"—and the next thing I hear, they're issuing a dividend! Surprised? I was knocked for a loop!—and say, that reminds me! I'm a grandpa now. . . ."

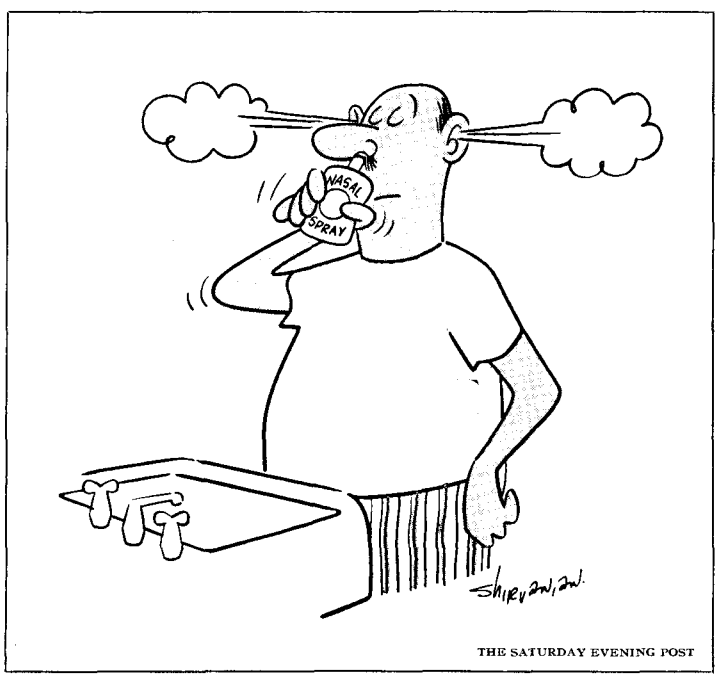
"Drink? Why, sure, I could use one; no soda though, just branch water—and say. . . ."

PEG BRACKEN

Present—and Future

The gift I gave my loved one,
She raved about and flaunted;
It was just the thing she needed—
To exchange for what she wanted.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Heard a new word today."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Hands-Off Policy

Discouraged by last year's encounters with our daughter's homework, my husband and I will abandon the practice of being available for consultation this coming semester.

When Hilary came to me with her Latin lesson, having got stuck on a sentence which, she warned, "sounded kinda funny," I was flattered, for Latin had been a minor success of my high-school days. After I read Hilary's effort—"The rich farmer money had captured and gave to the enemies unfriendly food whom"—I agreed with her, it did sound funny.

"What's this 'whom' doing at the end?" I asked.

"It was left over," Hilary said.

Although I had quite a struggle with the dative case, I finally came up with this translation and submitted it for Hilary's approval: "The rich farmer gave money and food to the unfriendly enemies whom he had captured."

Hilary looked doubtful. "Gosh, mom," she said, "it doesn't sound Latin enough. You've gone and mixed the words all up."

Then the civics teacher "gave" each pupil $1000 with which to play the stock market, a project which led to discord in our family. Since the student who made the greatest profit in a month's time would be given the highest grade, I advised plunging into speculative stocks. On the other hand, my husband, who is so conservative that he dislikes throwing even mythical money around, held out for blue-chip securities.

Fortunately Hilary rejected our suggestions and invested heavily in a hot tip that the druggist gave her. She not only made a killing—$750—in the stock for some new pill, she made an *A* in the assignment; but her father is still complaining that it cost him exactly $34.20 to take all his broker friends to lunch that month.

One morning Hilary asked for help with her English assignment. "I've got to write a story in the manner of James Thurber," she told me. "We've been reading *The Night the Bed Fell on Father*, and Miss Carey wants us to write something funny like that—or funnier."

"You're kidding," I said.

"No, I'm not," she replied.

"Listen," I told her, "if I could write something in the manner of James Thurber, I wouldn't be standing here in my nightgown shaking up frozen orange juice. I'd be in pounding the typewriter." I stood fast in my refusal to participate in such a wild undertaking and I also prohibited Hilary from writing an authentic account of *The Day the Convertible Top Fell on Mother*. Eventually she produced *The Day the Beatnik Fell in the Manhole*, and then asked me anxiously, "Is it like Thurber?"

"Like Thurber?" I said. "Honey, it's the *Thurbest*."

KAY NELSON

Birthday Party

Whose child will spill his chocolate milk on
The only chair with fragile silk on,
Sparing seven chairs of vinyl?
Mine'll!

ELEANOR S. J. RYDBERG

Heinrich Schnibble's Wordenbooke

CARNIVAL PITCHMAN: Rantenspielenshouter.
CARNIVAL MIDWAY: Rantenspielenshouterhookencrookenstrasse.
CARNIVAL CROWD: Rantenspielenshouterhookencrookenstrassedummkopfs.
GAMBLING GAME: Rantenspielenshouterhookencrookenstrassedummkopfergetookenscheme.
SHERIFF: Rantenspielenshouterhookencrookenstrassedummkopfergetookenschemerstoppenhalter.

CAT: Spittenscratcher.
TOMCAT: Spittenscratchenyowlenprowler.
NEIGHBOR: Spittenscratchenyowlenprowlerhatenbootengeflingenoathencurser.

SUMMER: Hottischerheatenseason.
VACATION: Hottischerheatenseasonoffengetooten.
VACATIONERS: Hottischerheatenseasonoffengetootenfolkers.
FOREIGN TOUR: Hottischerheatenseasonoffengetootenfolkersteepischercostentrip.
TRAVEL AGENT: Hottischerheatenseasonoffengetootenfolkersteepischercostentripgeplotten schemer.

BEACH: Saltischerwasserplatz.
BEACH VISITORS: Saltischerwasserplatzerburnenpeelers.
BEACH COTTAGE: Saltischerwasserplatzerburnenpeelersleepenhaus.
BEACH COTTAGE SHOWER: Saltischerwasserplatzerburnenpeelersleepenhausencoldischerdribblentrickler.
LIFE GUARD: Saltischerwasserplatzerburnenpeelenfrauleingethrillenpuffenstrutter.

DAVE MORRAH

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the case of the BIGAMOUS SPOUSE

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

If Mason were wrong, his beautiful client would go to the gas chamber.

Shapely Gwynn Elston, Perry Mason's law client, was charged with the murder of Felting Grimes, the husband of her best friend and her host since she moved into the Grimes residence. But Gwynn assured Mason that she was not the killer. Grimes was a bigamist who lived a double life as Frankline Gillett, and Gwynn had found his body outside the home of millionaire George Belding Baxter. On the evening before her discovery Gwynn had an odd encounter with a detective who stopped her car and gave her a pistol before disappearing.

At the preliminary hearing, district attorney Hamilton Burger called a surprise witness, Carl Jasper, whom Gwynn identified for Perry as the man who gave her the gun. Jasper testified that he had been employed by Grimes as a private detective, and that on the night of the murder he had given Gwynn a pistol which had been furnished him by Grimes. When Perry questioned Jasper, he made the witness admit that he could not positively identify the murder weapon, already in evidence, as the pistol which he had given to Gwynn Elston.

CONCLUSION

But," Hamilton Burger said, "you can't detect anything in the appearance of the gun, People's Exhibit G, which was in any way different from the gun that the man you refer to as Felting Grimes handed you at that time?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. Then what happened?"

"My instructions were that I was to stop the person driving the car, that, no matter what expedient I had to use, I was to get in the car with her and drive with her until she went to a telephone and stay with her all night, if possible."

"And then what happened?"

"Mr. Grimes said that he would drive down the road and park where he could keep out of sight. I suggested that it might be possible for him to drive just inside of the George Belding Baxter estate, turn his car around and be in a position where he could emerge from the estate as soon as Miss Elston had driven by. He accepted my suggestion, drove into the Baxter estate and waited just inside the gates."

"And what happened after that?"

"Within a matter of minutes I saw headlights coming down the street. I stepped out and waved my arms and held up my flashlight so the driver would be sure to stop."

"And then what happened?"

"The car was driven by the defendant. She came to a stop, but the windows were up and the doors were locked. She rolled down the left-hand window a matter of several inches, but she wouldn't lower it any more, or unlock the car door."

"So what did you do?"

"I held my badge where she could see it. I stood by the side of the car. She asked me what I wanted. I told her I was an officer, that I was working on a very important case, that I had tire trouble, that my spare was flat and that I wished to ride with her to the nearest service station."

"And what happened?"

"She hesitated, so I then told her that she had nothing to fear, that not only was I an officer but that I would give her my gun."

"And then what happened?"

"She fell for that approach. She opened the door after I had dropped the gun on her lap."

"And what happened after that?"

"She seemed glad to have me for company. When she drove to this first little town, Vista del Mesa, I looked the service stations over. I saw one that had a phone booth, and I asked her to stop there."

"And she stopped?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do?"

"I went toward the attendant and then toward where the rest rooms were, then I circled the station and slipped up behind the phone booth before she even got out of the car."

"Then what did you do?"

"I crouched down behind the phone booth. I heard her call a number I have since learned was that of the Drake Detective Agency and ask for Perry Mason. I then heard her call for another number which I have since learned was that of the Hollywood Brown Derby. Again she asked for Perry Mason."

"Was there a conversation?"

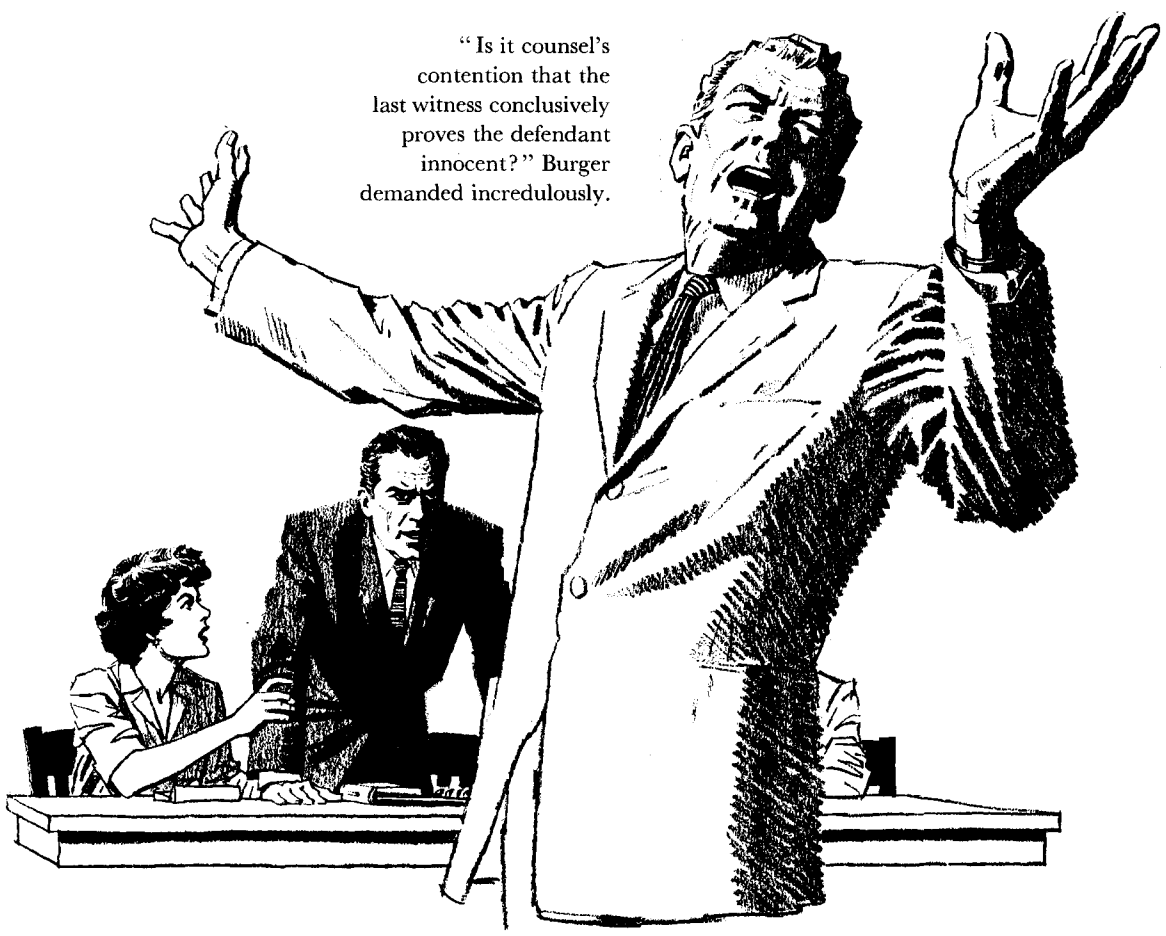
"There was."

"What did you hear her say?"

"I heard her say Felting Grimes was a heel and that someone should shoot him. She was silent while the party at the other end of the line said something, and then she said she really meant it, that if someone shot him it would be a good riddance."

"Anything else?"

"She made an appointment over the phone with this person with (Continued on Page 54)



"Is it counsel's contention that the last witness conclusively proves the defendant innocent?" Burger demanded incredulously.

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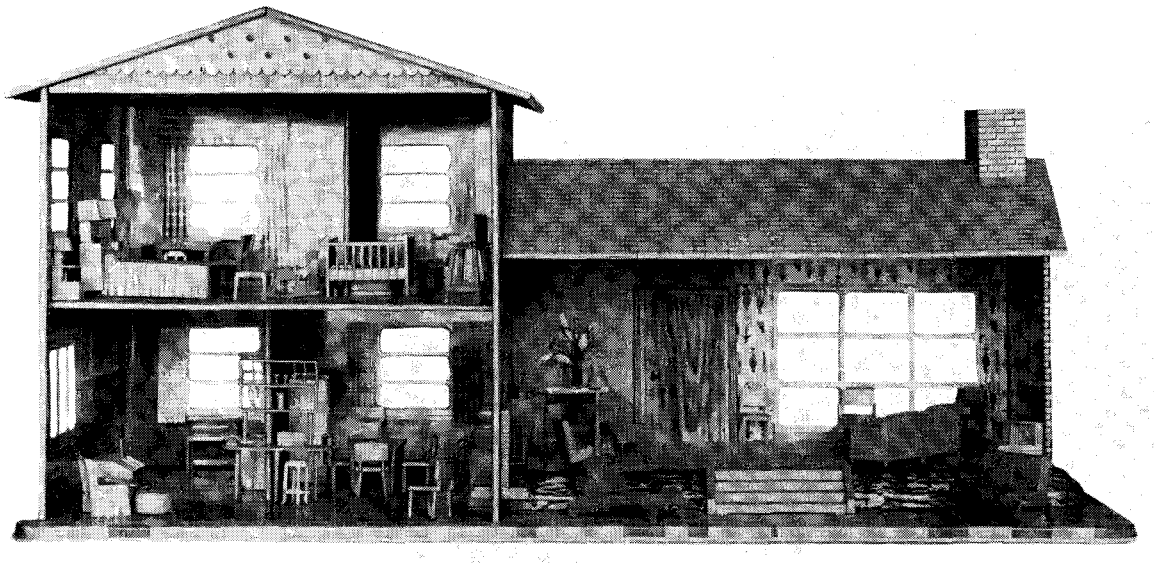

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I Say Prisons Are a Failure

(Continued from Page 13)

alone. The second time he'd tripped a burglar alarm; from then on he'd go in through the wall or roof. The third time the rope he'd tied to a skylight grating let go and dumped him into a bin of garden tools, breaking his ankle. At that point Butch swore he'd learned his lesson. He'd change his ways. There and then, he vowed, he would quit burgling and take up robbery as a vocation.

Giving any name you like to reasoning of this order—call it persistency, call it mule-headed stubbornness, call it by a less flattering and more exact name—you nonetheless encounter a lot of it in prison. You aren't long behind the walls, in fact, before you get the impression that many of the men doing time with you are engaged in an unending game of cops and robbers—a game with real stakes, real penalties, but still just a game. Usually the fact of participation in the game is stated in terms of lighthearted good nature, real or assumed. Expressions such as, "I'll wear out this joint!" or, "They can't make it too tough for me!" or, "I'll live to spit on the warden's grave!" are some of the small change of prison conversation.

Sometimes, as in the case of Sam Jackson, a many-time loser who was doing a jolt for robbery, the contest is on a more serious level. Very clear, very distinct, is the image of Sam, fiercely determined, as he told me, "They not gonna whip me! I doin' fifteen years, and I gonna *do* it! They not gonna break me down!" To Sam the game was extremely real, extremely earnest. But it was still just a game—a contest between him and "them."

It is an article of faith among convicts that the square John—the law-abiding citizen—would like to steal, too, but hasn't got the guts to risk it. It is regarded as a question not of good sense, not of judgment, but of courage, as though the act of voluntarily jeopardizing one's freedom were somehow a final test of manhood. Jack Pryor, a bright, likable man in his mid-thirties who had been bouncing in and out of prison for ten or twelve years, stated the proposition in almost those words. The day before he dressed out of prison at the end of his jolt, he was loudly relishing the thought of going on his first caper. I must have indicated my doubts of the wisdom of the project, for he turned on me and said, "Hell, man, this isn't kid stuff. Sure it's a gamble, but I'm not afraid to gamble."

Exactly three days later the papers carried the story of Jack's arrest for a supermarket holdup in an adjoining state, where robbery carries a mandatory fifteen-year sentence. So Jack was "caught." "They" had nailed him, and he'd have to do his penalty. But it's a perfectly safe bet that he'll continue to play the game as soon as the rules let him.

The carefree abandon with which so many convicts are able to give up huge chunks of their lives is a chilling thing to witness. Part of this attitude stems from bravado, certainly—from the natural unwillingness of men to show their hurts to the world. But since they do what they do voluntarily, forewarned and with their eyes open, it's difficult not to suspect a basic insensitivity here, a shallowness of feeling that makes a ten- or twenty- or thirty-year sentence less crushing to them than it would be to the average person. You tend to suspect either this, or that these prisoners find confinement less oppressive because their faculties and personalities are more limited and can therefore be given relatively full expression even in the restrictive atmosphere of prison. Quite often the equanimity with which men return to prison with new sentences seems to be more than fortitude and face-saving call for. They actually appear to be returning home.

Whatever the accuracy of these speculations, it is demonstrably true that a thumping percentage of convicts are people who are not susceptible to the normal cause-and-effect approach to correction that is used in our prisons and elsewhere in our society. They may be—and often are—intelligent. But they lack horse sense; they lack the ability to think clearly and arrive at sensible conclusions. They are strangers to prudence and foresight, and they habitually show total disregard for consequences. Most important of all, they seem utterly incapable of using experience as a guide for their actions. Again and again they return, moth-like, to the fire which burned them before. To them the flame imparts no lesson; it merely hurts.

An equally stubborn obstacle to prisoner reformation is the sour, simple fact that just about every aspect of prison society militates against reform. To see how this works we must—without going into the detailed stratifications and convolutions of the prison social structure—take a brief look at the make-up of that society.

The inmate body of any general, unclassified prison is, obviously, a heterogeneous mass of lawbreakers ranging from murderers to purse-snatchers, from counterfeiters to jackrollers (those who rob drunks), from armed robbers to paper hangers (forgers). The one thing they all have in common is that they are convicted felons. The one thing that most of them have in common is that they are inept, inadequate human beings. For, contrary to the notion propagated by novelists and scenario writers, convicts by and large are people who, being ill equipped either by nature or training to compete on equal terms with others, have blundered into crime as the most convenient way to provide for their needs of the moment. For the most part they are as ill prepared to steal for a living as they are to work for it—and again this is due not so much to a deficiency of I.Q. as it is to cloudiness of mind, instability and the absence of purpose and self-discipline.

The outstanding group exception to this dogmatic-sounding pronouncement is the small percentage of professional criminals that every prison holds. (There are, of course, numerous individual exceptions all up and down the line; also excepted are sexual offenders, who aren't being considered here at all.)

Just what is a professional criminal? Maybe it would be easier to start out by saying what he's not. He is not simply what the courts have defined as a habitual criminal, for many so-called habitual criminals are "depression thieves," circumstantial offenders of the sort described above. He's not merely someone who makes his living primarily or entirely from crime—although he usually does—for quite a few of the "blunderworld" do the same, during the intervals when they aren't taking their meals in a prison dining room. More than anything else, the determinant of professionalism in crime, as with professionalism anywhere, is not only journeyman competence but also adherence to a set of ethics—professional ethics, if you will. The professional criminal, unlike even lifelong circumstantial criminals, has consciously accepted crime as a way of life and practices it in a matter-of-fact, businesslike way. He is often clearheaded and intelligent, often able, and he usually has a code of ethics which he practices—sometimes to a fanatical degree—whether in prison or out.

It is the professional criminal who is the author of what newspaper feature writers like to call the "convict code." And that code, in turn, is the chief obstacle a prison administration meets in trying to reach the inmate body with any corrective program that it might have.

A good deal of the code is concerned with commandments dealing with personal honor and integrity; for example: "Thou shalt not bear witness, false or otherwise, against thy neighbor." Although a strict and universal observance of these commandments would doubtless dry up some of the prison administration's news sources and prove awkward in other minor ways, surely no one can argue against morality. But the backbone of the code is its insistence on absolute non-co-operation—and, as far as possible, even noncommunication—between kept and keepers. Here is the barrier that even the sincerest and most enlightened prison administration bumps its head against in trying to reach the inmate body. And this is the handiwork of the professional. This is the protective agreement of men who have charted their course, who know their enemy and want no intercourse with him and who are not to be dissuaded from the path they have chosen. And it has no purpose or meaning whatever for the great mass of accidental, incidental, circumstantial convict-criminals who are ruled by it.

Considering the nature of the typical prisoner, it is hardly surprising that the professional criminal is able to impose his standards on the entire inmate body. Not only are the professionals distinctly above average in intelligence and determination but they are also the only element of prison society that is bound together by ties more permanent than immediate self-interest or casual friendship. They are the only group in prison with the cohesiveness to act with any degree of unity, for fixed purposes, over a long period of time.

Like any other set of laws, the code is quite often broken; but it is violated far more often in the realm of personal morality, where the offense can be committed in private, than it is by scaling the barrier between kept and keepers, which necessarily has to be done openly, in plain sight of everybody. A man might be an informer in private, but in public, you may be sure, he will yield to no one in his devotion to convict solidarity.

The barrier is sometimes only half visible, but it is very real, very high. The prohibition is not so strict as it was, but until recent years the well-thought-of convict did not initiate a conversation with a guard or staff member except to make formal requests and the like. He did not speak to a guard or staff member—not even in mere salutation—except to reply. He did not even look at a guard or staff member. Except when directly addressed, he simply refused to acknowledge the enemy's existence. (Ted Shirck, a friend of mine—and a professional criminal—told me that when speaking to a guard was inescapable, he looked not into the man's eyes but at a fixed point near his hairline, thus maintaining the desired aloofness even when forced to the indignity of speaking.) This would seem extreme to most prisoners today, but even now the convicts most respected are the ones who keep the greatest possible distance between themselves and all representatives of prison authority.

(*Continued on Page 44*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Old Mrs. Peabody, the Browns' regular baby sitter, slipped on a rug on a freshly waxed floor in the Brown home and injured herself. She later sued the Browns for negligence.

"They never before slicked up their floors like that," Mrs. Peabody contended, "so they should have warned me to watch my step. Their failure to warn me constitutes negligence."

"What's so wrong about waxing the floors?" the Browns replied. "Why should we pay damages for doing what everyone else does? We're sorry Mrs. Peabody got hurt, but she should have watched her step."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Mrs. Peabody?

• •

Mrs. Peabody lost. The court ruled that waxing floors is so commonplace that no warnings should be required of anyone.

Based upon a 1958 Ohio decision.

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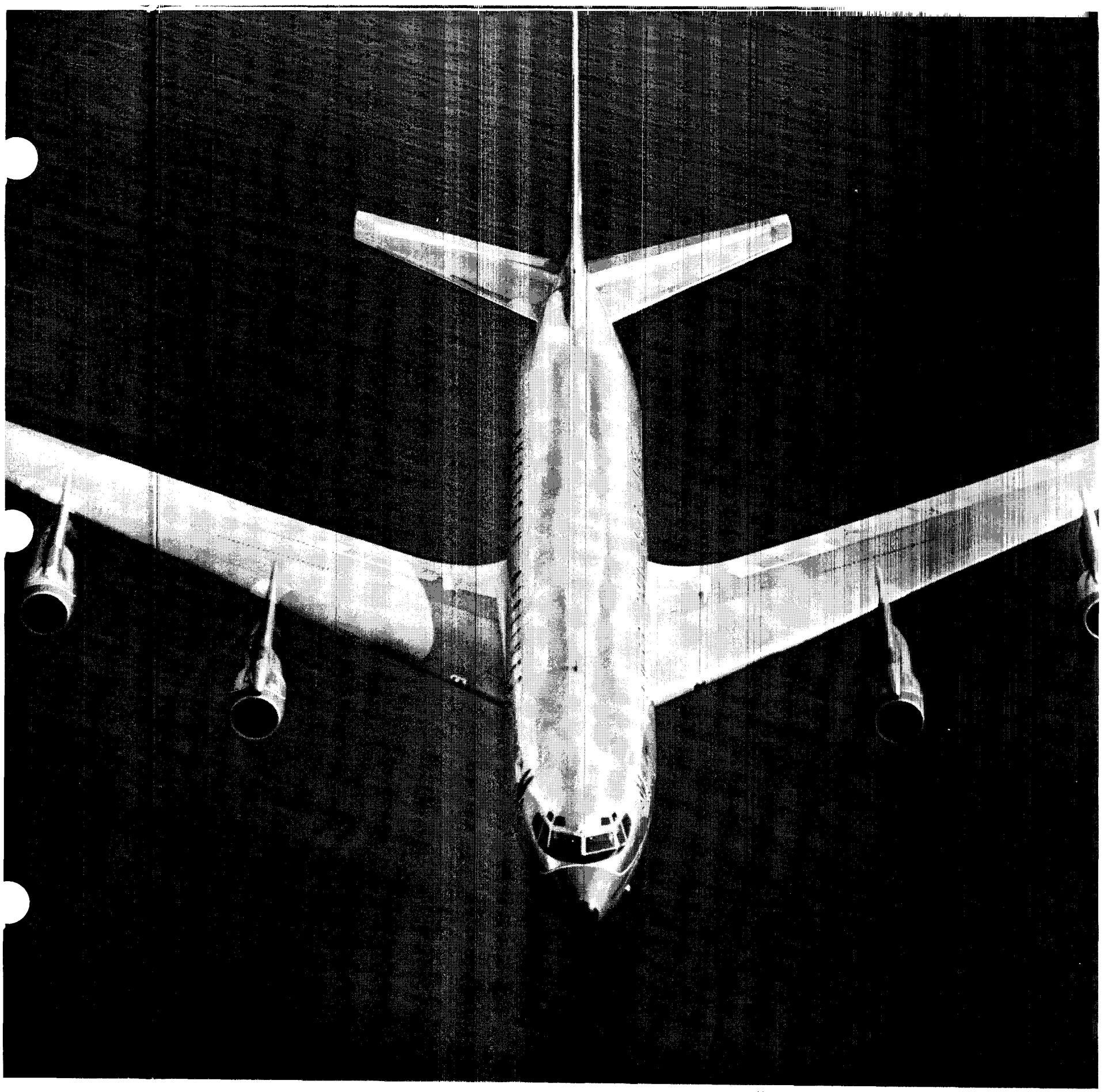

Above the new Astrojet (service mark of American Airlines Inc.)

Every major U.S. airline uses Champion spark plugs–or Champion jet igniters–because Champions give the ultimate in dependability. Why settle for less in your car?

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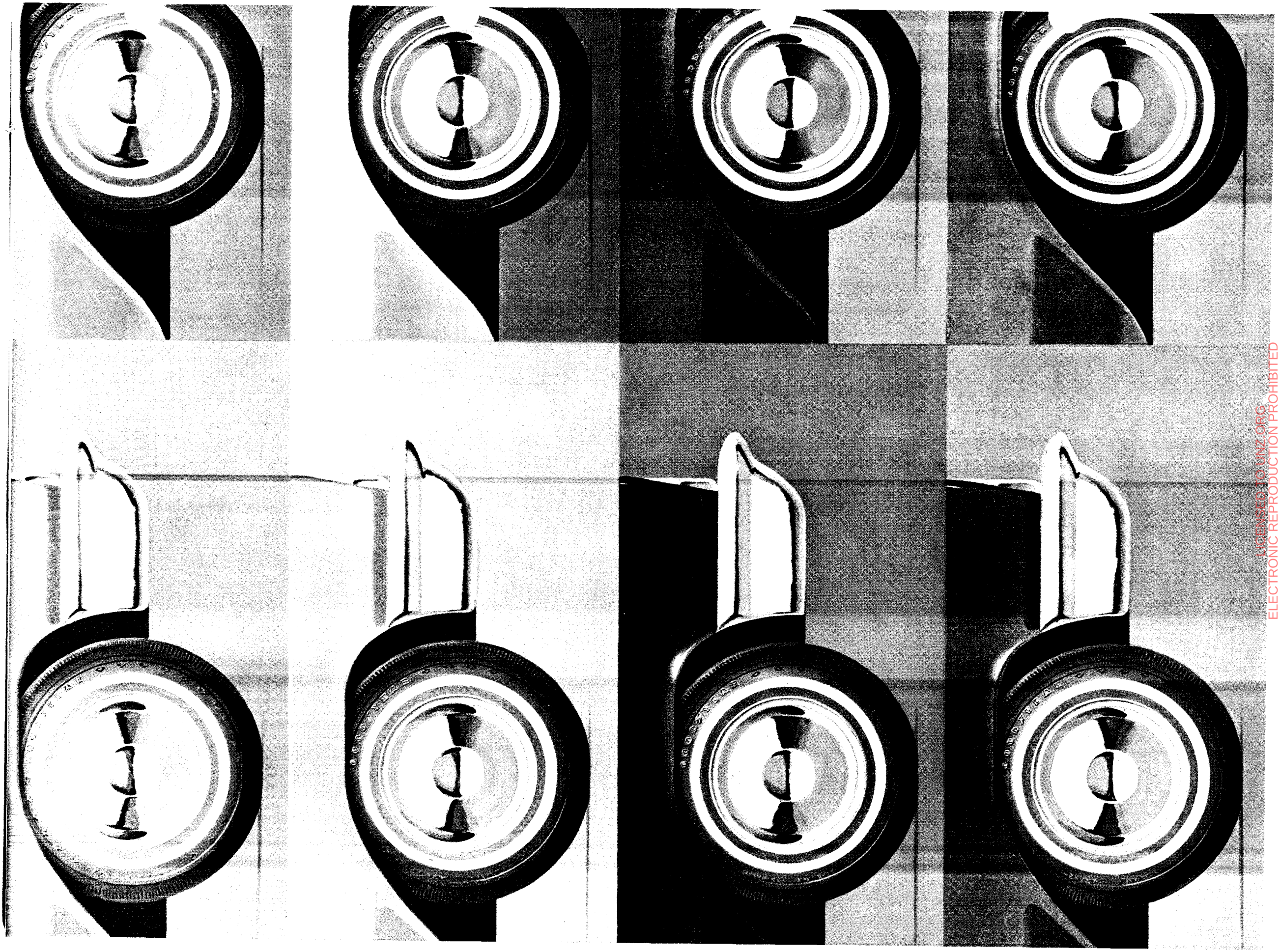

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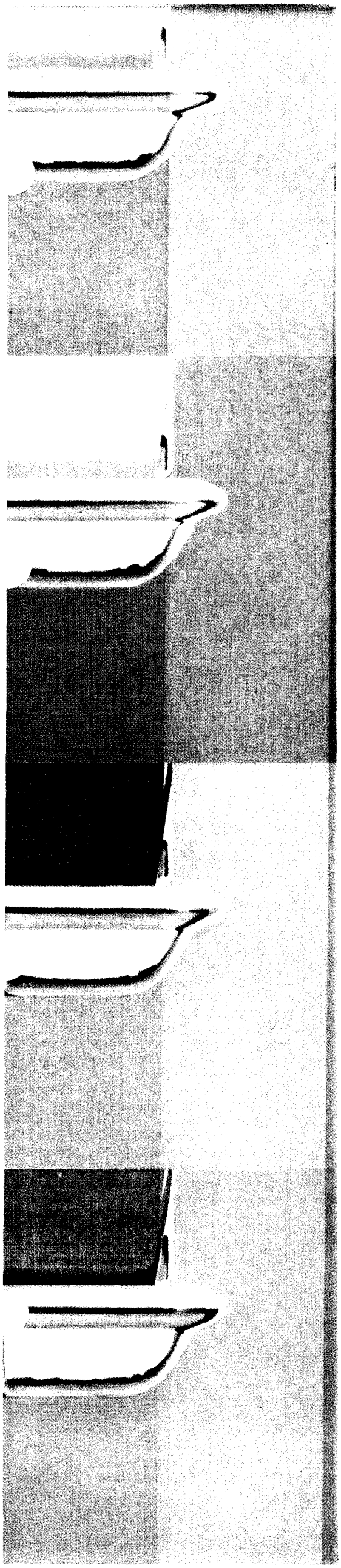

Color comes to tires

Goodyear introduces "Multi-Color" tires . . . to complement or contrast with today's bright new car colors! Accent your car's color or add a second color to any car. Set off black cars, grey cars, white cars with a tasteful touch of color. Harmonize with your car's upholstery color. There's lots you can do with these eye-catching tires by Goodyear.

Color is contagious. It dictates high fashion, decorates new appliances, dresses up new cars.

Why not color in tires? New "Multi-Color" tires by Goodyear now let you carry color right to your wheels!

The color is right in the tire. Goodyear has made the eye-catching bands of color an integral part of the tire design, just like the white sidewall.

And Goodyear gives you a choice: choose red or blue to contrast with or complement your car color.

This newest styling touch is available in the 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushion—one of Goodyear's very best. A smoother-riding, longer-mileage tire that's whisper quiet. And safer, of course. It's Turnpike-Proved, just like all Goodyear tires.

Because these tires are so new, your Goodyear dealer may not have all sizes on hand, but he can get them. Why not see him today?

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Super-Cushion, T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron 16, Ohio.

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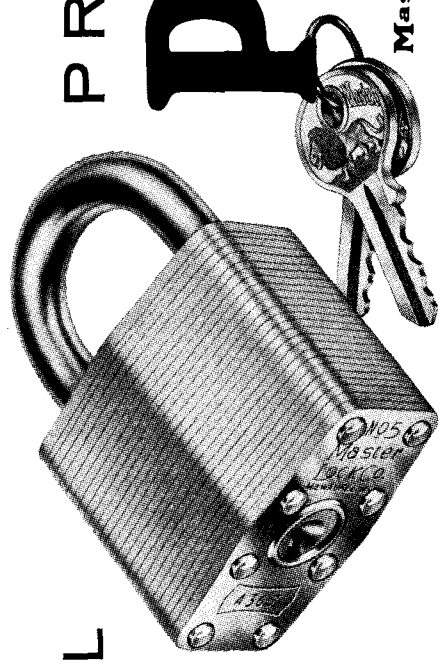
Master Lock Co. • Milwaukee 45, Wis. • World's Largest Padlock Manufacturers

for POWERFUL
Master
$1.25 to $4.00, in a variety of sizes, at hardware stores and locksmiths everywhere.

(*Continued from Page 40*) Automatically, as a matter of principle, the "right-thinking" convict opposes administration programs and policies. This attitude is consistent with the prescribed philosophy of nonco-operation, but it sometimes produces startling effects.

The prison where I did time had a recreational program that included several intramural baseball teams plus one institutional team made up of the best players in the intramural league. At intramural games the inmate fans acted about the same as fans anywhere—cheering their favorites, booing the opposing team, razzing the umpires and all the rest of it. But at main-team games, played against "outside" competition, the crowd invariably rooted enthusiastically for the visiting club and showered their own team—the same players they'd cheered in intramural games—with an unremitting stream of the bitterest and most hateful kind of abuse. In their eyes the institutional team represented the administration—the enemy—not themselves.

The pro-crime, anti-law-and-order atmosphere in prison society is overwhelming, and the often-expressed fear that this makes "crime schools" of the nation's prisons is not exaggerated. It is not true that exposure to this atmosphere will convert a green first-timer into a master criminal; master criminals are few, in prison or out, and they have shown little disposition to recruit apprentices. But it is true that a prison jolt can, and often does, convert a reclaimable first-timer into a person psychologically committed to steal for a living, even though he may not have the foggiest notion of how to go about it. And, of course, a theft is just as costly in social and economic terms whether the safe was opened by a Raffles, using a watch spring, or beaten to death by a misplaced lumberjack on the end of a sledge hammer.

A classic example of the conditioning job that a stretch in prison can perform was the case of Jim Flint. Jim was barely out of high school when he got a skinful of beer one night and ran down a girl pedestrian with his car, killing her. He dressed into the prison with a two-year jolt for manslaughter. There was no delinquency or criminality in his background; he came to prison with the firm conviction that honesty is indeed the best policy, that crime not only doesn't pay but is shameful besides. I don't know how long he managed to hang onto that conviction and that philosophy after running into the massive conditioning influence of prison society, but it certainly was less than a week. On his fourth day in the institution he was thrown in the hole for stealing an extra pork chop from the dining-room steam table. A couple of weeks later he went to lockup again for getting caught with stolen coffee in his cell. Six weeks after he became a convict there was nothing in his actions, his attitude or his apparent values that distinguished him from the general run of convicts. He was denied parole, finished up his sentence and a few weeks later came back with his second one—this time for burglary.

But prisons fail to reform not only because of their own characteristics and the characteristics of the men they confine but also because the moral values they are charged with instilling are in sharp conflict with values operating in our society at large. This puts a prison administration, as spokesman and defender of that society, in a highly awkward position. To persuade a burglar or robber that honesty and rectitude are prime virtues is tough enough at best; it's a waste of time to try when he is convinced that his teachers don't really believe what they're saying. To sell a convict on the idea that money actually doesn't amount to much in the scale of things is never easy, for it was to get money that most convicts gave up their freedom; to preach that money isn't everything, when on all sides he sees what looks like an unconcealed worship of the dollar, strikes him as nothing but hypocrisy.

For the convict, too, reads the papers and listens to the radio. He is as familiar as anyone else with the facts of payola, plugola, kickbacks, point-shaving, professional thesis-writing, home freezers, vicuña coats and all the rest. He's not only familiar with the facts of these things but also aware of the widespread reaction ("What's wrong with it?") that their exposure brought forth.

... ...

Felicitous Moment

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

How rarely the felicitous
moment falls:
Perhaps the heart recalls
The dusty amber
horizontal light
When cows come home at
night,
And catches the cadence of
the leader's bell,
And hears the small dog's
bark;
Or maybe there is the
long-forgotten smell
Of honeysuckle on the
summer dark.
And in the instant,
happiness, that abstract
Eluder of the clever nets
and snares
Of our importance and its
dull affairs . . .
Happiness, through no
conscious will nor act,
Becomes a fact.

... ...

As a matter of fact, his acquaintance with a double standard of morality probably began a good deal further back than that. It is a saying in prison, for example, that "you can't put a million dollars in jail"—and wealthy and high-placed offenders escape punishment with a consistency that bears out this cynical judgment.

Nor is a prisoner long in jail before he hears of a judge who will do business, a D.A. who will listen to reason if the price is right or a governor who will sell pardons. Usually the report is false; infrequently it is true. As far as the effect on the prisoner is concerned, it makes no difference which is the case, for all of these transactions have, in fact, taken place just often enough to give plausibility to the report.

It isn't to be wondered at that so many convicts, faced with all these contradictions between preachment and practice, feel that all the preaching—whether done by church, state or prison administration—is pure fraud. No one is more sharply aware than the prison inmate that, although crime is deplored in our society, the successful criminal is widely admired—that even though honesty and rectitude represent the official position, few people are inclined to quibble about how a bankroll was come by. Most prisoners are convinced that in our culture only the end, and not the means, is regarded as truly important. It is the deeply ingrained belief of almost every convict I have known that in this civilization of ours community status and the respect of others are as purchasable as a loa of bread.

Although these attitudes are the result of cultural contradictions and therefore aren't chargeable to prisons themselves, that doesn't mean that prisons are innocent of contributing to inmate cynicism. They aren't innocent by a long shot! Three different administrations were in office during my time in prison. And under each of them—in varying degrees, but always to an unhealthy degree—guards and staff members showed a common disregard for the standards of morality that convicts were imprisoned for violating.

Item: A high-ranking guard officer entered the workshop where an expert inmate leatherworker turned out his own personal items in his spare time. The officer pocketed a hand-tooled secretary-and-wallet set and walked out, saying, "This'll take care of your rent."

Item: An inmate artist did a portrait, for a predetermined price, of a member of the educational staff. The painting was completed and delivered. But despite repeated reminders and requests, no part of the payment was ever made.

Item: All meat for the main-line, or mess-hall, menu was kept in the commissary within the walls of the main institution. Under one administration the commissary steward quite regularly, after nightfall, would drive a small truck to the commissary, load it up and drive out of the prison again. The commissary was in clear view of the windows of one cell block, and the twice- or thrice-weekly jaunt of the truck gave rise to much wry comment. Each time the truck's headlights came through the gate and headed down the drive, the same sour observation would be heard in the cell block: "Well, boys, pull in your belts—it's macaroni and sauerkraut for us again tomorrow."

In spite of all these influences, a good many convicts—I'd say the vast majority of those who leave the prison and never return—reform for the coldly practical reason that experience has proved to them that locking horns with the law is a losing proposition, a sucker's game. But reformation in the sense of a moral reawakening, a change in attitude, is rare in prison—and in the circumstances this isn't hard to understand.

Whether or not a man stays out of prison almost always comes down to the question of attitude—and attitude can be either servant or master of the man. Nothing in my thirteen years in prison brought this home to me more forcibly than the remark of a good friend of mine—call him Steve. Steve was then in his early forties. He was a multiple loser and was one of the most gifted, intelligent and truly ethical men I have ever known. Once, while reflecting on his unending battle with the law, he said to me, "My attitude's the cause of all my trouble—I know that. But I've seen so much of these damn people I just can't help it."

The remark struck me then as having a strong element of the tragic in it, and it still does. If, because of his inability to learn from experience, a man of Steve's unmistakable intellect and character finds himself the prisoner of an attitude that points toward continued rebellion and continued time-serving, then there isn't much hope for the less-gifted convict with similar feelings and the same limitation.

THE END

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Cause to Kill (Continued from Page 18)

"Your sister is good to us," he said, "dropping in to help the way she does."

"Yes," Marjory said, "but I'll pay her back." She turned toward him, an amused look in her eyes. "You know, I was just thinking," she said. "When I was small, I remember somebody telling me how babies are born. Look at him. Eight pounds. I still don't believe it."

"I'd think you would now," he said dryly.

She got up, not answering. She went into the bedroom where Eugenia was. She came back with his night clothes and laid them in a chair.

"Marjory?" It was Eugenia, her voice musical, soft. "Where did you put my gown?"

"Bottom drawer on the right."

What Marjory had said earlier came back to him now. "What did you mean?" he said. "You'll pay her back?"

"She'll be getting married sometime," she said, "and she'll be having baby things to wash."

"Oh," he said. He unbuttoned his shirt, got up and laid it on his chair, baring a thick, broad chest. And he stood above the cradle, looking down upon the tiny face of his son, talking to him. "How is it that I want to be a good man because of you?" he said. "What are you—a conscience?" Seeing the dilations of the baby's nostrils as he breathed, he spoke to his wife. "I meant that to be joking, what I said; but it's so."

From behind them sudden screaming filled the cabin, and he turned with unbelievable speed and hurled himself toward the sound, through the door into the room where Eugenia stood. Unclothed, a sheathlike gown drawn about her, silent now, she stared in hypnotic terror at the window.

He stopped. Marjory came past him like something flying. "Eugenia! Eugenia! What is it, Eugenia?" She put her arms around her, held her. And Eugenia lowered her head to her sister's shoulder and began to cry.

"Eugenia—what happened, Eugenia?" Marjory's voice was high with emotion. And he turned his back, feeling the utter fool.

"It was a man," Eugenia said, "watching me through the window."

"Did you—did you see who it was?" Marjory said.

"No!" Too quick, too emphatic. "No!"

Tom went outside then, down the back steps, thinking, *Man? There was no man. There couldn't have been.* But he went anyway to the window outside the room, so he could reassure them.

He leaned down, struck a match and looked where the rain water from the eaves had beaten up a white sand. Suddenly he knelt, letting the match burn to his finger tips, leaving pictured within his mind the large footprints of a man. At the same time he heard the subdued voices of his wife and her sister within the room.

"You saw who it was," his wife said. "Didn't you? Didn't you, Eugenia?"

"Yes. But Tom ——"

"He won't know, because I know what he'd do."

"Ellard—it was Ellard."

"You mean Ellard DeVaul?"

"It was Ellard DeVaul."

Even then, with the naming of the man, Tom Lorenson's mind moved slow. He stood remembering for a moment a thing Ellard DeVaul had said when he and Marjory were married. He had said, "She'll starve to death married to that sawmill bum." And he remembered how he had thought, *The man may be right*, not resenting what he said, being used as he was to the rough ways and rougher words of careless men.

His mind went back through the past year, remembering fragments of conversation, expressions upon his wife's face when the name Ellard DeVaul was mentioned or when at church or community gatherings she had been in his presence. And with each phrase or look a pattern had grown. And he could not be certain when the knowledge had first come: *She's afraid—my wife is afraid of this man.*

They met him at the door as he went in, quiet now, calm, except in their dark eyes that looked out into the moon-swept night. And he was reminded anew of how much alike these two sisters were.

Then suddenly, with this thought of their resemblance, he knew: *He meant it to be Marjory he was looking at—not Eugenia. He meant it to be my wife.* He walked past them into the house. "Eugenia," he said, not looking at her, "did anybody except your folks and us know you are here tonight?"

"No, Tom. Why?"

He was certain then. "Nothing," he said. "I'll make my pallet. We'll go to bed and forget this till tomorrow."

The baby had waked up and was crying, its wail a disturbance within his flesh.

"Pick up the baby," his wife said, "till I get you some quilts."

No, he thought. He stopped and waited for Eugenia to move past him, going for the quilts as he had known she would. He lifted his hands before him, seeing them broad-palmed and hard, hung upon wide, hairy wrists. He had not ever lifted his son from the cradle with his hands; he had held him only when the baby's mother brought him and laid him upon his lap. Then he had held him, not moving him, not fondling him as he had longed to do—something powerful and strange within him restraining the urge till it passed and she came and took the child from him, saying each time, "Relax, Tom, you're so awkward with him."

"You pick him up now," he said. "I'd rather you'd pick him up."

Something was working its slow way to the surface in his mind—out of the area of feeling up to the area of knowing. Tonight he had seen fear naked in another's face; now he recognized as fear within himself his inward straining in opposite directions, wondering, *What is there in a son to make me afraid? Before he was born I always knew what to do.*

"Seems like," he said, "seems like I can't ever feel I was fit to have a son."

Marjory lifted the child, laid him across her gowned breasts, tilted her face to his. "Nobody is fit to have a son," she said.

Eugenia brought him quilts. Then she picked up the cradle, and she and Marjory went back into the bedroom. He spread the quilts, picked up his shirt and put it back on and, fully clothed and in his shoes, lay down upon the floor. And with the planks hard beneath his back, he was struck suddenly with the near comedy, the absurdity of what had happened. "What a tale for the gossips this would be," he said.

Sleep came slowly. His mind moved over and over the same event, coming always to the name *Ellard DeVaul—Ellard DeVaul.* And his fists doubled into hard knots by his sides.

Day came—and with it came cool thought, and decision. He made himself deliberately busy outside the house, about the shed that housed his new machine, the shingle machine that he had bought when he realized the big demand for roofing made of the durable heart of pine.

Shavings and sawdust from yesterday's work banked beneath the planers and the saws. He shoveled these into the holding box beside the steam boiler, later to be mixed with slabs and bark to fire with. He opened the valve, letting water piped directly from a spring flow into the boiler, replacing what had yesterday been lost in steam. Then he went to the stalls below the cabin and fed his mules.

Knowing then that his breakfast would be waiting, he went into the house with a show of haste and impatience, sat down, filled his plate with eggs, biscuits, bacon and grits; and he ate fast.

Finishing, he got up. "I'll be working in the woods today," he said, "hauling blocks. I've caught up at the mill, and I won't deliver any more shingles till it rains." He turned to go.

"Tom," Marjory said. He turned again to face them—she and Eugenia looking at him with dark and questioning eyes. And he knew what she would ask. Strange, it was not of this that he thought. There were lines upon the flesh of woman that childbirth drew—within the man, only the invisible lines of change.

"Yes?" he said.

"What are you going to do about last night?" she said.

"I don't know what to do," he said, turned and went quickly out. What he had said was an evasion, even untruth; for he did know what he planned to do. What had happened last night—like so many things in which no harm had been done—would pass. And he would let it, even cause it to pass if possible, back among things only remembered, out of the unsafe area of the immediate.

The time had been, yes, when he with bare hands would have trailed trouble and physically enjoyed it. But no more. He was a father now, to a new conscience born, a man with an infant son.

He hitched the team to the wagon and drove into the woods. And all day he worked, loading shingle-length sections of log, rolling them up a plank onto the wagon, hauling and unloading them at the mill, later to be split with maul and froe and fed into the saws and blades.

As he worked, the incident of last night passed into the background, and his plan for his family's future came to the fore. It was a simple plan and a workable one, though he remembered that when it was new a year ago, he had been laughed at because of it.

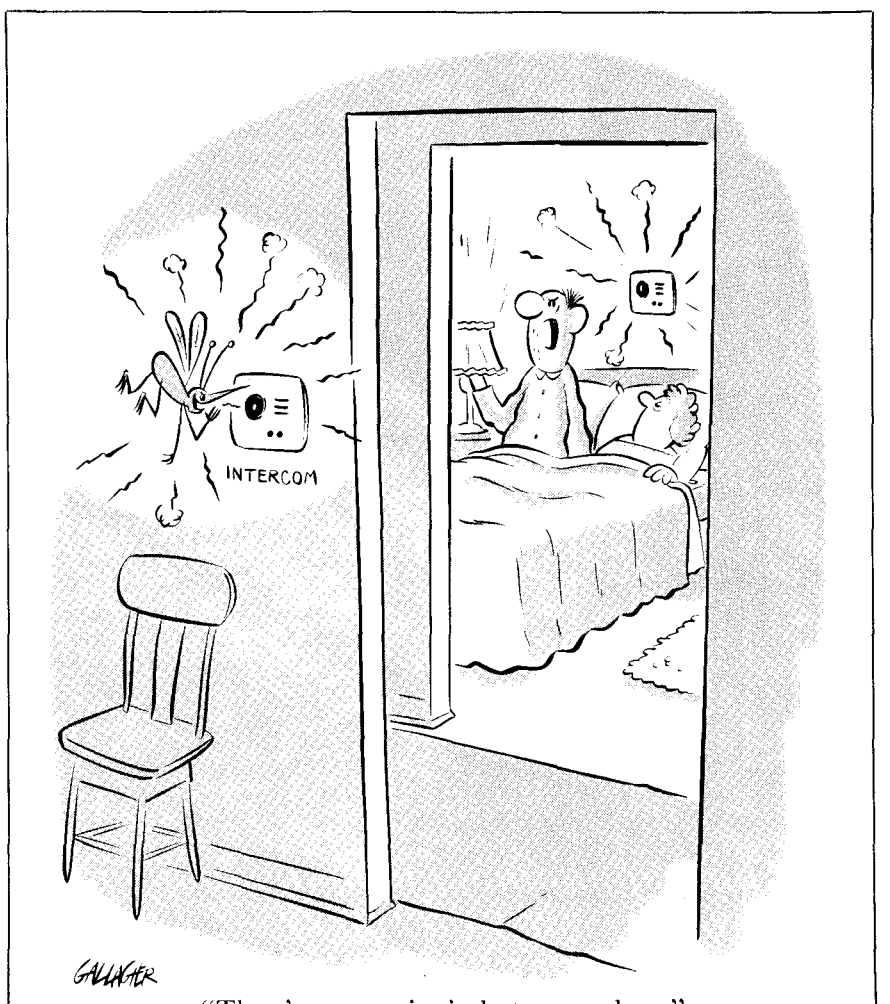
The plan came of this: On the cutover lands where the lumbering had passed was a scattering of virgin trees, left because they were not easily accessible; and on land whose timber rights had been bought for five dollars per acre, there was small cause to operate carefully. But the trees left were good trees—good shingle trees. And by chance, after he and Marjory were married, he made a discovery.

He had been working for Jeff DeVaul, Ellard DeVaul's father, making shingles for him for ten dollars per thousand, turning out by saw, froe and drawing knife five hundred shingles per day. He had gone to receive his first pay. And as Jeff DeVaul, with a mixture of mirth and cunning in his blue eyes, had laid the money in his hand, the thought came that this was more money per day than he had ever earned before. Then came sudden realization: There was more money left—much more—in the scattering of big trees still in these hills than the price of the original sale.

When he bought his first hundred acres, the whole community laughed; and Jeff DeVaul, when Tom had gone to his store the next Saturday, with the place crowded with overalled men, slyly winked at the ones nearest him and said, "Tom, ye done got to be a landowner among us now. What you aim to raise on all that land?"

And Tom knew what he meant, that the steep land that he had bought could not be farmed. But he was good-humored about it. Further, he did not intend to reveal his purpose.

"Raise Lorensons," he said. "My wife and me plan to raise Lorensons."



"There's a mosquito in here somewhere."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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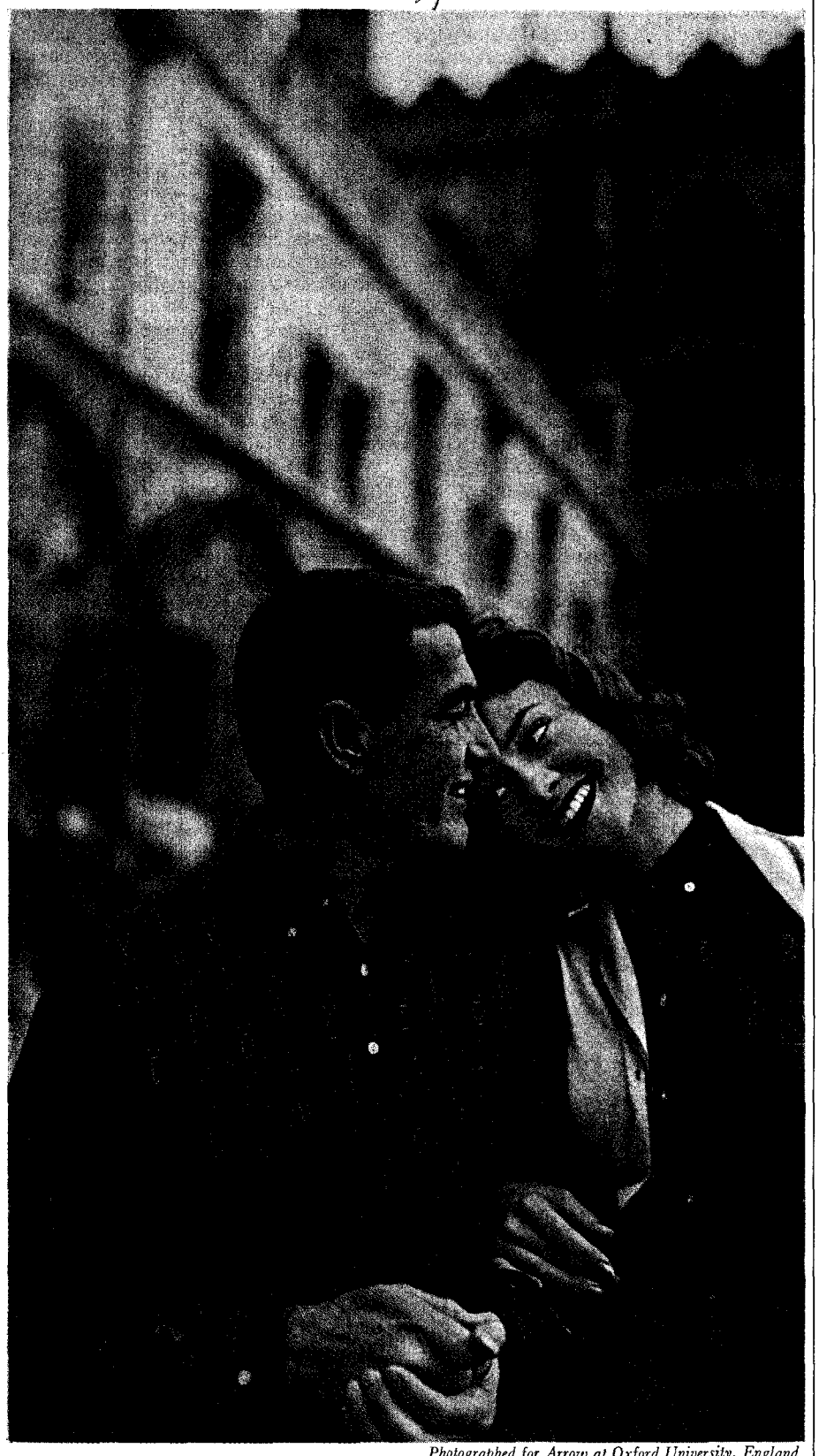
Wherever you go . . .



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The Tapered Shirt...for leisure
The Arrow Oxford sport shirt in your exact sleeve length

This new Arrow *University Fashion* sport shirt is the big one with Yanks at Oxford and every other campus this fall. The fine basket-weave oxford fabric . . . famous Arrow contour tailoring . . . give you the best fit you've ever had in a sport shirt. Traditional button-down collar. *"Sanforized"* labeled. Choice of new patterns and colors, 5.95. Lady Arrow shirt with roll-up sleeves, 5.00.

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The men guffawed and slapped him happily upon the back. "You'll do. You'll do, Tom," one of them said. It was Tate Morrison, a past-middle-aged man who had been on his logging crew with the company.

"By the way, Tate," Tom said, "I need a man occasionally to help me with some sawing—if you're interested."

Tate Morrison was interested. And from that day he became the part-time and only help that Tom Lorenson had. He helped him build his cabin, fell and saw into block lengths his trees that he began turning into shingles. And when Tom bought the shingle mill, Tate helped him set it up and shelter it. And he watched it operate, seeing it turn out in a day the work of ten skilled men, so much that a truck was necessary to deliver what it produced.

What Tate saw, he told on Saturdays at the DeVaul store. Then people knew what Tom Lorenson was about, and they reacted in various ways.

It was Ellard DeVaul who first put his thoughts into words. "He'll ruin the country," he said, "with that machine. He'll fix it so can't no man make a living out of shingles with his own hands." He said that, the sole heir of the land-richest man in the community, one who had not ever worked a day with his hands.

Tom Lorenson remembered now what Ellard had said, linking it to what he had said before, when he and Marjory were first married, remembering, too, another thing. She had gone with Ellard DeVaul and had turned him down. And from the beginning something of ill will toward himself was in this man, summed up in the one word—it must be—jealousy.

He worked hard through the day, and when night was near, he went in his wagon to Tate Morrison's house on the DeVaul place. "I'll need you tomorrow," he said. "I've got a tree to cut. It's right next to the line."

A swarm of hound dogs bounded about the yard, barking.

"What're those dogs good for, Tate?" he said.

"To bark and eat," Tate said. "They bark all the time and eat when I've got it to give 'em."

"Sell me one of them," Tom said.

"You outa ye wits?" Tate said. "I told you the truth about 'em."

"What I want is a barking dog," Tom said. "Hand me up that one with the shake in his voice, like he's nervous." He reached his hand into his pocket. "I'll give you this silver dollar for him."

That night he chained the dog outside the bedroom window. "We've been needing a good watchdog," he said. "Him barking and the baby crying, we won't get any sleep at all."

Next morning Tate was there at sunup. And they went down with saw and ax into the deep hollow next to the south line, to where a big pine stood.

"She'll split like an acorn," Tate said. "I can tell from the bark."

"It leans a little," Tom said. "It'll fall across the line on DeVaul land." They oiled the saw and leaned to their work.

"You always were a surprise to me with a saw," Tom said, "a little man like you, sawing with the big fellows."

"I was made in hard times," Tate said. He grinned, took out a plug of tobacco, bit off a piece. "And I was raised on chawin' terbacker."

They worked at what seemed a leisurely pace, but without pause. An hour later the tree fell, going as it had leaned, across the line.

They marked the tree into shingle lengths and, guiding the saw carefully so as to make its mark straight, they began sawing the trunk up.

Slowly the morning passed. Noon came, and they walked up to the cabin and ate and, without resting, went back to their work.

In the late afternoon a volley of shotgun fire burst in the swamp below them and like a thunderclap bounced along the valley walls.

"Only one pump gun like that around," Tate said. "Ellard DeVaul's. He's huntin' squirrels."

Later, when dusk had come and they had left their work and were climbing toward the cabin above them, they saw a big man shouldering a gun come over the opposite ridge and look down into the hollow they had left.

"Something maybe I ought not to tell you," Tate said. "There's a story going around. Ellard DeVaul started it—said your wife's sister told him—told him not to tell."

"But he did tell," Tom said. He walked on up the hill, not asking, "About what?" as he knew Tate waited for him to do.

"It's about you, Tom," Tate said. "Not as I believe it—said your sister-in-law saw you peeping at her through the window t'other night."

Tom whirled and faced him in the trail. "What's that?" he said.

"Now wait a minute, Tom," Tate said. "It ain't me that said it."

"Said what? Say it again—slow."

"I'm saying what Ellard said," Tate said, "making a joke out of your name, Tom—Peeping Tom Lorenson, he said. I thought you should know."

Tom Lorenson stood looking at him, thinking, *Sure, you're my friend*, yet some deeper caution questioning within him, *Why did you really tell me this? You don't even know yourself why. The gleam of pleasure in your eyes—something in you, like in all simple-seeming people, is not simple. Something in you wants entertainment; and Ellard DeVaul and I—and the trouble you'd start with words, but could not stop with words—we would provide the show. There is that in you, too, Tate—not all friend.*

"People could ask my wife's sister if it's true," Tom said quietly, turned and went on up the hill.

It was at supper that night, seeing the new sack of groceries on the shelf, that the thought came: Eugenia had told something, and Ellard had heard it, else he could not have admitted knowing.

"Eugenia," he said, looking at her across the table. "Eugenia, you've been

Hand of the Wind

By Katherine Saunders

Hand of the wind, stroke
feather,
Lift the wing of wildness,
Ruffle fur and bushy tail,
Riffle water, push sail.
Tweak ear
With never fear of
frightening.
Knot scarf of smoke
On chimney top.
Drop
Ruff of snow on pillar post.
Spill a black cloudful of
rain.
Touch the thin gold cloth
of grain.

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to the store, haven't you? I was going tomorrow."

"We were out of some things," she said.

"The main thing she was out of," Marjory said, "was her mail. She used the trip to the store as an excuse to go by home after it."

He looked at her, then at Eugenia. "The rd's out in the community that you saw no it was looking at you the other night," he said. "Did you tell at the store it was Ellard, or at home?"

Her color receded, and her fork with food upon it lowered to her plate. She and Marjory sat staring at him, unbelieving. Finally Eugenia spoke. "I told it at home," she said, "but not who it was. I told Marjory it was him—I didn't tell anybody else. Who said I said it was him?"

"All I can tell you is that it's out," he said, pleased with his method, thinking, it was out now. It was indeed.

"You'd better make me a store list for tomorrow, Marjory," he said. "I know what she brought back's not enough."

Men were crowded about the store porch the next evening when he hitched his mules in the yard, got down from his wagon and went in.

The men watched him, curious-eyed, silent, as he came toward them; and as he passed among them he heard the murmur d drawl of guarded tones. A laugh arted and spread. He stopped, looked back.

The laugh stopped; and the eyes stared, not curious now, something in them assured, united, half angry, half amused. He went on down the center aisle, toward where Jeff DeVaul stood, sacking groceries for a man.

Suddenly a high voice rang out behind him—"Peeping Tom!"

Jeff DeVaul looked toward him. And the twinkle in his blue eyes turned suddenly dull, and his broad hand stopped above the grocery sack.

From behind Tom Lorenson the sounds of ridicule moved against his pulse—and the place where his wild past lay, half buried, half still. And the old love of trouble writhed suddenly within him. He shook his head as if for a moment dazed, then went on to where Jeff DeVaul stood, his hand lowering to the sack of groceries, giving them to the man.

"Mister DeVaul," Tom said, "I have a t here I want to get filled." He handed to Jeff DeVaul, who took it, the mirth and subtlety returning to his eyes. He leaned over the list, appeared to study it.

"Whose handwriting is this, Tom?" he said.

"My wife's. Why?"

Jeff DeVaul's face came up, big, wide-smiling. And he winked at the men behind Tom Lorenson as he spoke. "Well, I just thought it might be Eugenia's," he said. And his laugh shook his middle, losing its sound in the volume of laughing that filled the room.

Tom Lorenson did not move. His eyes did not leave Jeff DeVaul's face. Deep within him the violence of his nature that he had been trying to bury moved like a great wild animal within its cage. Slowly the laughing died into a growing and stiffening silence. Then Tom Lorenson turned to face the men.

"I know what all this is about," he said, nd I've had all of the scapegoating I'll ave out of you—any of you. You're talking among you about what happened at my house the other night. Well, I'll tell you what happened. There was a man—no, not a man, an animal—watching a young lady undress for bed. She saw him—she knew who he was. But she wouldn't have named him." He turned and looked at Jeff DeVaul. "Because of his family, she wouldn't have named him, Mr. DeVaul."

"His family?" Jeff DeVaul said.

"Yes, sir, Mr. DeVaul. He's your son, and you don't have but one."

The blue eyes he looked into were cut with pain, and the red leaped into the big face. "You'd better know what you're saying," Jeff DeVaul said. "You'd better know for sure."

"I know what I'm saying," Tom Lorenson said. "And I have an idea you've been knowing for a long time what he is. I'm sorry for you that what I said is the truth. Now—if you'll get me my groceries, I'll be going."

He looked again at the other men, seeing their eyes turned to the floor, not in sympathy for anyone, he thought—only waiting. And he watched them, remembering Tate Morrison, realizing, *You have it now, your spectacle. The play is on and, like a fool baited, I have raised the curtain.*

Monday came. Morning passed into afternoon, and the shade was in the hollow where he worked when Ellard came, wearing boots, walking along the ridge to the west, then coming almost casually down the slope.

Tom watched him, not appearing to watch, working with the big blocks he and Tate had cut from the log, loading them to haul. And he ignored Ellard when he first spoke, continuing to roll up the plank the block that he held till it dropped into the wagon, completing the load.

"I said you're on our land," Ellard DeVaul said.

Tom stepped back from the wagon, looked at him, taller than his father Jeff, but like his father, with a similar heaviness of build, heavy-lipped and with the same flare of color in his face; but without his father's humor in the eyes that bespoke of more intelligence.

"Your father's land, you mean," Tom Lorenson said quietly.

"It's me telling you to get off it," Ellard said, and his boots moved, bracing him as he spoke.

"Well, now," Tom said, pointing to the stump of the tree, "this tree here is mine. It was on my land. I cut it, and it fell across the line. I think I have a right to move it."

"It ain't a question of right," Ellard said.

"Then what is it a question of?"

"It's what I say—and I say leave it where it is."

"Ellard," Tom said, "I'm talking reason. The tree's mine, and the land it's on is your father's, not yours. It wouldn't be right, but if your father tells me to leave it, I'll leave it."

"Not my father," Ellard said. "I'm telling you to leave it."

"Which I'm not going to do," Tom said.

"Then take your licking."

"Wait," Tom said, lifting his spread palms.

"Are you a coward?" Ellard said.

"You thought of the word. But let's get it clear between us. It's not the tree, Ellard, and you know it. Like some people will, you hate a man for one thing and start trouble about another."

"The cause of our trouble is here."

"Is it, Ellard? Is it here? Where it really is, you had the chance a man has. A man interested in a woman leaves it up to the woman."

"What're you talking crazy about?"

"Last Wednesday night a big, loose-lipped face was looking in a window of my house, like you said—and it was you, Ellard."

"You're a damned liar!"

Tom Lorenson's right fist started up and out—and stopped. He laughed suddenly, uncertainly, stepping back out of reach, thinking, *What's come over me? What's happening to me anyhow?*

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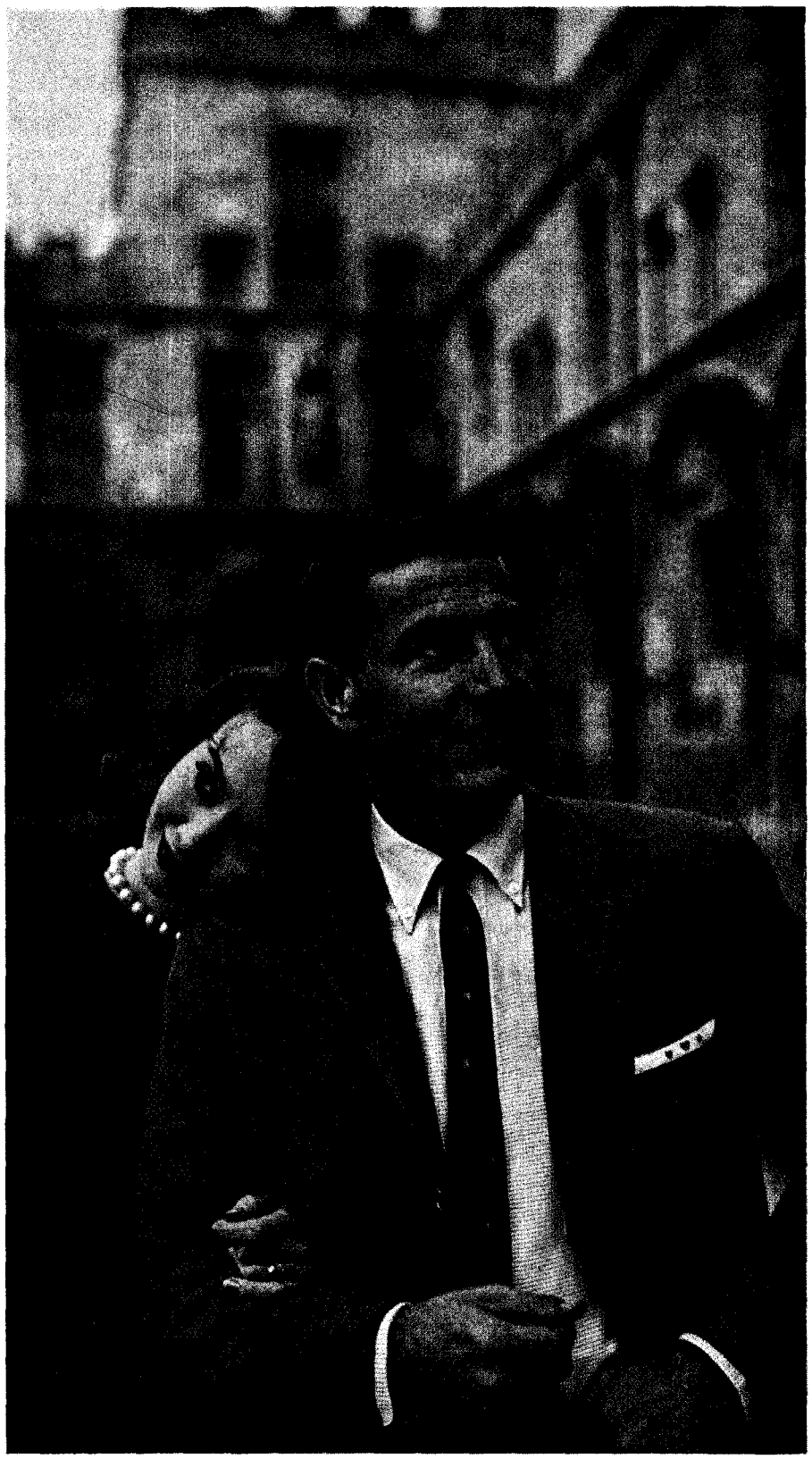

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"The time was," he said, "I'd have broken a man to bits that called me that." He leaned over and picked up the leather reins lying upon the ground and started to climb onto the wagon.

Ellard DeVaul had not moved. "Remember, Lorenson," he said. "Don't move any more of the log."

Tom looked back at him. "Don't misunderstand me," he said. "I'm going to have my log."

Next morning when he went back for another load, they were waiting for him, Ellard and a half dozen men, hiding in the green top of the fallen tree. The movement of a hat and the lace of an exposed boot gave them away.

Seeing that there were more than one of them, Tom lifted the nine-foot crosscut saw from the wagon bed and walked with it to where the remaining blocks lay scattered upon the ground. He laid the saw down, leaned over the first block and began to roll it back toward the wagon.

Then they came, leaping from their hiding place, running, moving out to encircle him. He waited till they were close, the hired men from the Jeff DeVaul place, Ellard running behind them.

"We've come for us a man," Ellard DeVaul said.

Tom Lorenson lifted the saw with his foot, balancing it, leaning to take it into his hands, a handle in his left, the back of the blade in his right, the teeth forward. With the saw he charged them, into the middle of their line.

The line parted suddenly, and Ellard DeVaul stood alone, the sharp edge of the saw coming at his face. And he lifted an arm before him, spun around and started to run.

His boots caught beneath a limb. He dragged them free, running in long, spasmodic steps, running, falling, crawling till a foot came down upon an ankle, and he cried out once in pain. Then the teeth of the saw were upon the soft skin of his neck, and he lay still.

"Tell them to stop, Ellard," Tom said. "Tell them to go."

"All right, all right. We'll go. We'll go."

"They're the only ones going—not you."

"What—what are you aiming to do?"

"Do?" Tom said. "I needed some rest, and I'm glad you've come to help me. It's plumb surprising though, the way you hate work."

"What're you talking about? You let me go now."

"After you're finished you'll go—after you roll these blocks back over the line, just so you can't say I did it after you said not to." He pressed upon the saw. "Tell them to get," he said. "I mean—fast."

"Do it," Ellard said, his voice a high whine of fear. "Do it!" The pressure increased upon the saw. "Do what he says!" he screamed.

One man, it was Emil Harless, turned back as they left. "We'll tell his pa," he said. "Nothing better happen to him."

"No, Emil," Ellard said. "Don't—don't tell him."

"Because your father is a better man than you," Tom said. "You're right, he wouldn't be on your side in this. Now get up and start moving."

He let him up then, staying behind him, the teeth of the saw close to his back. And Ellard DeVaul worked, rolling the rest of the tree rounds across the line, up the plank and onto the wagon bed.

When he had finished, he leaned against the wagon, streaming sweat and out of breath, his face turned toward the ground.

Tom Lorenson walked slowly with the saw to the stump of the tree, the force of his anger used up within him, the clarity of reason returning. He laid the saw across the stump, came back to where Ellard was and stopped in front of him, seeing only the top of his blond head.

"Ellard," he said, "we could still settle this like two men. It's gone far enough. I'll go with you to your daddy, and we'll talk with him."

Ellard DeVaul raised his head slowly and looked at Tom Lorenson, the burn of hate and humiliation in his eyes.

"I'll kill you for this," he said. "I'll kill you for this."

That night Tom and his wife talked about what Ellard had said. "He'll do it," Marjory said. And she wanted to be with Tom all the time for a while, to go with him when he worked. "Till it stews out of him," she said. "After a few weeks he'll get some sense in his head."

Tom thought about what she said, and he did not discredit it. It was not that. But he would have no man think he was afraid of him, he said. "And anyway, even Ellard DeVaul has got more sense than that."

"Has he, Tom?" she said. "Has he?"

But it was not Ellard DeVaul that mainly concerned him now. He knew now where the real fight was, the real enemy that for his family's sake he must defeat—the enemy within himself, invisible and untamed.

Through the window he watched the night alternately lighten and grow dark as the increasing racks of cloud sailed beneath the moon.

The next afternoon it started raining. He loaded the truck from the extension of the mill shed where the shingles were stacked and got into the truck to go. He would be gone, he said, about three hours—an hour to town, an hour unloading, an hour coming back.

He pulled out of the yard in low gear, slowed by the weight of the load and by the wet surface of the ground. The drive from his house went uphill, into the public road, little more than a wagon trail itself. The public road crooked, following the contours of the ridge.

He turned left onto the road, still in low gear, staying in low as he came to the hairpin turn above his house where the road coiled along a narrow ledge, between a laurel-covered cliff above it and below it, to his left, a precipice that went down like the side of a well.

The truck crawled slowly around the turn as he held the wheel tight, thinking, as he had many times, that a guard rail was needed here; he would have to build one in his spare time. Spare time! When would he ever again have spare time!

He stopped in the curve and looked down at the house, seeing his wife standing on the porch, watching him, holding the baby in her arms.

Beyond the curve, where the road straightened and tilted toward lower land, he speeded up. It was twenty miles to town; and he drove, timing himself with the speedometer, averaging twenty miles per hour.

In town he unloaded hurriedly, stacking the shingles onto the pile already in the side yard of a doctor's home. Then he left, not going to the door to see anyone. He and the doctor would talk business later.

His shirt was wet with the rain still coming down. The sky was darkening. Night would come early, and he did not want to be in the dark getting home.

He worked the manually operated windshield wiper, driving with one hand. The damp air entered the open cab and cut him with its cold.

Dusk lay pooled upon the river valley when he came to it. He drove faster, chilled and rigid behind the wheel. He watched the speedometer climb—twenty-five miles per hour.

Empty now, the truck took the hills easily as he went up out of the valley, past the DeVaul store and the tall white house behind it. The hills were steeper then, and the truck groaned and went slowly.

Even before he came to the hairpin curve above his cabin, he shifted the truck into low, staying in the old ruts he had made earlier. He came to the curve, to the sharp center of it—going slow.

To the left of him where the laurel hedge crowded upon the road, movement, shadow swift, struck upon his senses like a bell. Fire daggered at him from the hedge, and the rapid burst of a gun struck in repeated claps against the cliff.

He loosed the wheel and leaned to the right. The edge of the road came at him, and the hollow emptiness of space. H grabbed the wheel and braked in ti But the shadow of death had touch him.

He threw into reverse, steered instinctively toward the hedge and gave it the gas.

The truck rolled backward, taking the road's edge against the bluff, angling into the hedge, ripping it, grazing along the bank.

And, looking back, he saw the outline of a man as the truck struck him, passed him, knocking an object from his upraised hands. Then the truck was stopped, stalled and silent, rammed against the bluff. And Ellard DeVaul stood bareheaded and empty-handed in the slow falling of the rain.

Tom Lorenson got out of the truck, the world empty except for the man in front of him, all reason gone out of himself except the one will that moved him and the one purpose it moved him toward—to kill. And the anger within him was a winter thing, moving upon inward slopes barren and cold.

When he laid his hands upon the thro of the man in front of him, dragging him like a dog to the edge of the cliff, he was not aware of the half-unconsciousness revealed in the expressionless face and the dull eyes.

Somewhere in the anger-possession of his mind there was the deadly, certain knowledge: *You did not mean to kill me with the gun, but with the sound of the gun to send me over the cliff, to kill me and leave you free. But it's you going over the cliff—and die.*

He lifted him up at the cliff's edge, the eyes in front of him dull-burning into his, lifted him and leaned him, ready to let him go.

Somewhere, somewhere outside the two-man world in which he was, a woman screamed. His hands were loosening upon the twisted clothing in his palms. Then came another sound, crying, barely audible, the soul-moving, newborn cry of infancy.

Below him, in front of their cabin, hi wife was running in the rain. She stoppe in the yard as though paralyzed and stood looking, holding their son in her arms.

Slowly he led the man back from the cliff, something from out of the child voice of utter helplessness tilting the invisible balance of his will.

Ellard DeVaul's lips moved, and he spoke with effort, his voice a whisper. "You—you'd have killed me," he said.

"It's what your kind overlooks, Ellard," Tom Lorenson said. "What you can drive a man to do."

He knew then, saw it in the grip that pain had upon Ellard's face. He was hurt, had been badly hurt when he was hit by the truck.

"Here," he said, "get in the truck. I'll take you home to your daddy. You won't die," thinking then of why this man had not already died. "But from now on, all your life," he said, "when you hear a newborn cry, you kneel and give thank for your life."

He closed the door behind Ellard and walked around the front of the truck toward the driver's side. And suddenly his face was drawn with fear, as if he looked into a future and viewed the horror and the effects of what he almost had done, seeing himself a murderer and his own son a murderer's son.

His lips moved; he spoke to himself: "And I will return thanks for my family—and for my soul." THE END

"How are things in your world?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volkswagen overdoes it again: 4 coats of paint.

Why four coats of paint when three would be more than enough?

For the same reason that we finish the inside of the Volkswagen door jamb like the outside of the car. And seal the underside of the VW so that it's more like a ship's bottom than a car bottom.

Who'll know the difference? We will.

Let's get back to that paint job.

First the VW is literally submerged in paint; bathed in it. Then baked, and sanded. Coat No. 2 is sprayed on. Baked. Then every visible inch is sanded by hand. Coat No. 3: sprayed on. Baked. Fully sanded again. Coat No. 4: sprayed on. Baked. Whew!

Incidentally, the fourth coat is an extra dividend the factory declared back in November. It gives the Volkswagen finish even more transparency and depth. (You don't look *at* it; you look *into* it.) And, of course, it's still another protective coat against the weather.

This is the sort of excess that makes a Volkswagen a Volkswagen.

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The Girl Who Wouldn't Quit

(Continued from Page 27)

While Doctor McGuire examined Peter he asked Dottie about his age and living habits. After a few moments he straightened. "Except for the sticker in his ear, he's all right."

"All right? He can't even stand up!"

"He doesn't want to. He's obese from overfeeding and soft from lounging around a fancy New York apartment. Today he chased a rabbit. He's pooped, that's all."

"Overfed and soft." Dottie nodded. "I should have known. Ronnie's in the same condition and he's at home sacked out too."

"Ronnie," Doc said. "Let me see now, what would his last name be?"

"Don't you start getting snide with me! You know perfectly well I married only once. It was a mistake, and I admit it. Arnold Perkins was a genuine bum. He left me after about a year." She took a deep breath, distracting Doc. "So let's not have any more sarcasm about my being a man hunter."

"I'm sorry," Doc said and looked it.

"It just kills me that you're still so bitter. I had no idea ——"

Doc was scratching Peter's flank. "What's this about Ronnie's condition?"

"O.K., if you don't want to talk about us, I won't." She put her hand in alongside Doc's, and they scratched Peter together. "Ronnie's just like Peter—soft and fat. Actually he's the reason I came back here to Langmere. A small town's a wonderful place for a boy to grow up. I kept remembering how much you and dad enjoyed being outdoors—hunting and fishing and everything. I want Ronnie to enjoy all that too. So we came back here to live, and today we chased a jack. You see what happened. They're both laid up." She stopped scratching Peter and put her hand over his. "Kirb, would you do something for me?"

"I doubt it," Doc said excitedly, "but you can ask."

"It's asking a lot, I guess, but would you take Ronnie out hunting—show him how?"

He took his hand out from under hers. He lifted up Peter and gave him back to her. "No, I won't," he said. "I don't want to get involved with you again in any way whatsoever." He started toward the door.

"Involved? Taking my son hunting? What has he—will you stop pushing? I haven't even paid you!"

"No charge," Doc said. "Good-by, Mrs. Perkins."

Dottie made a stand at the door. "Kirb," she told him, misty-eyed, "I never dreamed that you'd still love me."

"Ha!" Doc said. "That's a good one!" He ran his hand over his face. "Good-by."

For the next few days Doctor McGuire continued making preparations for his vacation. On the afternoon of the third day Tus Magnusson telephoned.

"Doc? Tus. Can you get out here quick?"

"I guess so. Why?"

"Bert's been shot."

"I'm not surprised. He's been asking for it. How is he?"

"Breathing heavy," Tus said. "Kinda hissing."

Doc told him he'd be there in fifteen minutes. Black bag in hand, he left his hospital by the back door.

Magnusson's farm was six hundred and forty acres of wheat, barley and pasture, cracked down the middle by a creek. Doc turned in off the blacktop to the buildings and parked beside a red car made by some Italians for the dwarf trade. A thick man in overalls stepped out of the barn. "Here, Doc!"

Illuminated by a cobwebbed bulb, Bert lay on a horse blanket. Kneeling beside him was a red-haired woman and behind her stood a plump, red-haired boy.

"They're the ones that shot him," Tus said, grim.

"Hi, Kirb," Dottie said. "I asked him to call you. I wanted the best." She turned to the boy. "Ronnie, this is Doctor McGuire. . . . My son, Ronnie."

"Hey!" cried the boy, pumping Doc's hand. "You shot a coyote once with a twenty-two pistol at two hundred and twenty yards with one shot!"

"I hope you don't mind my telling him that," Dottie said. "After all, it was in the papers, so I ——"

"Pete's sakes!" Tus roared. "Will you people stop jawing? Bert's sinking!"

Doc knelt beside Bert, who was a goose. Bert had his head down and his glassy eyes fastened on a Holstein cow standing behind Tus. Doc ran his hands over Bert's long, velvety neck.

"How is he?" Tus inquired. "Has he had it?"

"Can't tell yet." Doc glanced up at Dottie. "What size shot were you using?"

"How's that again?"

"What size—how big were the pellets, the BB's, in your shells?"

She fumbled in her hunting coat and brought out a shell. "Don't any of the funny little numbers on these things say?"

"Sevens and a half," Doc said and handed back the shell. "How far off were you when you shot at him?"

"Golly, I never know things like that." She turned to her son. "How far do you think it was, Ron? Far as from here to Mr. Magnusson's house?"

"'Bout." The boy looked at Doc. "Is he going to live?" He had a redhead's complexion, and when he was scared, his freckles looked like cinnamon on a custard. "Mr. Magnusson said he's calling the sheriff if he doesn't."

"Sixty yards, say, with sevens and a half," Doc said. "That's too far for small shot to hurt a goose much. Unless he took one in the neck, I'd say he's going to make it."

"Well, thank goodness!" Dottie said. "I'm terribly sorry about this, Mr. Magnusson, and I'll be happy to pay Doctor McGuire for his services."

Tus shook his heavy head. "I don't know. Shooting a tame goose!"

"How'd you expect us to know he was tame?" Dottie plunged into her hunting coat again and pulled out a book on game birds. She opened it to a picture of a Canada goose. "Don't get the idea we just jumped out of the car and let fly at him, Mr. Magnusson. I bet we were squinched down in a ditch for ten minutes reading up on him in the book before we decided to shoot him. And there he is exactly. *Branta canadensis.* White chin strap, black head, black neck, black tail—the whole canasta. And another thing, Mr. Magnusson, he wasn't exactly strolling around in your yard, you know."

"I'll say he wasn't!" Tus cried. "Doc, you know where they shot him? In the pasture! With my cows! What kind of people sneak up on a friendly goose walking beside a five-hundred-dollar Holstein and let him have it?"

"Now, hold on here, Mr. Magnusson!" Dottie said. "Why shouldn't we sneak up on him? He's a game bird! He's in the book and entitled to be shot!"

"On the sit?" Tus looked at Doc, outraged. "They ground-sluiced him. Where do people like that come from—Los Angeles?"

During the beef, Doctor McGuire had been reflective. Now he dropped his hand on Tus's shoulder. "You knew old Butch Hamilton, the depot agent? This is his daughter. She's been off in New York living it up for twelve years. I don't think we could expect her to know that Bert is tame. If you'll think back, you'll remember I warned you about letting Bert hike down to the pasture during hunting season." Tus grunted, mollified, and Doc turned to Dottie. "Bert's a Canadian honker that came down here with a broken wing. He liked it so well he stayed on. That's not at all uncommon; a lot of farms have wild geese hanging around. What kind of gets you about old Bert is that he fell in love with a cow."

Dottie looked at him sideways. "A cow?"

"This cow right here. Bert's crazy about her. He follows her wherever she goes—that's why he was in the pasture—and at night he sleeps beside her."

"Really? I mean they are in love—actually?"

"Bert is," Doc said. "I don't know about the cow. . . . Does she respond any, Tus?"

"Wilson seems to have made a choice."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Some," Tus said, "sure."

"She does?" Dottie was round-eyed. "How?"

"She moos more," Tus said, getting red. "When he's not around, that is."

"Isn't that wonderful?" Dottie cried radiant. "It makes me feel good som how! It's so—so nice!"

"Oh, guy, mom!" In his mortification the boy picked a sliver from a stanchion. "A goose and a cow!"

Doc gathered up Bert in his arms. "I'll take him into the hospital for a while."

They followed him out of the barn to his elderly sedan. Doc set the bird on the seat and got in beside him. After a while he got the engine started.

"Kirb, do you have to run off like this?" Dottie said. "Why don't we ——" she stopped, drowned out by the Holstein standing in the barn doorway.

On the seat Bert stirred. His head slowly ascended until he could see his beloved over the edge of the window.

"Golly!" Dottie breathed. "Look at that!"

"What's that cow's name, Tus? If I'm going to write her up for the next D.V.M. convention she's got to have a name."

"I don't know what Bert calls her, but I call her Gullabritt, after a Swede girl I used to know had her build."

Doc winced. "Gullabritt. I'm glad Bert doesn't have to know." He glanced at Dottie. "Good-by, Mrs. Perkins."

"Mrs. Perkins! What's the matter with you anyway?"

He drove around the yard to the lead-in road. In the barn doorway Gullabritt mooed.

Dottie turned to Tus. "Do something for that darned cow, will you?" she said irritably. "She makes me want to cry."

In his hospital for beasts Doctor McGuire examined Bert. Just under the skin of the honker's backside he found a few pellets. Wild geese are as lean as acrobats; but since becoming sedentary, Bert had put on weight, and the shot resided in fat. "What an indignity," Doc said, plucking out the shot. "They not only shoot you on the ground, they shoot you while you're bent over eating. Hold still, there's one more." After touching the wounds with antiseptic, he fluffed up Bert's downy behind. "There you are." He stood back. "See if you can waddle."

Bert crouched there, head low, taking no interest in things. Doc studied him a moment, then put his hands over his mouth and mooed. Bert raised his head. Doc mooed again, and Bert got to his feet.

"You old goat," Doc said.

That evening Doc was in his quarters above the hospital sipping sour-mash whisky and adjusting the telescope sight on his rifle when his office bell rang. It was Mrs. Perkins, clad in a plaid wool skirt and a cashmere sweater with a strained woof.

"Hi, Kirb," she said affably. "I just dropped in to pay you and see how our hot-blooded bird is doing."

"He's fine," Doc said.

"You are going to let me in, aren't you?"

"It's after office hours, Mrs. Perkins, and ——"

"There you go again." She glided by him into the reception room. "For a gentleman who was forever grabbing and kissing me behind Swanson's juniper tree, you certainly are being a hard-nose." She grinned. "You do remember kissing me all the time?"

"Was that you?" He stood a moment, shuffling his extensive feet while Dottie regarded him with amused eyes. "If you want to see Bert, he's in here."

He led her into Bert's ward and turned on the lights. Several patients barked, and one oinked.

(*Continued on Page 52*)

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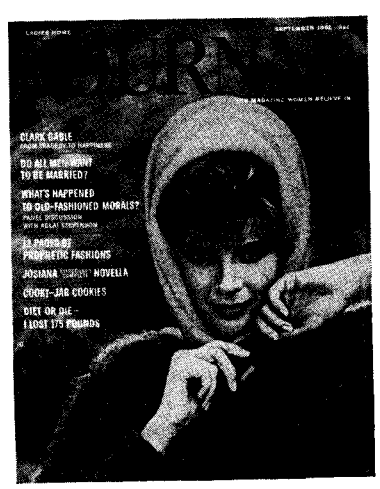

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(*Continued from Page 50*) "Flowers!" cried Dottie, staring at a double row of potted plants. "Where'd the flowers come from?"

"It—uh—makes the joint smell a little better. Some of my patients"—he glanced at the one that had oinked—"live like pigs."

"And music! Where's it ——"

"The radio went on with the lights." Doc straightened a feather on Bert's back. "They like music, so I get FM from San Francisco."

"FM." Dottie looked at him. "Kirb, you kill me."

Doctor McGuire informed Bert that he had a visitor. Dottie leaned over and inspected the goose. "He looks peaked. Is that because he misses what's-her-name?"

"Gullabritt? Watch." Doc tilted his head and mooed through his hands.

"Oh, isn't that lovely!" Dottie's hand found Doc's and squeezed it. "He's looking around for her!" Her gray-green eyes captured his. "I've never in my life seen anything so sweet and touching! Doesn't it make you tingle?"

"Nope," said Doc morosely, "it takes two to tingle."

"Kirb, do you mean to tell me nobody comes in and moos for you?" He shook his head. "I knew it!" Dottie said. "I knew it! I've made you bitter!"

"You haven't changed any," Doc said. "You still romanticize everything. The truth is, I forgot all about you in a few days."

"You did, huh? Is that why you're being so stuffy?"

"I'm not being stuffy, I'm being indifferent. The fact that you jilted me twelve years ago last July twenty-second and went off to New York and married some Madison Avenue voluptuary doesn't mean I've been burning my heart out for you ever since." He reached in and fondled the Poland China's ear in a distracted manner. "As I say, I forgot about you almost immediately."

"I notice you never got married."

"You saved me from that, all right, bless your heart." At the door he switched off the light, and they returned to the reception room.

"This is real sad and interesting," Dottie said. "Besides, my feet hurt. Can't we go someplace where there are chairs?"

Doc said he guessed it wouldn't hurt if they went up to his quarters over the hospital for a few minutes. He led her to the back stairs and up to his apartment. Once inside, Dottie looked the place over with mounting agitation.

"Kirb," she cried, "what have I done to you?"

"You haven't done anything to me," Doc said, poking around in his cupboard. "I swear I've got another jelly glass here somewhere."

"Another jelly glass! Kirb, I've ruined your life, that's all! Look at you—a horse doctor, no wife, no family, that terrible old sedan. And sitting up here in this—this"—she made a sweeping gesture—"this boar's nest, swilling whisky all by yourself." She grabbed his hand. "Darling, I'm sorry!"

Doc got his hand back. "Look," he said, "will you stop dramatizing? I'm fine. I like it this way. This is exactly the way I prefer to live." He shook the jelly glass at her. "You had absolutely nothing to do with it!"

"Steady, Kirb," Dottie said. "That crooked little vein on the side of your head is all puffed up." She took the jelly glass from him, poured a little whisky into it, added water and then sat down in his leather chair. "You know, this is the first drink I've had with a man in a very long time."

"Oh, sure," Doc said.

"You have no idea what a young divorced woman in the city has to put up with."

"They all want to hug and kiss you, I imagine," Doc said bleakly.

"Or I find out they're married. I've been divorced for eleven years and in all that time I haven't found one man I wanted to marry." She gave him a little smile over her jelly glass. "That's another reason I came back here—so I could marry some nice wholesome country fella who'd be a good father for Ronnie."

"That lets me out, thank heaven," Doc said. "I'm not only an unwholesome, whisky-drinking bachelor, but I can do without kids."

She regarded him with cozy eyes. "Wouldn't you want to marry me, Kirb?"

"Ha!"

"Even though you still love me?"

He slapped his forehead. He began striding about the room. "I don't either! And I don't want to marry anybody, especially you." He paused to shake his finger at her. "Especially you! You're spoiled and unreliable and you're tricky!"

"Your vein's puffed up again." She rose, went over to him and kissed him on the end of his nose. "You think you don't love me, Kirb, but you do. A woman can tell."

"Are you going to give me that woman's-intuition nonsense again? That stuff's as phony as ——"

"Darling, you needn't get so aroused. I couldn't possibly marry you anyway."

Doc's eyes narrowed. "Oh?"

"Do you think I'd tell you if I did have designs on you? Of course not. You'd make a marvelous husband, though. You're still the handsomest man I ever saw. And you'd make a wonderful father for Ronnie. But let's face it, you're too poor."

"Too poor, eh? Well, that figures. After the way you've been living, I guess I am."

"I'm not quite so romantic as I used to be. This thing between Bert and Gullabritt practically breaks me up, but I've got enough sense these days to realize how much it takes to support Ronnie and me. I'm afraid horse-doctoring can't do it." She gave him a peck. "It's a shame too, because in every other way you certainly do qualify."

Doc seemed under a strain. After a moment something internal gave way in him, and with a kind of sigh, he put his arms around her. He began hugging and kissing her.

"You hadn't better be doing this, Kirb," Dottie told him eventually. "It's just going to make you feel worse when I marry someone else and settle down nearby." She took his hot-eyed face in her hands. "So consider this the end of the smooching." And she kissed him.

"Wait," Doc said hoarsely, "I'm not through."

"Yes, you are, Kirb." With the graceful shiftiness of a thirty-year-old divorcée, she got the table between them. "I came here to pay. How much for a house—excuse me—a barn call?"

"No charge. Dottie ——"

"Don't be proud, darling." She put ten dollars on the table. "There's something else, Kirb. Would you please take Ronnie out hunting? You saw what happens when I take him out."

They eyed each other across the table, then Doc shook his head and smiled a little. "I'm sorry. Why should I want to catch you anyway?" He located his jelly glass and put whisky into it. "I'm leaving on my vacation in a few days, but I guess I've got time to take Ronnie out once."

At five o'clock on Saturday morning Doc arrived at the Perkins apartment. Dottie made ham and eggs for him and packed a lunch. She kissed Ronnie good-by and shook hands with Doc.

In Doc's lamentable sedan they tooled out to McDonald's Slough, four miles southwest of town. Ronnie bent Doc's ear. It was clear that he knew a great deal about Doc and thought highly of everything he knew.

"Mom says even when you were sixteen years old you were the best shot in town, better'n grownups."

"I don't remember anything like that."

"She says you can call quail through your teeth, sort of. Let me hear you call quail."

Doc called quail through his teeth. "That's the valley quail. Chukars go like this." And he called some chukar partridge.

"Guy! Am I glad we left New York and came out here! Will you teach me to call quail like that?"

"I might," Doc said. He hesitated a moment. "Why didn't you like New York?"

"That spooky old place, there's no place to hunt, except way out, and we couldn't go way out because mom worked almost every day."

Doc straightened. "Worked? I didn't know she worked. I thought your father ——"

"Un-unh. We never hear from him. Mom's a legal secretary."

The information made Doc thoughtful, and there was no more talk until they reached the slough and began unloading their gear. Ronnie saw Doc's gun and said he certainly would like to carry it fo him. So, with Doc carrying the sacks o decoys and Ronnie carrying both shotguns, they started off. It was dark, and the path led them through tall glistening grasses.

"Ditch," Doc said softly and jumped it. With a shotgun in each hand, Ronnie reared back on his short legs and took off. He missed the far edge of the ditch and fell on his face. Unspeakably embarrassed, he scrambled to his feet and followed Doc down to his boat.

Doc poled down a channel in the rushes to a patch of open water, where they began putting out the decoys. "There's kind of a trick to setting out decoys," he told the boy. "The wind, for instance. Ducks have to land against the wind. Today the wind's from the north, so we'll hide on the north side of the pond and put the decoys out in front of us." He dropped in more decoys. "Notice how I've put 'em out in the shape of a man's pipe? The ducks will follow along the stem and try to light in the open water between the bowl and the stem."

Ronnie nodded, impressed. With all the decoys out, they poled back into the rushes and camouflaged their boat. Doc consulted his watch. "Load up," he said softly.

While they waited, Doc told the boy how to lead a bird and the importance of holding fire until it was in range. A pair of silent sprig swung over, spotted the decoys and started to circle. "I'll tell you when to shoot," Doc whispered. "Take the one on your side."

The sprig made their approach. "O.K.," Doc said. "Pop 'em!" And they both let go.

"I got mine!" the kid shrieked. "I got mine!" He turned to Doc, who hadn't said anything; besides that, he looked funny. "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter?" said Doc between his teeth. "I'll tell you what's the matter. You jammed my barrel full of mud when you fell down back there."

"And that made it blow up like that?"

"We're lucky we weren't beheaded," Doc said. With trembling hands he laid his shotgun down and took up the pole.

The boy touched the muzzle, which had split open like a broiled sausage. "I'm sorry," he said softly. "We're going home, I guess."

"As fast as possible." Grim-faced, Doc poled the boat out of the rushes and began picking up the decoys.

By seven-thirty they were back in the Perkins apartment. Dottie had just got up for the second time. "My goodness, back already? The hunting must have ——" she stopped, aware that her son's face was falling apart. "What happened?"

"I broke his gun! I got mud in the barrel, and it blew up right in his face!"

"Oh, no!" Dottie turned to Doc. "Were you hurt?"

Doc shook his head.

"And now he's mad at me!" Intolerable tears had started, and he had to leave the room. "He'll never take me out again!"

In the silence that followed, Dottie's face regained some color. "Kirb, I'm awfully sorry. Sit down, and I'll get you some hot coffee."

"I don't dare. Being around you two is like living with tigers." At the door he paused. "I'm going on my vacation in a couple days, and if you'll just leave me alone, I may be able to make it."

In the next couple of days Doc was able to buy a new gun barrel. A substitute

"Upton likes his coffee rather strong."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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veterinarian, Doctor Murphy, arrived to take over his beastly patients. On the afternoon of the second day, Doc took Bert back to his heavy sweetheart, Gullabritt. Though their reunion was by no means demonstrative, it seemed to affect Doc a great deal. He watched Bert take off and mount on Gullabritt's back and he listened to Gullabritt moo and then he went home and poured twice as much sour-mash whisky into his jelly glass as he usually did. He hated himself for not being able to think of anything but the tricky red-haired woman and her dangerous, stall-fed son.

Not long before sunset he got a phone call. It was Dottie. "Pardon me for bothering you," she said soberly, "but is he there?"

"Is who here?" Doc said, disgusted that his pulse had started to boom.

"Ronnie. He's disappeared."

She'd come home from work—she was now working for Barry and Sipos as a legal secretary—and Ronnie wasn't there. He'd had a dentist's appointment at three P.M. and he hadn't shown up. She'd called all his friends, and they hadn't seen him. "And then, just now, I noticed both our shotguns are gone. I thought maybe he'd come over to see you about hunting."

"I've just come in from taking Bert back to Gullabritt," Doc said. "I'll see if he was here." He yelled to Doctor Murphy, who told him that there had been a fat, redheaded kid hanging around earlier. He'd left a letter. Doc opened it. It had seventy dollars in it and a note: "For a new barrel."

"Seventy dollars!" Dottie cried. "Judas priest, where'd he get seventy dollars?"

"With all those guns," Doc said, "he undoubtedly held up the Farmers and Merchants Bank. I'll be by for you in five minutes."

She looked scared when she got into the car. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"I got a hunch," Doc said.

Dusk had fallen. Two miles out on the road to McDonald's Slough their headlights fell upon a boy carrying a shotgun in one hand and two ducks by their heads in the other.

"Stop!" cried Dottie. She leaped from the old sedan and grabbed her errant issue. "Why didn't you tell me you were going hunting? I've been out of my mind worrying!"

Ronnie didn't comment on that at all; he was holding up the ducks for Doc to see. "I got two bull sprig and I would've got another one if the sun hadn't got in my eyes."

Soberly Doc inspected the ducks. "I don't believe I ever saw nicer sprig," he said.

"I was real careful. I did everything like you said to. I only shot four times! That's not so awful is it—two ducks with four shots, counting that one against the sun?"

"It's as good as I do."

"Break it up!" Dottie cried. She put her slightly freckled face up close to her son's more than slightly freckled face. "You darned stinker, I told you you couldn't go hunting again after what you did to Kirb's gun!"

"I guess you got my letter," Ronnie said to Doc. "I looked up how much a new barrel for your gun costs, and it was seventy dollars."

"That's another thing!" Dottie yelled. "Where'd you ever get seventy dollars, for Pete's sake?"

"I sold my gun. I got thirty-five dollars for it and with the thirty-eight dollars I saved up from my paper route I even had three dollars left over. So I bought a new duck call"—he blew his call a couple times—"borrowed your gun and went hunting."

"Some duck call," Dottie said, "it whistles."

Ronnie and Doc exchanged glances. "Mom," said her son patiently, "sprig don't quack, they whistle."

"Oh." Dottie eyed the united front and gave up. She kissed Ronnie, but the boy, who had just joined the grand order of male hunters, wiped it off with the back of a hand and then hefted the ducks. "Which one's heavier, do you figure?" he asked Doc.

At the apartment Ronnie was sent off to clean his ducks, and Doc settled down on the sofa with Dottie. She asked him if he thought she should have belted Ronnie one for running off that way, and Doc said no, the boy was demonstrating to them that he could be trusted to handle a gun, that he honored his obligations and that he could provide meat for the table if called on. Dottie seemed relieved to hear this. A short, wordless period followed, during which Doc bit his lip a few times and began to perspire slightly.

"You remember saying the other day that I still loved you?" he said rather loudly. "And that I'd make a pretty fair husband, except that I was so poor?"

Dottie nodded, watching his face with great interest.

"Well, I took Bert back to Gullabritt this afternoon, and it kind of woke me up, seeing the nice, straightforward feeling they have for each other. I got to understanding that I really do still love you. I've just been refusing to admit it, that's all. I've been telling myself some awful lies about you. I tried to make myself believe you're a frivolous, unreliable, selfish, crafty, treasure-hunting, high-living type. I was all wrong." He paused, took a deep breath and plunged on. "Not only that, I've been misleading you."

"Have you, Kirb?"

"Yes, I have. I'm not poor. I mean, I'm not as poor as I look. For one thing, bachelors have a tendency to look poorer than they really are, because they'd rather be comfortable than showy. What I do is save my dough and go hunting. This vacation I'm going on—you know where I'm going? Brazil. After jaguar. Last year I went to Kodiak Island after bear. The year before I went clear to Kenya." He smiled in a nervous manner. "Trips like that cost money."

Dottie had grown a bit misty-eyed, but all she said was, "I guess they must."

"Three or four or five thousand bucks. You see, the thing is, I have a farm I inherited and that I rent to a guy for one fourth the crop. When the crops are good, I may get five thousand; if we don't get enough rain or something, maybe three thousand. I could put it into expanding my hospital and building up business, but a bachelor doesn't have the incentive." He stopped again, this time to clear his throat. "What I'm getting at is this: Do you think what I make would be enough for the three of us?"

"I think it would."

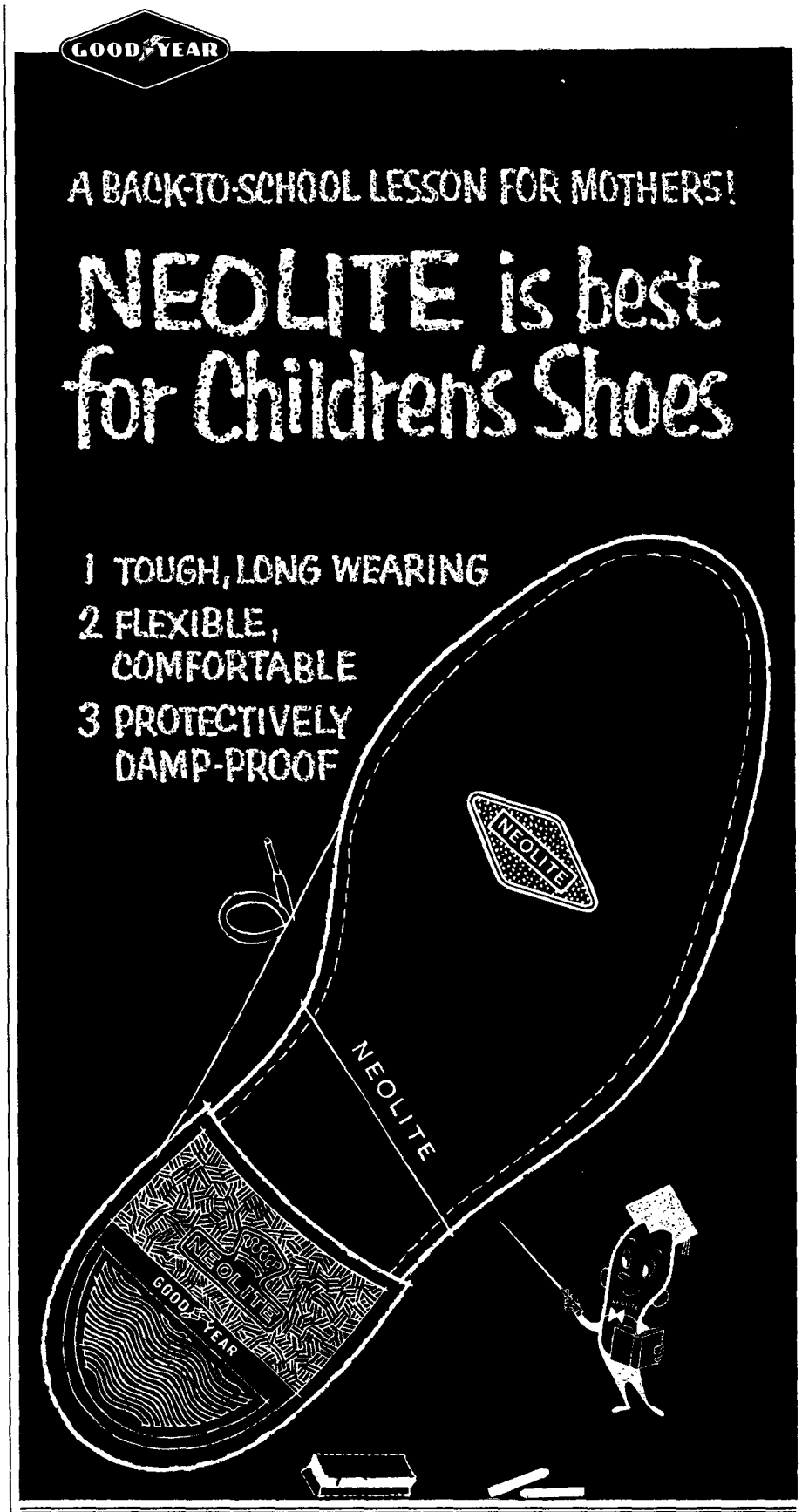
"That leaves just one more thing then."

"What?"

"Do you still love me?"

"That's what I came back here to find out." She kissed him warmly. "And if you ever leave me, I'll be just like Gullabritt—I'll moo the house down." THE END

Apparently what happens to little girls who don't eat their cereal is that they grow up to be fashion models.
DAVE MURRAY



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The Case of the Bigamous Spouse

(Continued from Page 38)

whom she was talking for a 10:30 appointment the next morning."

"Then what happened?"

"My client had been following us. He had parked his car on a side street. I saw that she was getting ready to hang up and leave the phone booth, so I backed away from it, sprinted over to my client's car, and I was there by the time she came out of the phone booth."

"You told him of the conversation?"

"All of it."

"What effect did that have on him?"

"It disturbed him greatly. He told me to get in his car. He drove me back to the Baxter estate, where I'd left my car. He said the fat was in the fire."

"And then what happened?"

"My client told me that there was nothing further for me to do, that my assignment was finished for the evening. He asked me to return the gun, and I explained I'd left it in the car with Miss Elston, and that annoyed him. He berated me for that, and I told him it was his fault, that I'd have had the gun back if he hadn't ordered me to get in his car and driven me off."

"And what did he say?"

"He said the woman wasn't kidding in what she'd said over the phone, that she'd kill him and that now she had a gun."

"Move to strike this out as hearsay," Mason interposed.

"It shows the state of mind of the deceased," Hamilton Burger said.

The judge nodded. "I'm going to let it stay in. I think it's all inseparably linked together anyway. It's *res gestae*."

"And then what did you do?" Burger asked the witness.

"I got into my car and drove off."

"And where was your client at that time?"

"He was standing out in the rain by his car."

"And where was his car?"

"By the gates of the George Belding Baxter estate."

"And were those gates open or closed?"

"At that time the gates were open."

"What time was it?"

"Twelve minutes before ten o'clock."

"How do you know the time?"

"I looked at my watch and made a note of it because I was signing off for the day."

"Now, when you left the defendant at the service station, you left her in possession of that gun which your client had given you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will ask you one more question," Hamilton Burger said. "At the time your client gave you the gun, did you make any examination of it?"

"Yes, sir. I asked Mr. Grimes if the gun was loaded. He said it certainly was. However, as is my custom with firearms, I swung open the cylinder and looked at it. There were six fully loaded .38-caliber cartridges in the cylinder."

"Not one of the cartridges in the gun had been discharged at that time?"

"Not at that time, no."

Hamilton Burger turned to Perry Mason. "Go ahead and cross-examine," he said, and the way he made the statement it was more of a challenge than an invitation.

Mason got to his feet, studied the witness thoughtfully for a moment. "The gun, People's Exhibit G, is a rather popular make, is it not, particularly with peace officers and detectives?"

"It is."

Mason walked over to the exhibit table, picked up the gun which was People's Exhibit G, walked over to the witness. "Now," he said, "is there any way by which you can identify this gun or differentiate it from any other gun of the same make?"

The witness studied the gun as Mason held it out for his inspection.

"No," he said.

Mason returned Exhibit G to the clerk's desk, walked back to confront the witness. "You can't swear on your oath that this gun, People's Exhibit G, is the gun you gave to the defendant?"

"No, sir, I can't swear to it."

"You were told to worm your way into the confidence of the defendant?"

"To find out whom she called on the phone and what her plans were."

"And you turned on all your charm when you talked with her?"

"I wanted to get her to take me into her confidence."

"So you could betray that confidence?"

"So I could report to my client."

"And you were prepared to make love to the defendant, to lie to her or to do anything else that might be necessary to accomplish your purpose?"

"I had a job to do. In my line of work we can't always choose the means by which we can do a job."

"And that's the way you make your living?"

"I have a profession."

"You make money from it?"

"Yes."

"And lie in order to make that money?"

"Oh, all right, if you want to put it that way."

Mason said, "That's all."

"That concludes the people's case," Hamilton Burger said. "It now becomes very apparent what happened, your honor. The decedent was alive and well at the time this witness left him at twelve minutes to ten. Thereafter the defendant had possession of the murder weapon. We know that Gillett's death must have occurred before ten o'clock, because the gates of the George Belding Baxter estate were closed and locked at that time. We know that the defendant had the murder weapon in her possession the next morning. We know that she was at home at the house on Mandala Drive, where she lived, all night, because Nell Arlington, known to the defendant as Nell Grimes, the wife of Felting Grimes, would have known if the defendant had gone out during the night. The next morning, when she showed the gun to the witness, Nell Arlington, there was an empty shell under the hammer.

"This is, therefore, one of the most perfect cases of circumstantial evidence we have ever had in our office. The circumstances speak louder than words and more emphatically than any words or any denial. The defendant found out the decedent had been following her. She must have followed him back to the Baxter estate. The minute the witness Jasper drove away, this defendant followed Gillett into the grounds, murdered him and drove out of the grounds—all before ten o'clock when the gates were closed and locked.

"Those gates were kept closed and locked all night. The murder took place on the night of the tenth. There was only one ten-minute period when it could have taken place, and the defendant had the murder weapon in her possession during that time.

"These facts can't be questioned or explained away. They are physical facts which shout the guilt of this defendant."

"Are you attempting to argue the case at this time?" Mason asked.

"Call it argument if you want to," Hamilton Burger said. "I was simply summing up the testimony for the benefit of the court."

"Well, let's keep the procedure in an orderly pattern," Judge Laporte said. "You have rested your case, Mr. District Attorney. After all, at this time the court is only concerned in finding out whether a crime has actually been committed—and there's no question about that—and finding out whether there are reasonable grounds to connect the defendant with the crime. There seems to be no question that the evidence certainly does this. Does the defense have any evidence?"

Hamilton Burger, grinning triumphantly, sat down, leaving Mason to argue with the judge.

"If the court please," Mason said, his manner showing he was thinking fast and trying to orient himself with the new developments in the case, "the court has stated a correct rule of law. If the district attorney had never put this last witness on the stand, he would certainly have been entitled to an order binding the defendant over for trial, but the district attorney took one step too far. He has now introduced evidence which conclusively establishes the innocence of the defendant. He can't now ask to have the defendant bound over, despite the fact that up to this last point there was evidence tending to connect the defendant with the commission of the crime."

"Is it counsel's contention that the last witness conclusively proves the defendant innocent?" Burger demanded incredulously.

"It is," Mason said.

"Proceed with your argument," Burger said with exaggerated politeness. "I would like very, very much indeed to hear how counsel can justify such a preposterous position at this time."

"The answer is quite simple," Mason said. "It now appears that the last witness, Carl Freeman Jasper, had the murder weapon in his possession, that he was the last person to see the decedent alive, that while he has told a story which *endeavors* to explain away those facts, the situation remains that this witness had the murder weapon in his possession and was with the decedent a few minutes before the time of the decedent's death.

"Under the evidence the finger of suspicion points more damningly to this last witness than it does to the defendant. He admits that the gun was in his possession. He admits that he was the last person to see the decedent alive. And, the court will notice particularly that all of the time that the district attorney had him on the stand, all of the time the district attorney was asking him questions about that gun, the district attorney *never once dared to ask him the simple question, quote, Did you kill the man you knew as Felting Grimes or did you have anything to do with his death, unquote.* The district attorney didn't dare to ask him that question."

Mason sat down.

Hamilton Burger, his face flaming, jumped to his feet. "Why, your honor," he shouted, "that's the most preposterous

"What sort of attitude on the part of the employees distresses you, baby?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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argument I have ever heard in my life! That is—why, that is sheer poppycock. At this time the prosecution asks leave to reopen the case, to put the witness once more on the stand and ask him that estion which counsel has said we didn't re to ask him. We'll show counsel what we dare to do!"

Mason smiled. "The defense has no objection, your honor. Let the prosecution reopen the case."

Hamilton Burger turned to face the courtroom. "Carl Jasper," he shouted, "resume the witness stand, please."

JUMPS

EXCITEMENT

. . . out of the Post's pages and flares up in all kinds of places.

For instance, on publishers' lists and in thousands of bookstores during 1959-60, where 172 books—many of them best sellers*—appeared after having been introduced first in the Post's pages.

It wouldn't be par for the Post if at least a dozen book editors weren't poring over their copies of the very issue you're reading right now.

Already during 1961, 42 books have been accepted for publication or scheduled for release. And you've had an opportunity to read all or part of them—word by well-chosen word—in these pages.

Of course, not everyone reads the Post. But then not everyone *likes* to read.

The Post is for those who do.

*A few of the recent ones:
**Something Light,
Born Free,
Baruch: The Public Years,
The Liberal Hour.**

Jasper came forward.

"Did you kill Felting Grimes?"

"No."

"That's all," Hamilton Burger said. "You may leave the stand."

"Just a minute," Mason said. "I desire to cross-examine the witness. Mr. Jasper, had you been employed by Mr. Grimes prior to the ninth day of this month?"

"Objected to," Hamilton Burger said. "Incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, not proper cross-examination and not proper recross-examination. My question on redirect examination was limited to he question of whether he had been uilty of a murder."

"And my question on recross-examination," Mason said, "is for the purpose of showing bias on the part of the witness or interest in the outcome of this case."

"I think counsel is entitled to go into it on a question of bias or interest," Judge Laporte said. "The court confesses that it was wondering just how it happened that Mr. Grimes called this witness to act as a private detective, one might say, out of a clear sky. . . . Answer the question, Mr. Witness."

Jasper said, "I was first employed by Mr. Grimes about two and one half or three years ago."

"What!" Hamilton Burger said, his voice and face showing his surprise.

"I haven't the exact date," Jasper said. "It was about two and one half or three years ago."

Mason said, "You were employed by Mr. Grimes in connection with some fingerprint evidence, were you not?"

"Yes, sir. He gave me some latent fingerprints and a set of ten fingerprints and asked me if I could determine whether the latent fingerprints were the same as any of the fingerprints shown in the set of printed fingerprints."

"Were they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you know whose fingerprints those were?"

"No, sir."

"There was no identification on the fingerprints?"

"No, sir."

"How were the printed fingerprints handed to you?"

"They were given to me by Mr. Grimes."

"They were printed fingerprints?"

"Yes."

"In other words, the fingerprints, if I understand you correctly, were the same type of fingerprint evidence that is put out by police officers in seeking to locate a criminal?"

"Yes, sir."

"These printed fingerprints had been cut from a circular so that all you had were the fingerprints?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did that arouse your curiosity?"

"Somewhat."

"Did you return those printed fingerprints to Mr. Grimes?"

"Yes."

"And from that moment on you knew, or had reason to believe, that Felting Grimes had located some person who was wanted by the police?"

"I—well—I guess so."

"But hadn't turned that person in to the police?"

"Well, yes."

"And you knew that was a perfect setup for blackmail?"

"I didn't think of it in that light."

"Let's not be naïve, Mr. Jasper. You knew what the decedent had in mind, didn't you?"

"I might have suspected it."

"And because you did suspect it, you were smart enough to classify those fingerprints and find out from the FBI records whose prints they were, didn't you?"

"I—well—yes."

"And those prints were the prints of Collington Halsey, one of the men most wanted by the FBI, weren't they?"

"Yes."

"And thereafter you blackmailed Felting Grimes, just as Grimes was blackmailing Halsey, didn't you?"

"I did no such thing. I resent that charge. It is an untruth."

"How much money did you receive from Felting Grimes during the last two and one half years?"

"Nothing, except for services rendered."

"How much money? Remember, you're under oath."

"I can't recall."

"Ten thousand?"

"Perhaps."

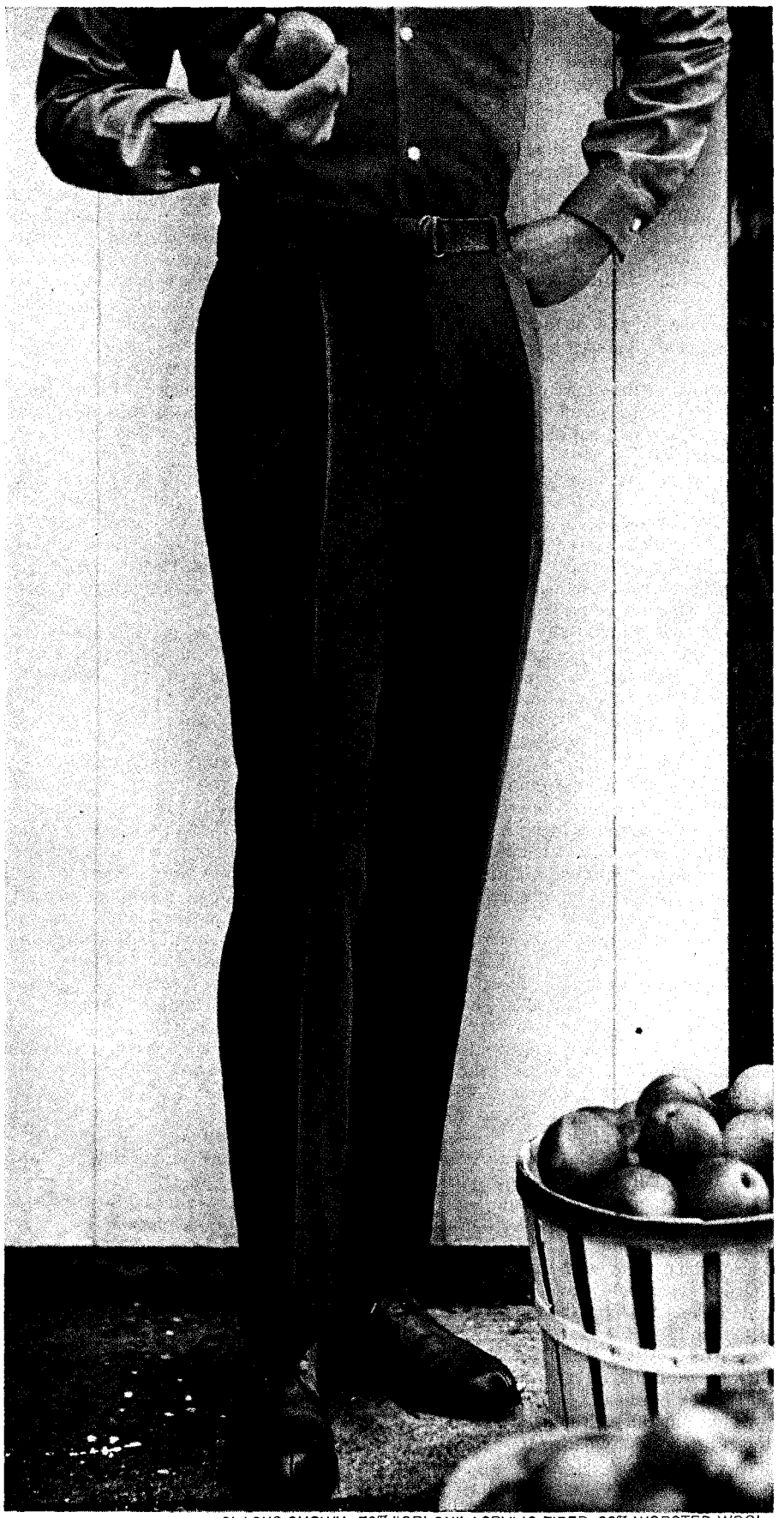
"Twenty thousand?"

"I can't recall."

"Thirty thousand?"

"No, not that much."

"That's all," Mason said. "As a blackmailer with the murder weapon in your possession the court can draw its own conclusions."



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Judge Laporte looked down at Perry Mason thoughtfully. "Mr. Mason, would you mind telling the court why you asked the witness the question about the fingerprints? Apparently there is something in this case which none of us knows about but which you must have deduced from the testimony of this witness and—well, the court has an idea there may be something in this case that you have in mind which might be interesting to the court."

"It was just a wild shot in the dark, your honor," the discomfited Hamilton Burger said. "Quite evidently that's all it was."

"If it was a shot in the dark," Judge Laporte said, "counsel seems to have an unerring aim."

"I think, if the court please," Mason said, "if I could recall one witness for further cross-examination, we might clear the matter up."

"I object," Hamilton Burger said. "If counsel wants to call a witness, let him call the witness as a witness for the defense. The case has been closed. The prosecution has rested."

"The prosecution reopened the case to put Mr. Jasper back on the stand," Judge Laporte said thoughtfully, weighing the point. "A court is not merely a place where counsel can practice mental gymnastics, but is a place where an attempt is made to ascertain the truth or falsity of charges that have been made and where justice can be done."

Mason said, "If the court please, I would like to see the typewritten list of names, the prospects which were given to the defendant and which list included the name of Mrs. Frankline Gillett. I think perhaps then I can come nearer answering the court's question."

Mason walked over to the clerk's desk, took the exhibit in his hand, returned with it and bent over Della Street's chair.

"Take a look at this, Della," he whispered. "Get Paul Drake to check with you. See if the typewriting on the last name on that list is the same as the typewriting on the other names. If it isn't, shake your head when I look at you. If it is, nod your head."

Perry Mason walked over to stand in front of the court. "If the court please," he said, "there are certain aspects of this case which I feel the court should take into consideration. In the first place, Carl Jasper *could* well be guilty of the murder. He could have killed the decedent *before* turning the gun over to the defendant."

Mason paused, stood for a moment looking at Della Street. She looked up and shook her head.

Hamilton Burger said, "May it please the court, what counsel is trying to do is only too apparent.

"As is usual in these preliminary hearings, counsel for the defense has no intention whatever of making any bona-fide defense or putting any witnesses on the stand. Counsel has, however, abused the process of the court in trying to blackmail Mr. George Belding Baxter, by using the power of the court's subpoena to inconvenience Mr. Baxter to such an extent that certain concessions could be obtained by the defendant.

"Mr. Baxter is made of sturdier stuff. He refused to be blackmailed. He refused to be intimidated. He has filed a suit against Mr. Mason for $100,000.

"In the event Mr. Mason does not put Mr. Baxter on the stand, it will show that Mr. Baxter's complaint is well taken. If he is forced by the court to do so, Mr. Mason will probably make an attempt to call Mr. Baxter, but what he now wants to do is to confuse the issues to such an extent that he can claim, with some attempt at justification, when the Baxter case comes up for trial, that he subpoenaed Mr. Baxter because he thought that, under certain issues which might develop in the case, Mr. Baxter would be a necessary witness and that the service of the subpoena on Mr. Baxter was made in good faith.

"Now, that's all there is to this case. There isn't any question but that the evidence indicates the defendant's guilt. There isn't anybody else who *could* have been guilty. There is some evidence of blackmail. My office will look into that. But what counsel is now trying to do is to confuse the issues to such an extent that he can make the court an unwitting accomplice in building a fabricated defense which he can use when the suit filed by Mr. Baxter comes to trial."

Judge Laporte frowned. "Of course," he said, "the court takes certain matters into consideration in a situation of this sort. The court can well appreciate the logic of the prosecution's position and the temptation which doubtless exists for the defense counsel to raise a series of questions which would make it appear that, under certain circumstances, he might have been justified in calling Mr. Baxter to the stand."

Mason said, "May it please the court, I intend to call Mr. Baxter to the stand."

"You intend to put on a defense?" Judge Laporte asked.

"I do," Mason said.

"Very well," Judge Laporte said. "I'm going to make rather an unusual ruling. I'm going to let the defendant go ahead and put on a case. If, during the course of that case, it appears that there is some actual reason for his motion to recall one of the prosecution's witnesses for further cross-examination, I am going to suspend proceedings on the defendant's case and grant the motion so that the defendant can recall the prosecution's witness."

"Just let him put George Belding Baxter on the stand," Hamilton Burger said. "Let him try it. I defy him."

"There is no occasion for any such outburst on the part of the prosecutor," Judge Laporte said. . . . "Put on your case, Mr. Mason."

"As the first witness for the defense," Mason said, "I call George Belding Baxter to the stand."

"Come forward and be sworn, Mr. Baxter," Judge Laporte said.

Baxter glanced meaningly at Hamilton Burger as he walked forward and held up his hand and took the oath as a witness. As Baxter sat down, Hamilton Burger stood up.

"If it please the court," he said, "I am going to object to any questions asked of this witness which are not absolutely and directly pertinent to this case. I am not going to permit counsel to go on a fishing expedition without having the record show that is exactly what it is."

"Under the circumstances," Judge Laporte said, "I feel that the court will endeavor to protect the witness against what may be called a fishing expedition."

"And, if the court please," Mason said, "by the same token, since this is a hostile witness, I feel that I should be entitled to ask leading questions."

"The court is inclined to agree with you on that, Mr. Mason. Proceed."

George Baxter sat in the witness chair, glowering at Perry Mason.

"How long have you held the property known as the Baxter estate?" Mason asked.

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," Hamilton Burger said.

"Overruled," Judge Laporte said.

"I have held it for some seventeen years, Mr. Mason," George Baxter said, "and I want to state that not only do I consider this has nothing to do with the issues involved in this case, but I know nothing whatever about the facts in this case. I was in Bakersfield, California, on the night of the tenth. I knew nothing whatever about the murder until the eleventh, when I returned to my office here in the city." Baxter smiled triumphantly and sat back in the witness chair.

Mason said, "I will then ask you, Mr. Baxter, how long you have known that your man, Corley L. Ketchum, was actually Collington Halsey, wanted by the police in connection with a holdup and murder."

Hamilton Burger jumped to his feet to make an objection, then paused as he saw Baxter's face. The triumphant grin had fled from Baxter's countenance. He seemed fairly to wilt inside of his clothes. Hamilton Burger delayed for a fateful moment before saying, "Objected to, if the court please. Incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

Hamilton Burger's hesitancy had made a sufficient impression on Judge Laporte so that the judge had also turned to glance at the witness and the ruling came with unexpected promptitude. "The objection is overruled. Answer the question."

Baxter took a long, deep breath, said, "I have known it for some years."

"What relation is Mr. Ketchum to you?"

"He is my brother."

"Firewater on the rocks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"And you gave him asylum, knowing that he was wanted by the police?"

"Yes."

"And some two and a half years ago the decedent, Frankline Gillett, uncovered your secret?"

"He penetrated the identity of r brother, yes."

"And demanded blackmail?"

"Yes."

Hamilton Burger said, "Oh, if the court please, this is getting so far afield that ——"

"If you're about to make an objection, the objection is overruled," Judge Laporte said. "I think we're now beginning to get to the nub of the case. . . . I take it, Mr. Mason, you have deduced this from the fact that the fingerprints which were submitted to the detective, Carl Freeman Jasper, were actually those of Collington Halsey?"

"Yes, your honor."

The witness said, "Your honor, I may as well make a clean breast of the entire situation. My brother, who has been masquerading under the name of Corley L. Ketchum, is actually Collington Halsey, and my real name is George Belding Halsey. My brother had at one time been engaged in a life of crime with Gorman Gillett, who was the father of Frankline Gillett.

"Gorman Gillett served time and wa released. I will never know how it happened that Gorman Gillett uncovered my identity, but I think it was because of an article which appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*. We tried to keep my brother in the background in that article but, without our knowing it, the photographer snapped a picture of my brother and myself looking over some plans, and the caption of the picture was: 'George Belding Baxter and his gardener, Corley L. Ketchum, study plans for architectural landscaping.'

"It was shortly after that that Frankline Gillett called on my brother and made demands. We have been paying blackmail ever since."

Hamilton Burger started to get up and say something, then abruptly dropped back into his chair.

"Now, tell us what happened on the night of the tenth," Mason said.

"There was nothing that we could do," the witness went on. "We were powe less. We had to submit to the blackmai. My brother's fingerprints were on file, and he was wanted by the FBI. By having him living with me and posing as a humble and rather low-salaried gardener and caretaker, we were able to keep his identity a secret. However, after his identity was uncovered by Gorman Gillett and that information reached his son Frankline, we had to pay, and we had to pay through the nose. However, I sometimes doubt that Gorman ever knew what his son was doing or how much he was exacting.

"When I was in Bakersfield on the tenth, I picked up a local paper and saw that Gorman Gillett had passed away. Frankline Gillett used that bereavement to make new demands on us. I learned of them over the telephone. He wanted me to do something I couldn't do. I didn't kill him, and my brother didn't kill him—at least I don't think he did.

"Tell us what you know about the ne demands," Mason said.

Baxter said, "I telephoned my brother. He said I must come home in such a way as to make it appear I was still in Bakersfield. He said he couldn't explain, but everything depended on it. I registered in at a motel in Bakersfield. I said that I would have dinner and go to bed at an early hour. I had dinner, signed for it, went into the motel, rumpled up my bed, jumped in my car and drove at once to my

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estate. I arrived there shortly after eleven o'clock.

"I found Frankline Gillett there with my brother. Gillett wanted an absolutely unreasonable sum for what he called a final pay-off. He pointed out that, since his father had died, he was in a position to give us a final clearance. He told us he was in serious trouble, that he was going to have to silence the lips of a nosy female who had been spying on him and that he was not only going to need money, he was going to need my support; that I was going to have to give him an alibi."

"And what happened?" Mason asked.

"I refused," Baxter said. "I told them that they could count me out. I would pay money, but I was not going to go on the witness stand and perjure myself to give Frankline Gillett an alibi in a murder case."

"Do you know anything about the plans he had?" Mason asked.

"He mentioned that he might have to leave the country. Frankly, I doubt that his plans were really definite, but he wanted $100,000 in cash, and he wanted an alibi. We had a rather large sum of cash available, but I flatly refused to furnish an alibi for him. He said he had to find out just how much this nosy female had already told some lawyer about him and that he either had to keep her from keeping an appointment the next morning or else be out of the country. He was in a very nervous state. At times his thinking didn't seem logical—well thought out. I was afraid he was cracking up."

"And then what happened?"

"I don't know," Baxter said. "He told us he had to find out just how bad a certain situation was and that he'd be back about one o'clock in the morning. Then he went to his car."

"Where was his car?" Mason asked.

"He had parked his car down by the tennis court. After my refusal, he left the house to walk to the tennis court.

"My brother and I were discussing the matter when we heard either the sound of a car backfiring or a shot. We ran out of the house but saw nothing. We looked around the grounds, saw nothing and heard nothing. We then heard a car driving out of the gates, and we assumed that was Frankline Gillett leaving. We thought his car had backfired."

"What time was that?"

"That was just a few minutes before midnight."

"The gates were open?"

"The gates had been closed at ten o'clock, but my brother had opened them when Frankline Gillett called and stated he was coming out to discuss an important matter."

"Did Frankline Gillett tell you that he intended to commit a murder?" Mason asked.

"Yes. He didn't say who the victim was, but he said he expected to be mixed up in a murder and that it was absolutely essential that he have an alibi the police would never question. He wanted me to furnish that alibi. He knew that I was supposed to have been in Bakersfield. He wanted me to swear that he had learned my location, that he had a business deal we were discussing, that he had driven to Bakersfield and that we had been together in the motel ever since eleven o'clock in the evening.

"I am sorry this has come about. I am sorry the mask has been ripped from my brother's masquerade. I would have done anything to have avoided it, but one cannot argue with fingerprints. I have previously pointed out to him that the mistakes that he made must eventually be paid for."

"I think," Perry Mason said, "that is all. I have no further questions. Does the district attorney care to cross-examine?"

Hamilton Burger frowned, looked helplessly at Judge Laporte and said, "No questions."

"Now then," Perry Mason said, "I desire to recall one of the prosecution's witnesses, Nell Arlington, for further cross-examination."

"If the court please," Hamilton Burger said, "at this time we withdraw our objection. As we see it, the duty of our office is to vigorously prosecute persons accused of crime. But when it begins to appear that there are other matters involved, we are mindful of the fact that our primary duty is to see that justice is done."

Judge Laporte nodded and said, "Thank you for that statement, Mr. District Attorney. I think it exemplifies the principles of your office. Miss Arlington will come forward."

Nell Arlington arose reluctantly.

"You have already been sworn," Judge Laporte said. "Just take the stand."

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

The easiest way to catch a train is by waiting for it.

You can always recognize a no-parking area. There are fewer cars there.

The road to hell that is paved with good intentions is probably in poor repair too.

People who complain about poor municipal services don't realize that there are some things that money can't buy.

Many teen-agers these days are apt to get married before making any serious decisions.

If American men aren't spoiling their wives, it's about time they found out who is.

Nell Arlington walked to the stand.

Mason said, "You have testified that you acted sometimes as secretary for the defendant, that you opened the lists which she received giving the names of prospects so that you could telephone the names and addresses to her if she called in?"

"Yes," the witness said crisply.

"And when those lists were telephoned in, you took them down and relayed the messages?"

"Yes."

"I notice on this list which contains the name of Mrs. Frankline Gillett on 671 Tribly Way that there are eleven names on the list instead of ten, that the Tribly name is the last name on the list and that the typewriting is different from the typewriting in which the other ten names appear. I suggest to you, Miss Arlington, that you added that name to the list after the list had been received in the mail. Now, before you answer that question, remember that you're under oath, remember that the names that were on that list can be verified from the central bureau that sent them out and remember that typewriting is as distinctive as handwriting, and an expert on questioned documents can tell whether that name was written on your typewriter."

There was a long period of silence, then Nell Arlington said, "Very well, I wrote it."

"And the reason you wrote it," Mason said, "was because you had become suspicious. You wanted to know who was living at that address."

She said, "Looking through the things of the man who I thought was my husband, I had found a driving license made out in the name of Frankline Gillett at that address. The ages of the men, the physical descriptions, were exactly the same. I didn't know what to make of it. I didn't know whether he had an alias or what. I wanted to find out what was there, so I typed that name, knowing that my friend, Gwynn Elston, would make a call at that address, and I could then pump her as to what was there without her realizing that I had any personal interest."

"But," Mason said, "something happened, something that caused you to change your plans?"

"Of course something happened," she said. "You know what it was. The man I thought was my husband was actually committing bigamy. I was simply a bigamous wife.

"My husband, or the man I thought was my husband, found out that Gwynn was making a call at this other address and, of course, assumed that Gwynn would find out about his bigamy and tell me. He determined to kill her in order to keep her from talking. He fixed up a drink of gin and tonic and added strychnine. I didn't realize this until after Gwynn had left the house and after he had left the house, and I found the bottle of strychnine tablets where he had left it after removing it from the medicine chest. I had *thought* Gwynn poured the drink down the washbowl. At the time, I thought merely that my husband had made it too strong.

"When Gwynn returned that evening and had a gun with her, I felt that the time had come for a showdown. I tried to make her tell me, but she wouldn't. I could see she was lying. I put barbiturates in Gwynn's milk toast and, when she was safely asleep, I took the gun and went out to find my husband."

"And how did you start looking for him?" Mason asked.

She said, "I had known for some time that he was making his living by getting contributions from George Belding Baxter. I didn't know the reason for those contributions, but I decided to find out. I drove to the Baxter estate, holding the gun that I had taken from under Gwynn's pillow after she went to sleep. I felt certain that somehow Mr. Baxter held the key to the mystery, and—well, I had an idea I would find my husband there."

"You found him there?"

"I drove up," she said, "just as my husband emerged from the house. I caught him, so to speak, red-handed."

"And?" Mason asked.

"He recognized me. He wanted to know what I was doing there, and when I accused him—well, I knew then that he had planned to murder me. He tried to strangle me. I pulled the trigger of the gun. He fell back on the lawn. I simply drove my car around the circle, went out through the gates and returned home. I put the gun back under Gwynn's pillow again."

Mason turned to Hamilton Burger with something of a bow. "I think," he said, "that concludes the defendant's case."

Mason, Della Street and Paul Drake sat in the lawyer's office conducting a post-mortem on the case. Mason said, "Well, it shows the importance of fighting every step of the way. It also shows what a peculiar twist fate can sometimes give to a case.

"The housekeeper was telling the truth about having lost the gun. Frankline Gillett, returning to his residence on Tribly Way, after having completed a visit with his second wife on Mandala Drive, found the gun on the side of the road. It was a new gun and a nice gun, and he stopped his car, picked it up and took it home.

"By that simple act he involved George Belding Baxter in the case. Of course, at the time he had absolutely no idea where that gun had come from. To him it was simply manna from heaven, a gun lying by the side of the road. The headlights of his automobile glinted from the blued steel, and he picked it up and took it with him.

"Gillett had an absolutely foolproof method of blackmail. He needed only to tap the till any time he wanted anything. George Belding Baxter had been a real-estate salesman when his brother got in trouble and escaped while he was en route to the penitentiary.

An officer was murdered, but probably the brother is innocent of that and can clear himself. George changed his last name, took his brother with him as Corley L. Ketchum, and they started in business together.

"Then Baxter became prosperous. They wanted to put his picture in the paper. Naturally, if his brother had been a partner, they would have wanted to put the brother's picture in the paper, and that would have led to complications. So the brother was forced into a position of insignificance. He had to live his entire life masquerading as a gardener and caretaker. There's a touch of poetic justice here. Gorman Gillett went to prison, paid his debt to society and was able to live his own life, even if it was rather a frugal life. But it was, nevertheless, an independent life.

"Collington Halsey had to live a life of deceit. He had to live in perpetual fear, and the man's native abilities were forced to lie dormant under the masquerade he had to assume. And then both brothers had to pay blackmail.

"Eighteen months earlier Frankline Gillett had become infatuated with and married Nell Arlington. He was a little tired of his routine home life with his legitimate wife. So he committed bigamy and felt that, as long as he didn't have to make a living at any particular business, the chances of his being discovered were very negligible.

"Then, because he was away from home so much, Nell wanted her friend, Gwynn Elston, to come and live with her, and Gillett had to consent to that. Slowly, inexorably, the man became trapped within the web of his own chicanery. The fact that he was desperate is shown by the fact that he was willing to give Gwynn Elston strychnine in her drink, hoping that she would go into convulsions and die, and he and Nell could testify to enough facts to avoid an inquest.

"In other words Gillett was one of a type; a man who doesn't think very far ahead but plots to escape from one predicament as fast as it develops without carefully planning the whole situation."

"All of which shows," Paul Drake said, "that a lawyer should always be loyal to his clients. But I don't think I'd ever have had the sheer guts to have stood up to a man of George Belding Baxter's influence, Perry."

"It's more than being loyal to your clients," Mason said thoughtfully. "It's being loyal to the basic principles of justice. And when you're trying to do that, you have to take it on the chin once in a while—or at least be ready to."

"Ready, able and willing is the legal expression," Della Street said, and her eyes as she looked at Perry Mason showed the depth of her feeling. THE END

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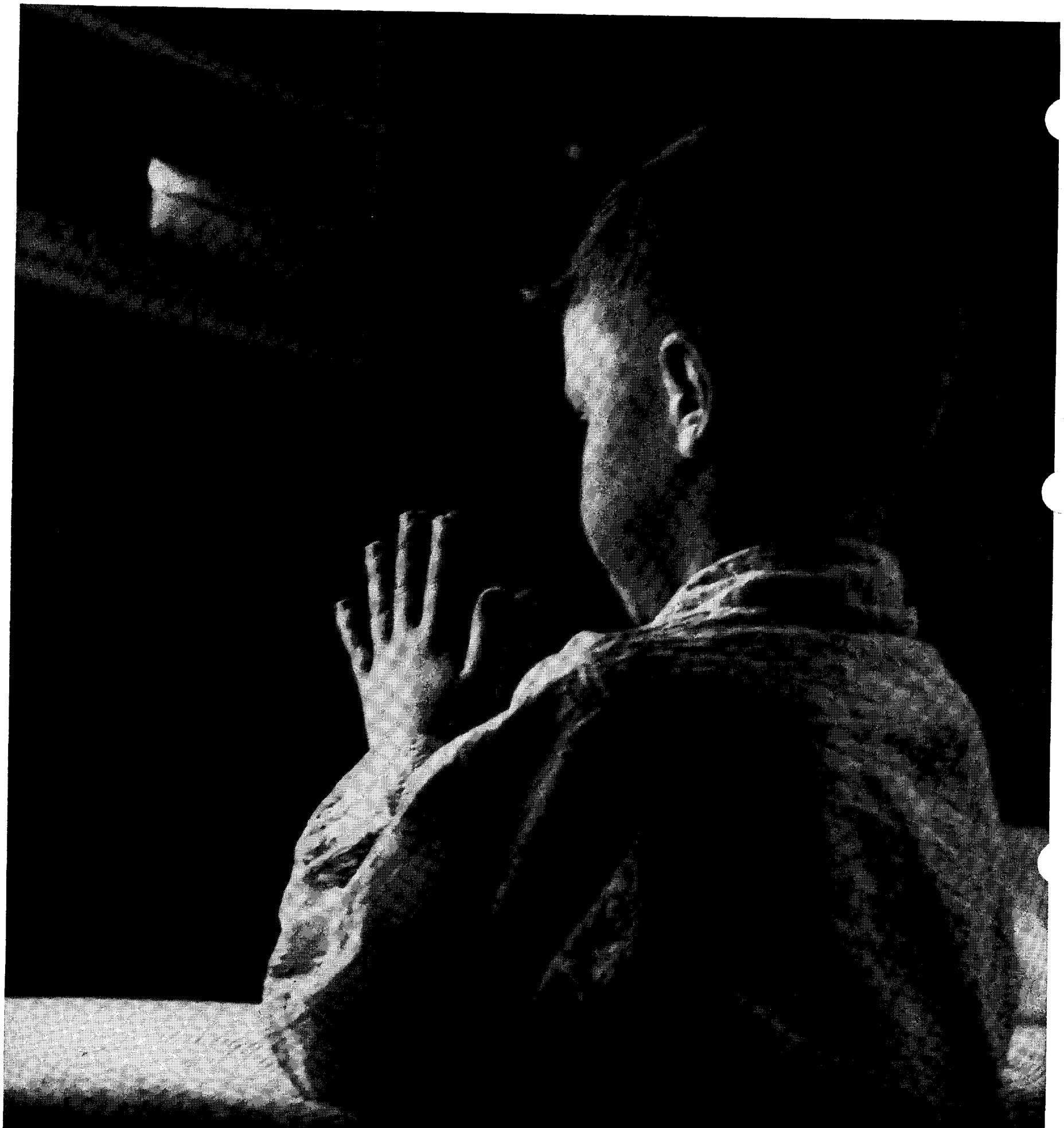

The heart that answers another's prayer is never empty. Somewhere in your town a little boy will kneel and pray tonight. Perhaps he'll ask for Grandma to get well . . . for his older brother to keep out of trouble . . . for Mom and Dad to be happy again. How can you help answer his prayers—and the prayers of others in need? By giving the United Way. Your pledge to the United Community Campaign is a weapon against fear and loneliness, sickness and trouble. It builds a stronger community. It makes you a richer person. **GIVE THE UNITED WAY**

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The Revolution in Western Thought

Continued from Page 29)

nto camera, in his case an extraordinary camera that "could stop the hawk in ight and fix the rearing horse." Once n man was attending to nature's de- as a potential messenger of mean- ng. The rage to know God's handiwork was rivaling the rage to know God Himself.

The consequence, as we know, was modern science. Under scrutiny, nature's blur was found to be more apparent than final. With patience the structure of the universe could be brought into marvelous focus. Newton's exclamation caught the excitement perfectly: "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee!" Although nature's marvels were infinitely greater than had been supposed, man's mind was equal to them. The universe was a coherent, law-abiding system. It was intelligible!

It was not long before this discovery began to reap practical rewards. Drudgery could be relieved, health improved, goods multiplied and leisure extended. As these benefits are considerable, working with intelligible nature began to overshadow obedience to God's will as a ns to human fulfillment. God was entirely eclipsed—that would have entailed a break with the past more violent than history usually allows. Rather, God was eased toward thought's periphery. Not atheism but deism, the notion that God created the world but left it to run according to its own inbuilt laws, was the modern mind's distinctive religious stance. God stood behind nature as its creator, but it was through nature that His ways and will were to be known.

Like the Christian outlook, the modern outlook can be summarized by identifying its three controlling presuppositions. First, that reality may be personal is less certain and less important than that it is ordered. Second, man's reason is capable of discerning this order as it manifests itself in the laws of nature. Third, the path to human fulfillment consists primarily in discovering these laws, utilizing them where this is possible and complying with them where it is not.

The reason for suspecting that this dern outlook has had its day and is ding to a third great mutation in Western thought is that reflective men are no longer confident of any of these three postulates. The first two are the ones that concern us here. Frontier thinkers are no longer sure that reality is ordered and orderly. If it is, they are not sure that man's mind is capable of grasping its order. Combining the two doubts, we can define the Post-Modern Mind as one which, having lost the conviction that reality is personal, has come to question whether it is ordered in a way that man's reason can lay bare.

It was science which induced our forefathers to think of reality as primarily ordered rather than personal. But contemporary science has crashed through the cosmology which the seventeenth-to-nineteenth-century scientists constructed as if through a sound barrier, leaving us hout replacement. It is tempting to ribute this lack to the fact that evidence is pouring in faster than we can throw it into perspective, but although this is part of the problem, another part runs deeper. Basically the absence of a new cosmology is due to the fact that physics has cut away so radically from our capacity to imagine the way things are that we do not see how the two can get back together.

If modern physics showed us a world at odds with our senses, post-modern physics is showing us one which is at odds with our imagination, where imagination is taken as imagery. We have made peace with the first of these oddities. That the table which appears motionless is in fact incredibly "alive" with electrons circling their nuclei a million billion times per second; that the chair which feels so secure beneath us is actually a near vacuum—such facts, while certainly very strange, posed no permanent problem for man's sense of order. To accommodate them, all that was necessary was to replace the earlier picture of a gross and ponderous world with a subtle world in which all was sprightly dance and airy whirl.

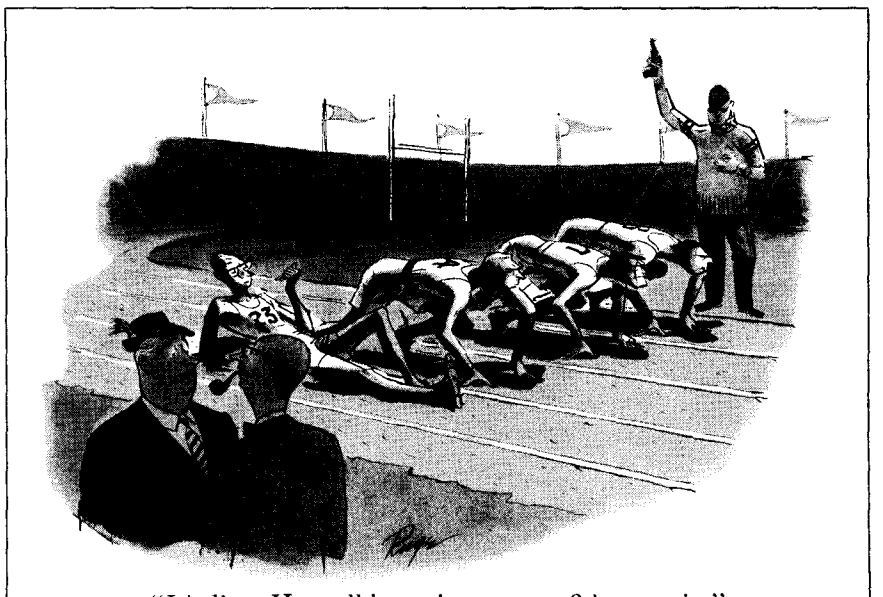
But the problems the new physics poses for man's sense of order cannot be resolved by refinements in scale. Instead they appear to point to a radical disjunction between the way things behave and every possible way in which we might try to visualize them. How, for example, are we to picture an electron traveling two or more different routes through space concurrently or passing from orbit to orbit without traversing the space between them at all? What kind of model can we construct of a space that is finite yet unbounded, or of light which is both wave and particle? It is such enigmas which are causing physicists like P. W. Bridgman of Harvard to suggest that "the structure of nature may eventually be such that our processes of thought do not correspond to it sufficiently to permit us to think about it at all. . . . The world fades out and eludes us. . . . We are confronted with something truly ineffable. We have reached the limit of the vision of the great pioneers of science, the vision, namely, that we live in a sympathetic world in that it is comprehensible by our minds."

This subdued and problematic stance of science toward reality is paralleled in philosophy. No one who works in philosophy today can fail to realize that the sense of the cosmos has been shaken by an encyclopedic skepticism. The clearest evidence of this is the collapse of what historically has been philosophy's central discipline: objective metaphysics, the attempt to discover what reality consists of and the most general principles which describe the way its parts are related. In this respect the late Alfred North Whitehead marked the end of an era. His *Process and Reality: An Essay in Cosmology* is the last important attempt to construct a logical, coherent scheme of ideas that would blueprint the universe. The trend throughout the twentieth century has been away from faith in the feasibility of such undertakings. As a tendency throughout philosophy as a whole, this is a revolutionary development. For 2500 years philosophers have argued over which metaphysical system is true. For them to agree that none is, is a new departure.

The agreement represents the confluence of several philosophical streams. On one hand it has come from the positivists who, convinced that truth comes only from science, have challenged the metaphysician's claim to extrascientific sources of insight. Their successors are the linguistic analysts, who have dominated British philosophy for the last several decades and who regard all philosophical perplexities as generated by slovenly use of language. For the analysts, "reality" and "being in general" are notions too thin and vapid to reward analysis. As a leading American proponent of this position, Professor Morton White of Harvard recently stated, "It took philosophers a long time to realize that the number of interesting things that one can say about all things in one fell swoop is very limited. Through the effort to become supremely general, you lapse into emptiness."

Equal but quite different objections to metaphysics have come from the existentialists who have dominated twentieth-century European philosophy. Heirs of Kierkegaard, Nietzsche and Dostoevski, these philosophers have been concerned to remind their colleagues of what it means to be a human being. When we are thus reminded, they say, we see that to be human precludes in principle the kind of objective and impartial overview of things—the view of things as they are in themselves, apart from our differing perspectives—that metaphysics has always sought. To be human is to be finite, conditioned and unique. No two persons have had their lives shaped by the same concatenation of genetic, cultural, historical and interpersonal forces. Either these variables are inconsequential—but if we say this we are forgetting again what it means to be human, for our humanity is in fact overwhelmingly shaped by them—or the hope of rising to a God's-eye view of reality is misguided in principle.

The traditional philosopher might protest that in seeking such an overview he never expected perfection, but we ought to try to make our perspectives as objective as possible. Such a response would only lead the existentialist to press his point deeper; for his contention is not just that objectivity is impossible but that it runs so counter to our nature—to what it means to be human—that every step in its direction is a step away from our humanity. (We are speaking here of objectivity as it pertains to our lives as wholes, not to restricted spheres of endeavor within them such as science. In these latter areas objectivity can be an unqualified virtue.) If the journey held hope that in ceasing to be human we might become gods, there could be no objection. But as this is impossible, ceasing to be human can only mean becoming less than human—inhuman in the usual sense of the word. It means forfeiting through inattention the birthright that is ours: the opportunity to plumb the depths and implications of what it means to have an outlook on life which in important respects is unique and will never be duplicated.



"I believe Harwell is getting overconfident again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Despite the existentialist's sharp rebuke to metaphysics and traditional philosophy in general, there is at least one important point at which he respects their aims. He agrees that it is important to transcend what is accidental and ephemeral in our outlooks and in his own way joins his colleagues of the past in attempting to do so. But the existentialist's way toward this goal does not consist in trying to climb out of his skin in order to rise to Olympian heights from which things can be seen with complete objectivity and detachment. Rather it consists in centering down on his own inwardness until he finds within it what he is compelled to accept and can never get away from. In this way he, too, arrives at what he judges to be necessary and eternal. But necessary and eternal *for him.* What is necessary and eternal for everyone is so impossible for a man to know that he wastes time making the attempt.

With this last insistence the existentialist establishes contact with the metaphysical skepticism of his analytic colleagues across the English Channel. Existentialism and analytic philosophy are the two dominant movements in twentieth-century philosophy. In temperament, interest and method they stand at opposite poles of the philosophical spectrum. They are, in fact, opposites in every sense but one. Both are creatures of the Post-Modern Mind, the mind which doubts that reality has an absolute order which man's understanding can comprehend.

Turning from philosophy to theology, we recall that the modern mind did not rule out the possibility of God; it merely referred the question to its highest court of appeal—namely, reality's pattern as disclosed by reason. If the world order entails the notions of providence and a creator, God exists; otherwise not. This approach made the attempt to prove God's existence through reason and nature the major theological thrust of the modern period. "Let us," wrote Bishop Joseph Butler in his famous *The Analogy of Religion,* "compare the known constitution and course of things . . . with what religion teaches us to believe and expect; and see whether they are not analogous and of a piece. . . . It will, I think, be found that they are very much so." An enterprising Franciscan named Ramón Lull went even further. He invented a kind of primitive computer which, with the turning of cranks, pulling of levers and revolving of wheels, would sort the theological subjects and predicates fed into it in such a way as to demonstrate the truths of the Trinity and the Incarnation by force of sheer logic working on self-evident propositions. Rationalism had entered theology as early as the Middle Ages, but as long as the Christian outlook prevailed, final confidence was reserved for the direct pronouncements of God Himself as given in Scripture. In the modern period, God's

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existence came to stand or fall on whether reason, surveying the order of nature, endorsed it. It was as if Christendom and God himself awaited the verdict of science and the philosophers.

This hardly describes the current theological situation. Scientists and philosophers have ceased to issue pronouncements of any sort about ultimates. Post-modern theology builds on its own foundations. Instead of attempting to justify faith by appeals to the objective world, it points out that as such appeals indicate nothing about reality one way or the other, the way is wide open for free decision—or what Kierkegaard called the leap of faith. One hears little these days of the proofs for the existence of God which seemed so important to the modern world. Instead one hears repeated insistence that however admirably reason is fitted to deal with life's practical problems, it can only end with a confession of ignorance when confronted with questions of ultimate concern. In the famous dictum of Karl Barth, who has influenced twentieth-century theology more than anyone else, there is no straight line from the mind of man to God. "What we say breaks apart constantly . . . producing paradoxes which are held together in seeming unity only by agile and arduous running to and fro on our part." From our own shores Reinhold Niebuhr echoes this conviction. "Life is full of contradictions and incongruities. We live our lives in various realms of meaning which do not cohere rationally."

Instead of "These are the compelling reasons, grounded in the nature of things, why you should believe in God," the approach of the church to the world today tends to be, "This community of faith invites you to share in its venture of trust and commitment." The stance is most evident in Protestant and Orthodox Christianity and Judaism, but even Roman Catholic thought, notwithstanding the powerful rationalism it took over from the Greeks, has not remained untouched by the post-modern perspective. It has become more attentive to the extent to which personal and subjective factors provide the disposition to faith without which theological arguments prove nothing.

It is difficult to assess the mood which accompanies this theological revolution. On one hand there seems to be a heightened sense of faith's precariousness: as Jesus walked on the water, so must the contemporary man of faith walk on the sea of nothingness, confident even in the absence of rational supports.

But vigor is present too. Having labored in the shadow of rationalism during the modern period, contemporary theology is capitalizing on its restored autonomy. Compensating for loss of rational proofs for God's existence have come two gains. One is new realization of the validity of Pascal's "reasons of the heart" as distinct from those of the mind. The other is a recovery of the awe without which religion, as distinct from ethical philosophy piously expressed, is probably impossible. By including God within a closed system of rational explanation, modernism lost sight of the endless qualitative distinction between God and man. Post-modern theology has reinstated this distinction with great force. If God exists, the fact that our minds cannot begin to comprehend his nature makes it necessary for us to acknowledge that he is Wholly Other.

These revolutions in science, philosophy and theology have not left the arts unaffected. The worlds of the major twentieth-century artists are many and varied, but none resembles the eighteenth-century world where mysteries seemed to be clearing by the hour. The twentieth-century worlds defy lucid and coherent exegesis. Paradoxical, devoid of sense, they are worlds into which protagonists are thrown without trace as to why—the world which the late French novelist Albert Camus proclaimed "absurd," which for his compatriot Jean-Paul Sartre is "too much," and for the Irish dramatist and short-story writer, Samuel Beckett, is a "void" in which men wait out their lives for a what-they-know-not that never comes. Heroes driven by a veritable obsession to find out where they are and what their responsibility is seldom succeed. Most of Franz Kafka is ambiguous, but his parable, "Before the Law," closes with as clear a countermand to the modern vision of an ordered reality as can be imagined. "The world-order is based on a lie."

Objective morality has gone the way of cosmic order. Even where it has not been moralistic, most Western art of the past has been created against the backdrop of a frame of objective values which the artist shared. As our century has progressed, it has become increasingly difficult to find such a framework standing back of the arts.

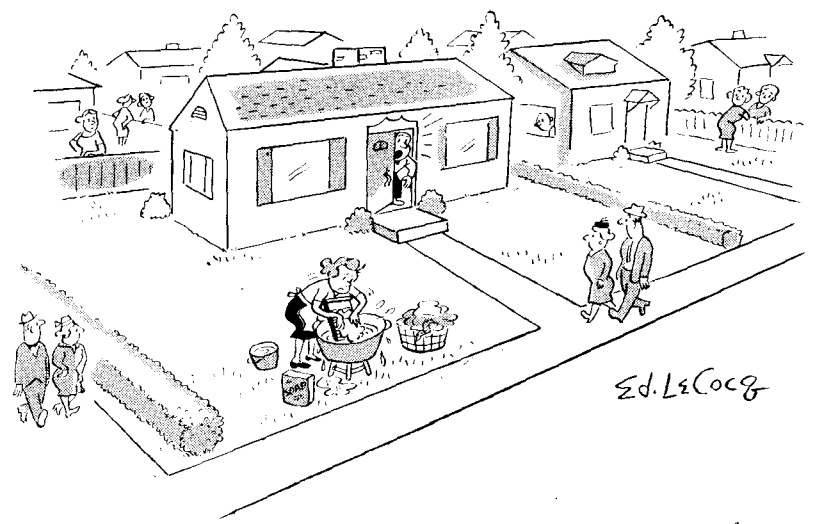
A single example will illustrate the point. One searches in vain for an artistic frame of reference prior to the twentieth century in which matricide might be regarded as a moral act. Yet in Sartre's play *The Flies*, it is the first authentic deed the protagonist Orestes performs. Whereas his previous actions have been detached, unthinking or in conformity with the habit patterns that surround him, this one is freely chosen in the light of full self-consciousness and acceptance of its consequences. As such, it is the first act which is genuinely his. "I have done my deed, Electra," he exults, adding, "and that deed was good." Being his, the deed supplies his life with the identity which until then it had lacked. From that moment forward, Orestes ceases to be a free-floating form; his acquisition of a past he can never escape roots his life into reality. Note the extent to which this analysis relativizes the moral standard. No act is right or wrong in itself. Everything depends on its relation to the agent, whether it is chosen freely and with full acceptance of its consequences or is done abstractedly, in imitation of the acts of others, or in self-deception.

We move beyond morality into art proper when we note that the traditional distinction between the sublime and the banal, too, has blurred. As long as reality was conceived as a great chain of being—a hierarchy of worth descending from God as its crown through angels, men, animals and plants to inanimate objects at the base—it could be reasonably argued that great art should attend to great subjects: scenes from the Gospels, major battles or distinguished lords and ladies. With cubism and surrealism, the distinction between trivial and important disappears. Alarm clocks, driftwood, pieces of broken glass become appropriate subjects for the most monumental paintings. In Samuel Beckett and the contemporary French anti-novelists the most mundane items—miscellaneous contents of a pocket, a wastebasket, the random excursions of a runaway dog—are treated with the same care as love, duty or the question of human destiny.

One is tempted to push the question a final step and ask whether the dissolution of cosmic order, moral order and the hierarchic order of subject matter is reflected in the very forms of contemporary art. Critic Russel Nye thinks that at least as far as the twentieth-century novel is concerned, the answer is yes. "If there is a discernible trend in the form of the modern novel," he writes, "it is toward the concept of the novel as a series of moments, rather than as a planned progression of events or incidents, moving toward a defined terminal end. Recent novelists tend to explore rather than arrange or synthesize their materials; often their arrangement is random rather than sequential. In the older tradition, a novel was a formal structure composed of actions and reactions which were finished by the end of the story, which did have an end. The modern novel often has no such finality." Aaron Copland characterizes the music of our young composers as a "disrelation of unrelated tones. Notes are strewn about like *membra disjecta;* there is an end to continuity in the old sense and an end of thematic relationships."

When Nietzsche's eyesight became too poor to read books, he began at last to read himself. The act was prophetic of the century that has followed. As reality has blurred, the gaze of post-modern man has turned increasingly upon himself.

Anthropological philosophy has replaced metaphysics. In the wake of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, attention has turned from objective reality to the individual human personality struggling for self-realization. "Being" remains interesting only as it relates to man. As its order, if it has one, is unknown to us, being cannot be described as it is in itself; but if it is believed to be mysteriously wonderful, as some existentialists think, we should remain open to it. If it is the blind, meaningless enemy, as others suspect, we should maintain our freedom against it.



"All right, Louise! I'll buy you a new washing machine."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Even theology, for all its renewed theocentrism, keeps one eye steadily on man, as when the German theologian Rudolph Bultmann relates faith to the achievement of authentic selfhood. It is in art, however, that the shift from outer to inner has been most evident. If the twentieth century began by abolishing the distinc between sublime and banal subject n ter, it has gone on to dispense with subject matter altogether. Although the tide may have begun to turn, the purest art is still widely felt to be entirely abstract and free of pictorial representation. It is as if the artist had taken the scientist seriously and responded, "If what I see as nature doesn't represent the way things really are, why should I credit this appearance with its former importance? Better to turn to what I am sure of: my own intuitions and the purely formal values inherent in the relations of colors, shapes and masses."

I have argued that the distinctive feature of the contemporary mind as evidenced by frontier thinking in science, philosophy, theology and the arts is its acceptance of reality as unordered in any objective way that man's mind can discern. This acceptance separates the Post-Modern Mind from both the modern mind, which assumed that reality is jectively ordered, and the Christian mi which assumed it to be regulated by an inscrutable but beneficent will.

It remains only to add my personal suspicion that the change from the vision of reality as ordered to unordered has brought Western man to as sharp a fork in history as he has faced. Either it is possible for man to live indefinitely with his world out of focus, or it is not. I suspect that it is not, that a will-to-order and orientation is rather fundamental in the human make-up. If so, the post-modern period, like all the intellectual epochs that preceded it, will turn out to be a transition to a still different perspective.

But if reality does get reordered for the Western mind, this order is certain to be very different from that which the modern mind envisioned. What it will be like cannot at this juncture be surmised. The most that can be ventured is the abstract prediction that it will be more complicated than the modern mind suspected and that its order will be recognized partially imposed by man's mind and r just passively mirrored within it. The order will not describe reality as it exists by itself apart from us. Instead it will describe an ellipse in which man in his entirety—his purposes and feelings as well as his intellect—stands as one focus in balance and tension with its complementing focus: the cosmos in which his life is set and against which his destiny must be enacted.

For readers who would like to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Peierls, R. E.
The Laws of Nature
Scribner
$4.50

Levi, A. W.
Philosophy and the Modern World
Indiana University Press
$7.50

Smith, Huston
The Religions of Man
New American Library
$.50

Heron, Patrick
The Changing Forms of Art
Noonday
$1.75

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An Infidel's Sword (Continued from Page 26)

regularly every night. The captain snapped, "If you wish to read that Testament, get out of this tent and away from me. The officers will make fun of me. I respect your love for your mother, but I don't believe in the Bible, and I don't believe it will do you any good anyhow!"

So Johnnie and his little pocket Testament went underground. He could not see to read it outside in dimming twilights and by flickering campfires. Instead, he waited until the captain was out of the tent to snatch an opportunity. One evening the captain suddenly walked in and caught him at it.

"Johnnie, didn't I tell you not to read that Bible?" the captain said. "Now do what your superior officer commands you! Stop it now! And don't read that Bible in my tent ever again."

The boy closed his Bible and started out of the tent in tears. As he left, he said, "Captain, I love you, but you are a very wicked man."

That was the last exchange between the oddly assorted pair on the subject of the Bible. It left the captain strangely disturbed, but he had no time for soul-searching and meditation. His regiment was ordered to duty near New Berne, North Carolina, in an area occupied early in the conflict. Its job was to guard a railroad line that ran from New Berne across the Newport River to the coast.

One pitchy night while the captain checked on sentries posted at the edge of the forest, a bullet sang out of the dark. It knocked him down. Miraculously it struck and smashed the watch in his pocket and left him scarcely wounded. When he was fully recovered, he rode into New Berne on business. While there, word came that Confederates under Maj. Gen. George Pickett had captured his encampment. The gray attackers surprised the sentries, caught many of the Union soldiers swimming or playing ball and set fire to the camp. The nearby railroad bridge also began to blaze.

As the Union troops retreated across the bridge, Johnnie called out, "Where is the captain's sword?" A sergeant replied that the captain had it on, but Johnnie knew that he wore his regulation field saber. The beautiful gold-sheathed blade which Johnnie polished with such care was hanging, as usual, in the captain's tent. Johnnie, without a word, ran back across the burning bridge and snatched it from the blazing tent.

By now the opposing forces were shooting at each other across the river. The bridge was so smoky and searing that Johnnie had to lean over the side to catch his breath. The Confederate commander nearest the span saw the heroic boy and ordered his men to cease firing. Someone waved a white handkerchief. All shooting halted while all eyes were upon Johnnie, who kept on running until he reached the far shore and fell insensible, uniform afire. Comrades tumbled him in the river to put out the fire.

Days later he recovered consciousness in the United States Army hospital at Beaufort, North Carolina. "Has the captain got his sword?" he asked weakly. A nurse replied that it was right there beside him. Johnnie asked to touch it. I am glad that I saved his sword," the boy said. Then, "Is the captain coming to see me?" The nurse said they had sent word. But as the night wore on, she called the surgeon, who took one look and called the chaplain. "You are going to see your mother," the chaplain said. "You love your mother, and you believe in your mother's God. Now don't be afraid to go." The boy replied, "I am not afraid. But can't I live to see the captain?" Then he died.

The hospital informed the captain and returned his sword with its motto, "True friendship is eternal." The captain drew the sword and read the glowing words.

"I said, 'Eternal! Will I ever see Johnnie again? Is there any eternity?' Then I went back to work with a heart positively broken. I began to think, 'Oh, if only I could see him a few minutes to ask his forgiveness for the way I treated him.'"

The captain went on to other battlefields. He rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel, always with memories of Johnnie in the back of his mind. At the Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, near Atlanta, a shell wounded him so severely that he was left on the battlefield for dead.

"In that long night of pain and agony, I thought, 'Oh! is there another life? If there is, I want to find Johnnie.' If only I could have that little boy there to pray for me! I felt an awful desire to know about eternal life—if there was such a thing."

The next day, cleanup details found the colonel alive. In the hospital at Marietta they debated whether to amputate his arm. Only an old nurse's objection saved it. As soon as he became convalescent, the colonel called for a chaplain. A Baptist preacher responded. The preacher said, "Colonel, you are an awful sinner; you had better make up your mind to think of eternal things."

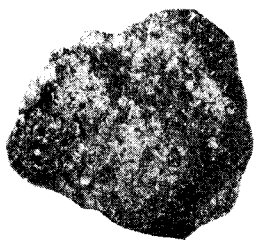
Then, the colonel later said, the chaplain "knelt down and made one of those formal, overpious kind of prayers that didn't mean anything, and ever since that time I have had an awful hatred of all those overpious wooden professors who pretend to carry on religious work. It didn't do me any good, and then the old nurse said, 'Why don't you pray for yourself?' Then I thought of Johnnie Ring, and I prayed that the Lord would let me meet him somewhere in eternity."

Later another Baptist chaplain stopped by the colonel's bed. "He was a different type," the colonel said approvingly. "He used some good common sense. He said to me, 'You know by instinct that there is an eternal life. If you would know about its details, read the Bible.' He opened my heart to God. I said, 'If there is any service that I can give to God, I will give it—not only for myself but for Johnnie Ring too. I will try to do his work in the world, as well as my own.'"

Years later the colonel commented, "It was a brave deed for that boy to save my sword. But it was a much braver deed for him to read his Bible and stand by the religion of his mother against the powerful influence of his own commanding officer. It is far braver to do some things in private life than it is to do deeds of bravery on the battlefield."

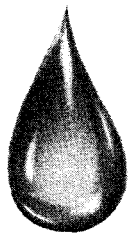
The colonel preached those words from the pulpit in 1921, four years before his death. During his lifetime he made good his pledge for Johnnie Ring. In doing so, the former atheist became an ordained Baptist clergyman. After building up a church in Lexington, Massachusetts, he was called to the discouraging task of revivifying Grace Baptist Church in Philadelphia. His inspiration remade it into the great Baptist Temple. To help heal bodies as well as souls, he founded three hospitals. Improving minds, he established Temple University, now nineteenth-largest in the nation. From one of his famous lectures, *Acres of Diamonds*, he derived the funds to educate more than 10,000 young men.

The former atheistic young soldier was Dr. Russell H. Conwell, the Billy Graham of his day. At age eighty-two he went to rejoin Johnnie Ring. THE END



Fool's Gold or Real Gold?

You can't see the difference
but a metallurgist can tell.
Tests for unseen molecular structures
determine the all-important difference in value.



Ordinary Motor Oil or PENNSYLVANIA?

You can't see the difference but your car can tell.
Nature's MIRACLE MOLECULE in Pennsylvania motor
oils assures superior lubrication. Switch to
a brand of Pennsylvania...at better dealers everywhere.

PENNSYLVANIA
Motor Oil...with Nature's Miracle Molecule

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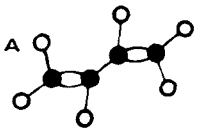

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Hot-Tempered Oriole (Continued from Page 21)

"I had a bad attitude," he says candidly. "I pouted. I didn't look like I was hustling. And I didn't care, because I felt I was getting a fast shuffle."

When his big-league opportunity finally came at Baltimore last year, Gentile swung his bat at a most impressive clip for a man playing his first full season in the majors. He had twenty-one home runs, ninety-eight R.B.I.'s and a .292 average in 138 games, including pinch-hitting appearances. This season he has been even more of a menace. At the beginning of this month he was among the leaders in just about everything—batting average, homers, R.B.I.'s—although, because of injuries and occasional platooning, he had played less than most of the other contenders.

Although Gentile didn't make the big time until his ninth season, he is only twenty-seven and probably has yet to reach his peak. He still has that intense desire to excel. He now has it under workable control, but his emotional reins no doubt will continue to slip on occasion. In any event he is unlikely ever to become as commonplace a personality as so many of the modern ballplayers.

Jim Gentile is a big, good-looking fellow with a twinkle of wit in his green eyes. He is six feet, three inches tall. His weight varies from 212 pounds in top playing condition to as much as 230 in the off season. He has the friendly handshake of a public-relations man and a dapper appearance—around the ball club he is known as Diamond Jim.

Today Jim can discuss the tensions and disappointments of his earlier years with detachment, almost as if they had happened to somebody else. There was the time at Spokane in the Pacific Coast League in 1958 when, after striking out, he went out to his first-base position in a black mood. Catcher Norm Sherry called for a pitch-out to try to catch a runner off first base. Gentile missed the sign and reacted slowly on the pick-off throw, letting the ball dribble away. When he returned to the dugout, manager Goldie Holt snapped, "There's no room in baseball for guys who won't put out."

Gentile, standing by the dugout water cooler, spun around in anger and smashed his left fist—he bats and throws left-handed—through the glass casing.

He recalls with a grim smile, "I didn't notice until five minutes later that there was blood dripping all over the place, and my third finger was barely hanging on." It took eleven stitches to repair the damage.

Outbursts such as this, along with a low batting average at Spokane (.249), accounted for the fact that nobody wanted Gentile the next spring. Jim says frankly, "That was my biggest shock in baseball. Let me tell you, it hurt my pride. When something like that happens, a guy's got to start thinking."

In addition to resolving to improve his baseball deportment, Gentile also took stock of his technical equipment. A free-swinging slugger, he had been trying to pull every pitch to right. But opposing teams were beginning to employ a Ted Williams shift on him, and the stacked defenses were taking line-drive base hits away from him. So he started poking the ball to left on outside pitches. He even dragged a bunt down the third-base line and beat it out.

At St. Paul in the American Association, where the Dodgers had assigned his contract outright, a chastened and subdued Gentile had a moderately successful 1959 season, raising his average to .288 and hitting twenty-seven homers.

The Baltimore Orioles, desperate for some power hitting, bought him provisionally for 1960 for $25,000 and two players. The terms of the deal were that the Orioles could wait until a month after the season started before deciding whether to go through with the purchase.

In spring training with the Orioles, Gentile was tense, gumming up plays that ordinarily would have been easy for him, and he was equally futile at bat. "He was trying to prove something—trying too desperately," says Paul Richards, the Baltimore manager. "He let his anxiety to make good affect his playing."

Depressed over his poor showing, Gentile had a sudden desire to call it quits that spring. He began investigating the possibilities of getting a baseball job in Japan, where he had accompanied the Dodgers on an exhibition tour in 1956. He knew that some American ballplayers had moved there permanently for good pay, including Glenn Mickens, a pitcher from the Dodger organization.

Meanwhile Paul Richards was about ready to give up on Gentile too. Finally he decided to play Jim on opening day and see what happened.

The first Jim knew of this was when, still in low spirits, he attended a luncheon for the team in Baltimore the day before the season opened. He heard Richards say, in response to a question from the floor, that Gentile would be in the opening line-up, even though the Orioles had a couple of experienced first basemen around in Walt Dropo and Bob Boyd.

Says Gentile, "That gave me the shot in the arm I needed." He smashed a hard double to right his last time at bat in that first game. Earlier he had saved a victory with his glove by starting a double play.

Richards says that by the end of the second game he was sold on Gentile. Jim not only singled twice with the bases loaded to drive in four runs but also impressed the manager as having "a big-league attitude."

Despite Gentile's strong start, Richards brought him along carefully, resting him whenever the other side started a left-handed pitcher. By early July he was hitting .320, and Al Lopez picked him for the American League All-Star squad—an unusual honor for a rookie. He was chosen for the All-Star squad again this year—this time by his own manager, Paul Richards.

The crucial point of the 1960 season for him came in August. "I was in a slump," he says, "and my average dropped forty points. Water seeks its own level. I'm no .320 hitter. I'm not even a .300 hitter. I hit .280 with power"—which may prove a modest estimate.

"Anyway, we were playing in Cleveland on a Saturday, fighting for the league lead, and in the ninth inning we loaded up the bases with a chance to win. And I looked at a third strike.

"I got the early-Sunday papers in the evening and read that the skipper was considering benching me. I'm a worrier by nature, and that night it was real bad. I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking, 'What am I? Just another flash in the pan? Did I wait all these years for a chance, and now I haven't got it?' "

But in the Baltimore dugout at the Cleveland ball park the next afternoon Gentile saw that his name was still in the starting line-up. He proceeded to hit two home runs and a single off Mudcat Grant that day, driving in five runs, and he went on to finish out the season at a respectable hitting pace, jacking his average to .292. He also has been over .300 most of this season except for one slump which dropped him to .280 in June.

Near the end Richards began leaving Gentile in the game when the opposition brought in a left-handed relief pitcher. He even started him against three southpaws, and Jim has the names at the tip of his tongue—Whitey Ford of the Yankees, Don Mossi of the Tigers and Jim Kaat of the Senators (now Minnesota Twins).

Throughout most of 1960 Gentile merely glared at umpires when their decisions offended him, but there were a couple of times in the closing weeks when he couldn't restrain himself. On one third-strike call by umpire John Stevens, he stuck his jaw out and popped off, then disgustedly flipped away his bat. It landed at the feet of the umpire, who immediately put Gentile out of the game. This year he had a run-in with an umpire in Cleveland that resulted in a $100 fine.

"He's got that hot Italian blood," says Richards gently, "and it spurts up a little, but then cools down."

Gentile actually is Italian on his father's side and Irish on his mother's. He was born in San Francisco on June 3, 1934. His parents separated when he was in grade school.

"If you think I get the red neck now," Jim declares, "you should have seen me in high school. I was ready to fight all the time. I had rabbit ears"—baseball parlance for a player who hears and is disturbed by every taunt. "I was so quick-tempered I once took on a guy right at home plate after a high-school game."

In kid baseball the biggest and best player usually gets to be the pitcher, and so it was with Gentile. He was a pitcher and clean-up hitter on Catholic Youth Organization teams and at Sacred Heart High School, where he won eleven games and lost only one as a senior in 1952.

"I remember going out to see him," says Roy Hamey, now the general manager of the Yankees. "I was the assistant to George Weiss then. We knew all about Gentile. He had his problems. He was a kid from a broken home. And he had an attitude that scared scouts off."

The Dodgers admit that if it hadn't been for this, they would have had to go higher than they did to get him. As it was, they finally signed Jim for a $30,000 bonus spread over five years.

Although it turned out that Gentile was a long way from maturity as a ballplayer, he took on the responsibilities of a grown man early. A few months after finishing high school, he married seventeen-year-old Carole June Housman.

They now have three children—Steven, seven; Scott, five, and Tori, three. With a family to support, Jim never splurged any of his bonus money on a fancy car. Toiling in the minors for low salaries, he used the $6000 annual bonus installments—which came to about $4500 after taxes, he says—to help make ends meet.

The Dodgers started him out as a pitcher at Santa Barbara of the Class C California League during the last half of the 1952 season. A spotty record—two wins and six losses—plus his promise as a hitter led them to convert him into a first baseman when he reported for spring training in 1953.

All Dodger farmhands take their training in a vast barracks area called Dodger-

NEXT WEEK

WIT IN THE WHITE HOUSE
By Rowland Evans Jr.

In Color:
UTAH:
TOURISTS' NEW FRONTIER
By Richard Thruelsen

IS ENGLAND REALLY RULED BY AN "UPPER-CLASS CONSPIRACY"?
By John Kobler

HOW AIRBORNE TELEVISION MAY REVOLUTIONIZE OUR SCHOOLROOMS
By Evan Hill

WHAT AFRICA REALLY NEEDS
A SPECIAL MEDICAL REPORT
By Steven M. Spencer

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town at Vero Beach on the east coast of Florida. Supervising operations is Fresco Thompson. That year, after surveying the 350 young players who were working out in Dodgertown, Thompson enthusiastically labeled Gentile "the best young prospect in the camp."

Gentile was promoted for the season to Class A ball with Pueblo in the Western League. He hit thirty-four home runs and drove in 102 runs. He also got thrown out of ten games by umpires.

In subsequent years he played at Mobile in the Southern Association, Fort Worth in the Texas League and Montreal in the International League. The reports on him were consistently good. He hit over .300 only once, but he specialized in the long ball, drew a lot of walks and generally led his team in runs batted in.

However, his impatience over his slow advancement began building up. He first called general attention to this at the end of 1955 spring training when, piqued because he didn't get a raise in salary, he threw a chair in his room at Dodgertown that penetrated the thin barracks wall.

In 1956 Gentile had forty homers and 115 R.B.I.'s with Fort Worth. He says the Dodgers told him then that they were going to switch Gil Hodges to third base. But in 1957 Hodges ended up playing 150 games at first base for the Dodgers, while Gentile put in 152 games at Montreal.

Emil J. (Buzzie) Bavasi, the Dodger vice president in charge of major-league operations, explains that the parent club naturally was reluctant to move an established star like Hodges to make way for a rookie. "From our standpoint, Jim was born about five years too early. He always had Hodges to contend with."

Gentile was called up by the Dodgers toward the close of the 1957 season and got to play in four games, hitting his first big-league home run off the Phillies' Robin Roberts. But in 1958 it became apparent in spring training that Hodges again would block Gentile from a regular job. So the Dodgers negotiated a deal to send him to the Chicago White Sox, who needed help at first base.

Says Gentile, "Buzzie called my wife in California and told her to start driving to Chicago. Then the last night we were in Vero Beach some friends were having a farewell dinner. It lasted after midnight, and I came in past curfew. Buzzie got sore. He said no guy was going to break rules just to get out of the organization. He canceled the White Sox."

So out Jim went for his seventh and last term as a Dodger farmhand, this time with the Spokane club in the Pacific Coast League. "That was the time for me to bear down and show something," he says. "Instead, I had my worst season in the minors."

That was the year he smashed the water cooler. Then came his 1959 penance at St. Paul, followed by his opportunity with the Orioles.

The extent to which he had matured was demonstrated by the way he made it a personal mission at the 1960 Baltimore camp to straighten out Frank Zupo, the kid catcher from his old high school. "I might have been a hard guy to get along with," he told Zupo, "but at least I had a record in the minors. You haven't even done anything yet, and you're blowing your top."

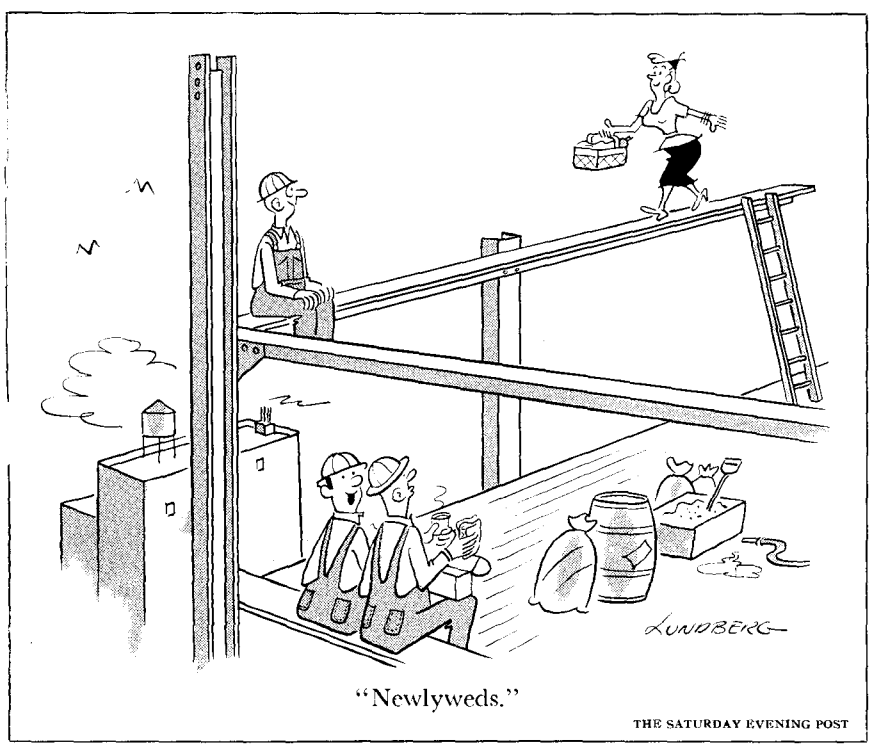
When Zupo was shipped to Stockton in the California League for 1960, Jim telephoned him periodically to check on his progress. Over the winter he dropped in frequently at Zupo's home in South San Francisco—the Gentiles were living in nearby San Leandro then—to talk baseball. This spring Zupo was called the most improved player in the Oriole camp.

"I have to give Jim all the credit," Zupo said. He started the season in Triple A ball at Rochester, then was moved down a notch to Ardmore in the Texas Leagues.

Gentile is all ballplayer. He has practiced no other trade. Until last winter he played the game the year round to bolster his income—minor-league ball in the summer and then winter ball in Latin America. Now living in a three-bedroom home near a golf course on the edge of Baltimore, he hopes to begin capitalizing on his local prominence in the off season by getting a job in some public-relations capacity and picking up money for speaking engagements. Last winter in California he had no job and made twenty banquet appearances merely for free meals

From an $8000 salary as an Oriole rookie, Gentile's pay has jumped to $15,500 this year. "If this keeps up," he says hopefully, "I could be a $25,000 player."

Jim has no expensive hobbies, but he does have an unusual fondness for being well dressed. Even at the ball park he'll spend as much as an hour in the dressing room straightening every fold in his uniform and combing his hair before he puts his cap on. His street suits are all tailored to his specifications, and any barber who cuts his hair is called upon to do a custom job. The sides must be long so the hair can swirl to the back. The top is kept in a short crew cut.



"Newlyweds."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Some consider Jim the handsomest man on the Orioles, with his clean features and firm jaw, while others favor pitcher Chuck Estrada, a suave, Latin type. One of Gentile's minor-league managers, Bobby Bragan, introduced him to a Hollywood producer in 1958. Jim was offered a screen test and actor's training if he'd come to Hollywood after the season.

He decided that he couldn't afford to gamble the time, since he needed the money he was accustomed to make in winter ball. Gentile doubts that he is cut out to perform before the cameras anyway. In spring training this year, when he filmed a commercial for a razor-blade company, he had to struggle with an acute case of stage fright.

On the diamond he is much more sure of himself. "He can be pitched to," says Whitey Ford of the Yankees, "but you can't afford to make any mistakes on him. He's got all that power, and he's going for the fence."

By July second this year Gentile had already equaled his 1960 home-run total. He hit his twenty-first homer of 1961 off Phil Regan of the Detroit Tigers. It was a grand slam—his fourth of the year, one short of Ernie Bank's record for a season. By the start of August his homer total was up to twenty-nine and he was driving in runs at an amazing rate—ninety-six in his first ninety-three games.

Jim had his most spectacular day on May ninth at the home park of the Minnesota Twins. In the first inning he came up to bat against Pedro Ramos with the bases loaded and none out.

"I am in trouble," relates the Cuban right-hander, "so I try to pitch inside. But I make it too good. I look up, and the ball, she is over the center-field fence."

In the second inning Gentile again came up with the bases full. The pitcher this time was another right-hander, Paul Giel, who has since retired from baseball. His first delivery was a screwball designed to break away from the left-handed Gentile. Jim swung from the heels and pulled it over the right-field fence—the first major-leaguer ever to hit consecutive grand slams.

The next day he was on the bench. The Twins were pitching a left-hander. Back in Baltimore 1000 fans signed a telegram to Manager Richards, protesting the benching. Since releasing Walt Dropo at the end of May, Richards has been inclined to leave Jim in against all pitching.

Gentile has been known to do some fretting over being platooned. He practiced field-goal kicking on some lockers the next-to-last day of the 1960 season when Richards set him down against a southpaw. Jim had ninety-eight runs batted in at the time—the figure he wound up with—and he wanted a full opportunity to reach the 100 mark.

But Gentile concedes, "We were going for second place. I couldn't look for any favors. I got no kicks with the way Richards has handled me."

This is the "new" Jim Gentile speaking. However, his wife Carole still had her fingers crossed not long ago. "Jim is the kind that takes his baseball home with him," she said. "He hasn't had a real slump since he's been with the Orioles. I'll have to wait until one comes before I can tell you he's really a new man. He used to get mad, and how."

Gentile himself is confident that his reformation will stick. "I can still get mad," he says, "but I get over it quicker. I remember in the minors the other managers used to have a book on me, 'Get Gentile out the first time up, and you got him for the day. He licks himself.' Well, it isn't going to be that way any more."

THE END

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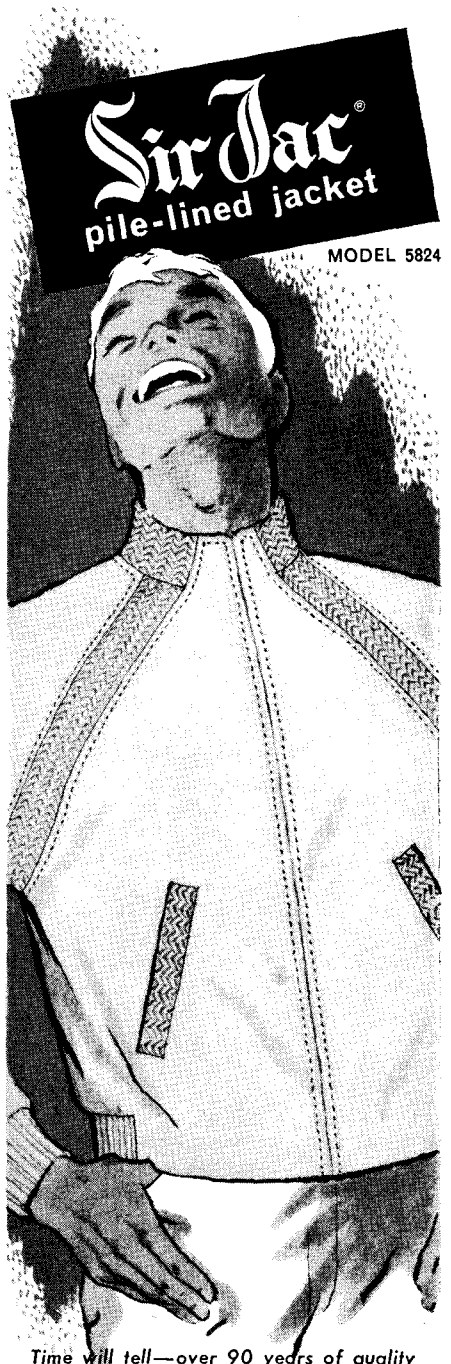

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England, Ever England

(Continued from Page 17)

medieval chimneys remain, and the tall steeple of the church still meditates among the oaks, and the rookery still sways in the vicarage beeches. The shop has an electric freezer and a kaleidoscope of detergents, but is still instinct with antique household formulas, forgotten sauces, humbugs, licorice and Cox's Orange Pippins. At the summer fete they still dress up in poke bonnets and patched doublets to re-enact the more romantic improbabilities of local history, and at the harvest festival Mrs. Spreadbury's gigantic radishes still challenge Mr. Thinwhistle's mammoth marrows for the vicar's ultimate accolade.

Each year England becomes more urban a nation, as the suburbs seep into the smiling countryside and the new prosperity of Western Europe lures the city commuters ever farther into the farmlands; yet many a hamlet in the shires seems idyllic still, as you suck a yellow straw upon its village green or hear the immemorial sounds of cricket emanating among the foliage. For a thousand years England has stood inviolate; for three centuries she has not known civil war; and everything about this ancient countryside is shot through with a thread of constancy and design, like the sap that still brings its flourish of greenery to a wrinkled and arid old oak.

The English, nevertheless, have experienced a series of bloodless but still drastic revolutions: the industrial revolution that galvanized their country in the nineteenth century, the educational revolution that so widened their horizons between the two world wars, the social revolution that has, in the past couple of decades, remolded the pattern of their commonalty. All the forms of a patrician society survive triumphantly in England, from the Queen lurching in her gilded coach toward the Lord Mayor's Banquet, to the elegant Etonians still sauntering, like figures from some lost golden generation, through the flowered paradise that is Cambridge. There are still viscounts, marquises, earls, barons, baronets and knights bachelors about; and though he may charge you a buck to enter a stately home, the man inside the house is still very much a duke.

The reality, though, of this resplendent structure has long since been splintered. The rigidity of class has weakened. The man with a hereditary title will certainly get the best table in the restaurant, but he has lost the position of unwritten supremacy that was, for so many generations, the prop and earnest of the English way. The old England of titled ease and humble contentment survives only in the brochures of the travel agents and the enchanted reveries of American snobs. The English gentry, once the dominant image of the nation, has lost its identity, its privileges and its purpose. The elite that still governs the state is drawn from ever-widening sources, and it no longer matters, except to the rock-bottom reactionaries—blustering bores or fawning nannies—what kind of accent you have.

The whole fabric of the community has been touched up or redesigned, gradually and unobtrusively. So that when an English monarch is crowned nowadays, in all the glittering panoply of tradition, with the bishops and the trumpeters, the bear-skinned guardsmen and the buckle-shoed pages—when a monarch is crowned at Westminster, half the ermined peers assembled are of humble birth or origin, and the generals and the prelates, the statesmen and the academics are drawn from the whole spectrum of a civilized society, from the noblest of Norman pedigrees to the shabbiest miner's clan among the pit wheels of the Rhondda. England, a unique survival among the nations, makes her own rules, and she has now devised the most characteristic of all her paradoxes, a people's aristocracy—of which the silliest, subtlest and most sensible expression is a new class of nobleman, the life peer, whose resounding titles and gorgeous honorifics expire once and for all when he does.

In the countryside especially, where old values and loyalties live longest, these various changes have hit hard. Your archtypal village may look a picture of timeless tranquillity, but peer beneath the eaves, under the thatch, through the keyhole or the taproom hatch, and you will soon see more than meets the poster artist's eye.

Consider, for example, the village of Ickham, which lies encouched in meadows and hop fields in the very bowels of Kent, and which is as doggedly English and as resolutely rural as a place convincingly could be. It is not one of your blossom-clad bowers, haunted by charabancs and water-color enthusiasts, but it is an old and stalwart settlement, deep-rooted in the countryside. Across the fields to the west stands the great cathedral of Canterbury, and from this village more than one Crusader went out to war, leaving his graffito in the village church as a boast, a pledge and a talisman. The centuries have rolled gently through Ickham, leaving behind their accretions of custom, taste, prejudice and memento.

Here is a splendid Tudor yeoman's house, half-timbered and lusciously embedded in shrubbery; here is a Georgian farm, with the Dutch gables that remind us how near we are to the continent of Europe; here is the little Victorian pub, jazzed up a little, but still modestly *fin de siècle;* here is the crescent of council houses, foursquare and faceless, that testify to the progress and Philistinism of the 1930's; and out in the fields there still squat, forlorn and cracking now, the stark little pillboxes from which the British, in fond confidence, intended to repel the most ferocious of Nazi invasions. Behind a row of clapboard cottages the outside privies still stand demurely among the cabbages; but above the chimney tops the television aerials elaborately cluster. All has been fused and interlocked by a millennium of tranquillity, until the place seems to lie among its fields and oasthouses as snugly and organically as a chestnut in a shell, or rather knobbly pearl in an oyster. Ickham is not exactly beautiful, nor even precisely charming, but it feels satisfactorily functional. There is no sham to it. It is all real.

Its air of settled order, though, masks a condition of flux, a change of gear, a moment of social uncertainty. I do not mean that the village is restless or unhappy—Ickham people, though they love a good grumble or a sibilant gossip, really have nothing very dreadful to complain about. I mean that for the moment the village lacks balance and symmetry, or the certainty of form that made the Victorian era in England, however confused its private complexes, at least publicly assured and well ordered.

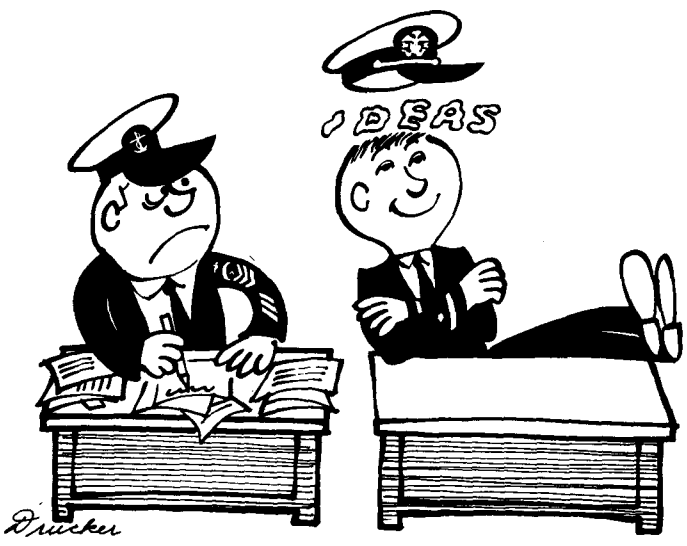
Sixty years ago the average English country community revolved around three unshakable pillars of society: the squire, the parson and the big farmer. All three are still recognizable, but their functions have shifted, faded or dissolved, and their relationships with the people at large have been greatly modified. It has happened by slow nibbles and shifts, painlessly. No landowners have been beheaded or dispossessed, no priests forced to recant, no plump peasants forced into collectives. G. K. Chesterton once called the country folk of England "the secret people," and it is true that their emotions and aspirations are tightly suppressed, hazed in circumventions or cherished silently down the years, so that their agrarian revolution has occurred without drama, without heartbreak, almost without sign. But if you want to sense its potency, have a look at Ickham.

Take first the squirearchy. Before the Second World War there was a well-defined, close-knit gentry in this part of Kent, different from other people, if not necessarily in resources, at least in accent and outlook. They shared a way of life, a background of school, regiment or profession, an inherited confidence. There were housemaids about in those days, and even footmen. People in Ickham can still remember when parlormaids were engaged at the annual Hiring Fair in Canterbury, a kind of market for domestics and laborers, where the aspirant scullery paraded herself for inspection in her smartest apron and her most ingratiating mobcap.

The Friend family, who fulfilled most nearly the functions of a squire, lived in a rambling, sprawling mansion on the Canterbury road. Everybody knew them, they knew everybody, and they and their kind provided a fulcrum of loyalty and trust for the whole countryside. Sometimes the rural gentry was arrogant, snobby or stick-in-the-mud, but often it fulfilled some of those functions of comfort, responsibility, assurance and advice that are now shouldered in England by the welfare state.

What has happened to it? Well, it has not altogether vanished, but merely lost its point and its punch. Its occupation is gone, like Othello's. Not many of younger members are nowadays prepared to spin out their lives in the mild bucolic activities of the Kentish hinterland. Nor do they enter the Army these days, keeping one foot firmly in the ancestral mud. Most of them move up to London, where they throw themselves into those practices of commerce, advertising, law or administration that are the contemporary jousting fields of the English upper classes, leaving behind them sometimes a mother,

(Continued on Page 68)



The Perfect Squelch

Wilmer, the wonder boy of a little literary magazine in college, was delighted when the Navy commissioned him an ensign and assigned him to the base newspaper. Rushing to the office, he promptly outlined a whole new editorial policy to the bewildered chief petty officer who had been putting out the paper for years.

"We should run," he said, "thoughtful essays, poetry and occasionally a piece in French or perhaps Italian to stimulate language study."

Patiently the C.P.O. explained that the newspaper was for men who wouldn't understand an avant-garde style. Wilmer listened unimpressed, and from then on the harried C.P.O. had to spend half his day talking Wilmer out of his odd ideas, the other half putting out the paper.

Then the newspaper was given an award for journalistic excellence by the Department of Defense, and Wilmer blew his literary top. "A prize for trash," he snorted. "An award for ignorance. That just shows how stupid people are. Why, if we were in civilian life, I suppose you'd be a managing editor, and I'd be a mere copyboy."

"Perhaps, sir," the C.P.O. said, "but not on the same newspaper."

Quentin Miller

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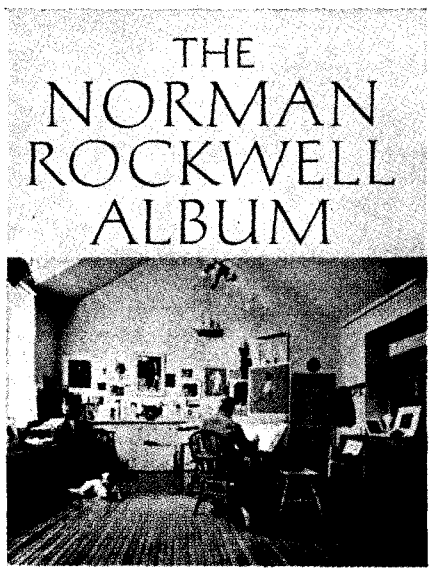

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(*Continued from Page 64*) sometimes an aunt, sometimes just a house for sale.

Col. Reginald Friend has long since moved to a smaller place down the road, leaving the family mansion to be split into apartments for Canterbury commuters. The remaining gentry of Ickham is dominated by widows—fine women of character, living in comfortable but not spectacular houses, surrounded by the military prints and souvenirs, the college oars, the pith-helmeted portraits and the elderly dogs that are the trophies of English gentility.

A distinct and beguiling streak of defiance runs through the lives of these tough people. Their husbands dead, their children grown up and far away, their memories haunted by the glories and gaieties of a lost era, they stride or stagger down the years in an aura of gently determined independence, undaunted by the shifts of social climate, and often invigorated—as they would be the first to admit—by a detectable tinge of dottiness. Here is Mrs. Gracie Baynes, widow of a rip-roaring Irish soldier, who distinguished herself in ambulance service during the war and continued to drive her rattling and tumble-down old car until she was well into her eighties and nearly blind. Here is Mrs. Guita Belcher, who lives all alone in a perfect example of minor Elizabethan architecture, surveyed by a staggering variety of Indian mementos. Here is the effervescent Mrs. Nancy Harmsworth, whose husband died with the Welsh Guards in North Africa, and who loves nothing better than a bottle of champagne, a fair fight, an evening's gambling or eating oysters in the moonlight on the beach at Whitstable.

They are women of immense fun and vitality, but they no longer provide any core of leadership. The community still treats them with a certain muffled respect, except when it is shrilly complaining to Mrs. Harmsworth about the barking of her dogs, but it does not consider them different in kind, in privilege or ability. It is many a long year since a forelock was tugged in Ickham, and what remains of the gentry has tacitly, and willy-nilly, abandoned its claims to superiority.

Indeed, it is no longer needed. There are no poor villagers to be visited in the day of the welfare state, no homemade remedies to be administered at sickbeds in the realm of the National Health Service, no illiterates to be guided, no fallen women to be comforted. One of the most cultivated men in Ickham is the village grocer, and though there are still some people about who have never been to London, nevertheless by the standards of twenty years ago this is a suave and sophisticated sort of place. It no longer needs a presiding elite—it stands on its own state-educated feet. But just occasionally, all the same, something feels missing nowadays, some sense of comradeship or mutual dependence, some bonhomie or familiarity, that died with the bad old days of privilege and inequality.

Perhaps it is religion, for out with the old forms and values went the universal Christian belief that characterized imperial England. The second pillar of country society, the Church of England parson, keeps some of his prestige, but has lost most of his influence. Ickham, like the rest of England, is today predominantly pagan. The habit of churchgoing has withered; Sunday school is, as often as not, merely an excuse to get rid of the children for a few moments of peace; and the underpaid clergyman has lost the deference that used to be paid, in the days of our grandfathers, to a scholar, a gentleman and a man of God.

Today there is not even a parsonage in Ickham. The Rev. Harold Paget, the rector, lives ten miles away, and commutes each day in his little Austin to a room he has rented in Mrs. Baynes's house. Nor does he himself fit into the traditional pattern of the country clergy. He is a former Methodist, only lately persuaded into the established Church of England, and he has spent most of his life as a missionary in India and Africa. He occupies an equivocal position in this country framework, for most of his parishioners are probably better off than he is, and the majority of them do not believe what he preaches; yet he struggles to maintain, as is his duty, that old position of mentor, guardian, confessor and interpreter proper to his function. He is a man of tact and shrewd persuasion, an able mediator, chairman and arranger. But the gap between the parson and his parishioners has narrowed, and his stature in country society has accordingly declined. Today's country parson is probably a better Christian than his predecessor—more modest by and large, more unassuming, gentler and more understanding. But he is no longer a pacemaker, an accepted exemplar or a leader of men.

There remains, of our three archetypal bigwigs, the well-heeled farmer, and in his progress we may most clearly see reflected England's shift from imperial aristocracy to middle-class commerce. In the old days he was a man of the yeoman class, simply educated but much respected, occupying a position in the country hierarchy rather like that of a sergeant major's—halfway between the exquisite and the ignorant. Today he has become something grander. More prosperous than ever before, his horizons wider and his experience enriched, he is the most impressive figure of contemporary English rural life.

It is true that he no longer supports large numbers of employees—mechanization has banished many a yokel to the factories and long ago replaced the soft snorting of the plow horses by the chugging of the tractors. He is, though, still a man of authority—and authority backed, as everyone knows, by good, hard, well-earned cash. He is probably a churchgoer, for he has inherited some of the style of the squires, probably votes Conservative, has sent his son to an expensive private school and lives in a house not luxurious, but of a velvety, cushiony comfort. He has escaped the corrosions of war and depression, for farm *expertise* is always at a premium, and English agriculture is heavily subsidized; and more than the frustrated parson, far more than the faded squire, he carries about him, like a manly scent, the flavor of English consistency.

In Ickham there lives a prime example of this breed. Mr. Monty Sillers is a cattle farmer of brilliance and international reputation, a thick-set, rosy, twinkling sort of man, such as you see portrayed in knee breeches in early nineteenth-century novels. His house is tall, old and red brick. His barns are modern but unpretentious. His jolly wife is prominent at fetes and harvest festivals. His bulls sell for thousands of guineas. His car is a Rover, one of the most respectable of the English status symbols. He emanates an air of down-to-earth confidence, and when Mr. and Mrs. Sillers stroll through the lich gate and down the churchyard path to morning service, he in his brown tweed, she in her white straw and navy blue, they look like living symbols, or microcosms, of their own old England, as though each nuance of national change, each sniff of national fortune, were exactly mirrored in their stout Kentish persons.

So what do we find, if we stand well back and look at Ickham from a dispassionate and analytical distance? We find, to begin with, a shattering degree of social change. The country structure that our forebears knew, and deemed to be indestructible, has gone with the winds of war and education. The gentry has disintegrated, with its interlocking interests, friendships and marriages, its unwritten inner cohesion. The church has lost its supremacy, and the days of the old-school country parsons, with their gentl manly tastes and scholarly instincts, th hunters or their astronomical telescope their fine libraries and their quirky temperaments—the English country priest of legend and fragrant memory is all but extinct.

The big farmer has acquired a new status and respect, happily free from the crippling shackles of class, though not yet commanding the instinctive respect accorded, in the old days, to breeding or heritage. We see, in short, beyond the pretty cottage windows and the quaint country customs, a society on the move, in a state of transmutation: one class declining, another coming up in the world, one set of values losing its luster, another groping into significance. England moves slowly, without gunfire or recrimination. But she is far from stagnant yet, and few states in history have been blessed with such powers of adaptation.

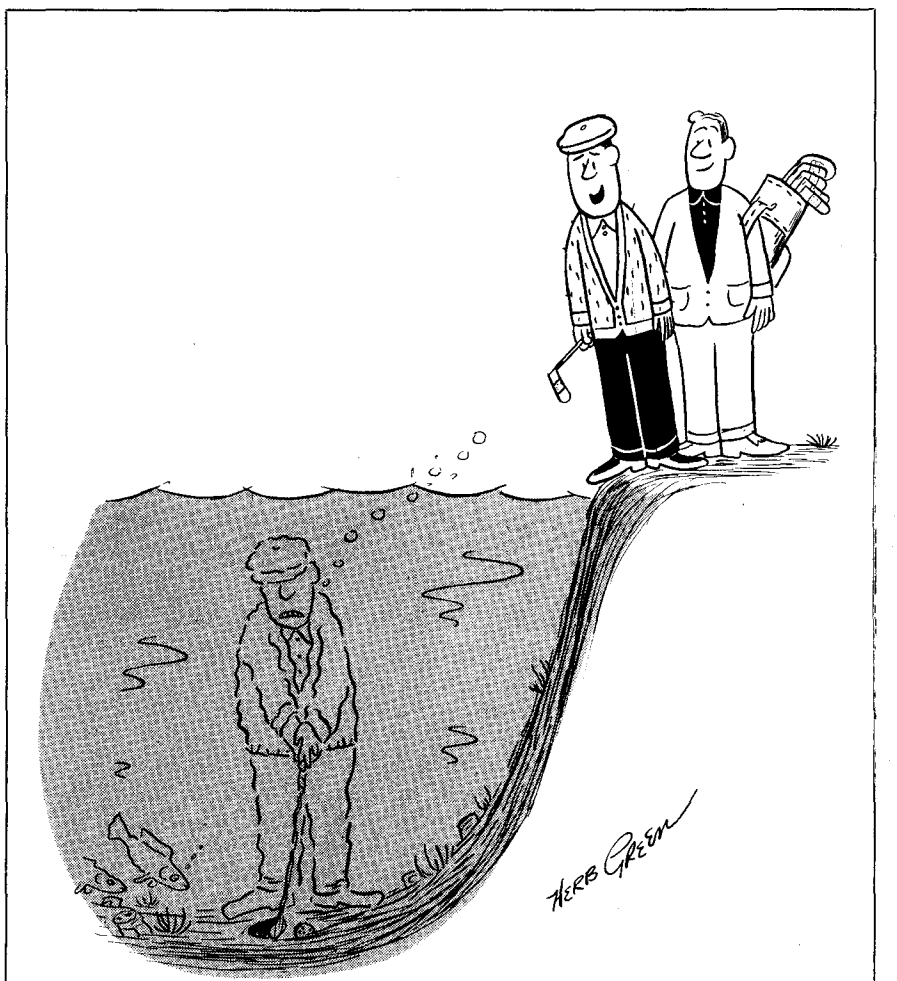
And this flexibility she owes to her infinite variety. In the last analysis Ickham like most such English communities, not a cross section of society, nor an illustration of the class structure, nor an assembly of rival tendencies, but a rambling, scrambling, full-blooded assortment of incorrigible individualists. No two people in Ickham are really much alike, for all their common accents or similarities of status. You can never be absolutely certain of anyone's reactions to anything.

The Rev. Charles Hodges, a retired parson with a beard and a marvelously caustic humor, has lately sold a racy short story to an Italian film company. Mrs. Harmsworth was once accused of having murdered her own donkey, which had in fact died of eating too many daffodil bulbs, and in the spring, if you chance to walk into that indomitable lady's drawing room, you may find a lamb sitting on the sofa. The jobbing gardener studies astronomy and can tell you the number of any hymn in the hymnbook. The postmaster particularly admires the music of William Walto The chimney sweep constructs toy a planes as a hobby—he makes their wheels out of boot-polish tins because he likes the clanking noise they make when they go round.

A man who prospers by his inventive methods of catching sprats has bought the sixteenth-century Old Rectory and rebuilt it to his own designs with his own hands, moving its exquisite windows from wall to wall with meticulous care and accuracy, and an absolute lack of any expert knowledge whatsoever. Sometimes a tall, unidentified man with an enormous bushy beard rides ponderously through the village on a bicycle. Sometimes a Sikh in a turban knocks at doors selling clothes brushes. Scandals of fascinating import periodically rack the village, and enmities of blistering intensity fester satisfactorily. Ickham often feels decrepit and sometimes positively doomed, but at least it is seldom dull.

For it is, after all, no more than a go bet of England herself—a nation so gnarled, so scarred, so knobbly, so charged with eccentricity, so rooted in history that she absorbs change as easily as some deep, restless ocean absorbing a rainstorm. They call her "timeless" in the travel literature, but don't you believe it. She is always tacking, always shifting, always catching the tide, with one eye on the clock and one hand on the moneybags, like the great old adventurer she is.

THE END



"I like ole Ben's spirit."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Skirmish at Beaver Creek

(Continued from Page 35)

just the one man, but we checked our rifles all the same.

The man stopped a scant fifty yards away, slipping off his pony and resting his rifle easily across the animal's back. We slowed down and walked our ponies careful-like to within a few feet of him. He came out from behind his pony then, and we saw for sure that he was a white man. He was dressed like an Indian, all right, but the short, heavy beard he wore gave the lie to the rest of his appearance.

He stood there and stared at us without joy, and the big, tall leanness of him was a thing to see. His eyes were level and direct, and the cool blueness of them roved over us one by one. He seemed satisfied finally, taking the rifle off the crook of his arm and setting the butt of it against the ground.

"Well," he said, and he said it mirthlessly, "the world is getting too small when a man can't find privacy no matter where he goes."

It was a surly greeting from a man who should have been jubilant to see some of his own kind way out there, and my first temptation was to tell him where he could go. But while I was getting mad, my stomach was noticing how sleek and well fed this man looked.

"We're some surprised, ourselves," I said, and my stomach forced a tight and skimpy grin.

We nodded civilly then, as white men should, and told him who we were and what our business was. He told us his name was Jake Martin, and maybe it was. But the more I thought about his attitude—the way he'd looked us over like maybe he was expecting someone else—the more I figured he had another name back in the States. There were a lot of men west of the Mississippi in those days who couldn't ever go east of it again. Some of them lived with the Indians.

A woman came out of the tepee about that time, and I knew a quick rush of revulsion for this man who called himself Jake Martin. I'm not one to preach against a man having an affair with a loose woman now and then, but it seemed unnatural for a white man to give up his own race and go whole hog with an Indian woman. We were too far away for me to see the expression on the woman's face, but a woman's concern can be recognized a long way off sometimes. It's the way they stand and stare, I guess.

Maybe my face showed my thoughts too plainly, because I turned my head suddenly and caught a look of flushed resentment on Jake Martin's face. *He's pretty far gone,* was my quick opinion, *but he's not too far gone to be ashamed.*

"I can let you have some jerked meat, I reckon," he said. "Enough to keep you from starvin' for a few days, at least."

"We'd 'preciate it," I said, nodding my head toward the packs. "We can pay you in trade goods."

"I ain't runnin' no store," he said and leaped back on his pony.

His camp was in a grassy swale, the skins of his tent neatly sewn and still almost white in their newness. The river was making its noise a hundred yards away, and two ponies grazed along its bank. The woman was standing before the tent, and she shifted the ax in her hands as we stared at her. She wasn't a bad-looking woman at that.

Jake Martin swung off his pony and spoke to the woman as he would have spoken to a dog he owned. His voice was loud and overbearing, brusque and demanding. He turned his back on her and swaggered over to where we still sat our mounts. "You men might as well spend the night here," he said with great indifference. "The woman can do your chores."

I could have laughed in Jake Martin's face for that show of indifference. Now that he knew we weren't anybody looking for him, I would have bet even money that he would have run alongside us begging us not to leave if we'd attempted to ride off. The man was pure lonesome for the conversation of white men, and the hunger was in his eyes.

"Suits us," I said. We got down and went about the business of unloading our animals and staking them out.

"The woman can do that," he said in near belligerence, dropping down on a buffalo robe and stretching out with exaggerated ease.

"We'll manage," I said shortly, looking to where the woman was piling prairie chips beneath the blackened tripod that held a blackened pot. In another minute or two we had our bedrolls spread out, and our work was done. We sat on our blankets and watched the steam start rising from the pot. It was an interesting sight.

The woman dropped some of the dried, blackish-looking meat in the pot about that time. Then she squatted beside the fire, a look of patience settling about her. A baby cried out suddenly, and I don't know why it startled me so. But it did, and I watched in amazement as the woman darted inside the tent and came back with the child all bundled up in its cradleboard. She held the child at arm's length for a moment, making the sound that all proud mothers make to their tiny babes.

She made this cooing noise again, then leaned the cradleboard against the tepee close beside her husband. He seemed to flinch then, Jake Martin did, but he did not turn his head to look at the child. The woman stood there over him, watching him solemnly, but at last she picked the child up again and propped it closer to where she worked by the fire.

I felt sorrier for the woman than I did for Jake Martin. She had failed in the little attempt to show her possessiveness of her husband. And Jake Martin was angry and embarrassed that strange white men should see how deeply involved he had become with an Indian woman. It was a scene that made me wish we had moved on up the river to spend the night.

Some men feel the need of conversation to cover a situation like that, and Tom Woodley was such a one. He had to clear his throat, though, before he could speak. "Is there a lot of beaver in the mountains this year, Jake?"

Jake seemed eager to talk, causing me to wonder just how long it had been since he'd seen white men, but his words did not come easy. "Beaver was plentiful enough," he said slowly, "when I last worked the streams two year ago."

"You ain't trappin' any more?" Troy asked, picking up the threads of conversation.

"No," he said, his gaze settling on the woman in steady moroseness, "I've just been livin' 'mongst the Crows since I took the woman." His old attitude of bravado came back then. "It's a damn good life too. A man don't have to do nothin' but sleep and hunt and fight once in a while—once he gits hisself a squaw to do the work!"

Tom Woodley was a kind man—kind and good and as true to his wife and children back in Kentucky as a man can naturally be. It was this kindness of his that caused him to tell a lie in hopes of easing the thing that so obviously rankled in Jake Martin's spirit. It was funny to think about Tom Woodley taking up with an Indian squaw! "Your woman is a right good-lookin' creature," he said, and he was embarrassed. "If all the Crow women are as handsome, I might just wind up gettin' me one."

Jake Martin stiffened as he searched the remark for an insult. "She ain't no Crow," he said shortly. "She's a Sioux."

"If you're livin' with the Crows," I asked him, perplexed, "what are you doin' with a Sioux woman?"

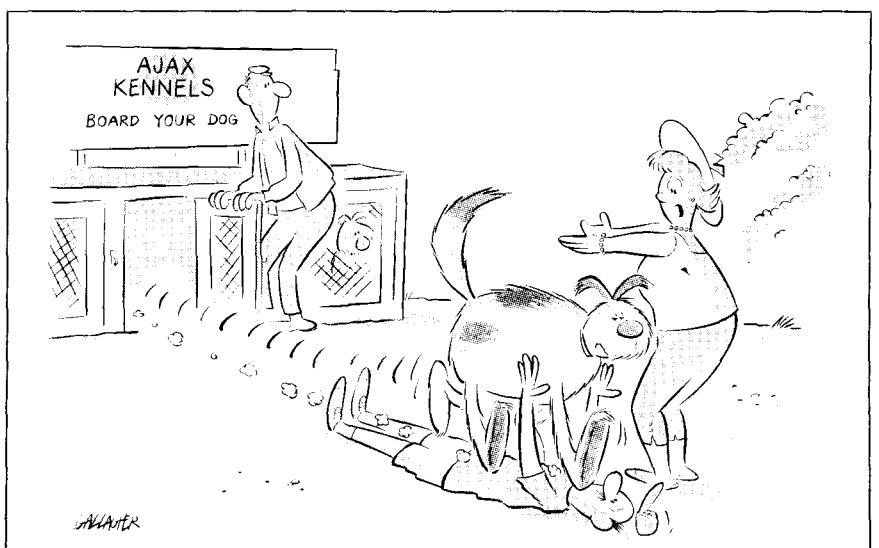
"The Crows captured her in a big fight a few years ago," he said, his eyes cold upon me, "and I could buy her cheap—her bein' a foreigner, so to speak. She cost me a handful of beads and three yards of ribbon. It warn't a bad buy."

His callousness sickened me, even if the woman was just a savage. "I reckon it was cheap," I said and let it go at that.

Good old Tom Woodley asked the thing that I wanted to ask. "Ain't it a mite dangerous, you campin' way out here all by your lonesome, Jake?"

Jake Martin took a while to answer that one. And when he did, his voice told more than his words. His answer made me want to ask another question—the one about why he was living among the Indians in the first place. But I never did ask that question, and I lived with Jake Martin for over a year.

"It's some risky, all right," he said, "but in spite of the good times and all, the stink of close livin' and the constant noise of an Indian village can get on the nerves of us white men. When it does," he said, his voice dwindling away, "I just have to get off by myself for a while."



"He doesn't remember us!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I did myself a lot of thinking that night. I thought about what I owed Tom and Troy for having talked them into this trapping expedition to the Rockies, and I thought about how ignorant the three of us were about these plains and the mountains and the wild men who inhabit them. My self-confidence had grown mite thin after the experiences of the last two weeks of near starvation. I thought about those things, and I balanced them against my dislike of Jake Martin and the things I believed about him. My dislike for the man and my doubts of him didn't seem to amount to much when I compared them to his knowledge of the country and the Indians.

The upshot of it is, I asked Jake Martin next morning to go with us, and he took me up like I'd offered him a gold mine. He was as near to being excited then as I ever saw him, and he tried hard as hell to hide it. But he didn't fool me.

He was eating breakfast when I put the proposition to him. He finished eating the meat he held in his hands, taking his time doing it, looking around the camp or staring off toward the distant rim of the valley. "It might be a good thing to do a little trappin' again," he said absently. "As for plews, I can take you where the beaver is thick and fancy."

Tom and Troy were right pleased with the idea—and relieved, too, if the truth were known. But there was a thing in my mind, and I said it while the time was right. "What about your family, man? What'll you do with them?"

He scowled at me, and then he scowled at the woman. "Ain't nothin' to do but take 'em along, I reckon." The look he gave the woman turned harder. "She'll earn her keep, I swear to that."

I was thinking more about four men being cooped up in some snowbound valley with one woman for months on end than I was about the convenience of having the camp chores done. But I tried not to worry about it. Me and Tom and Troy were decent men—decent enough at least—with families back home. And I couldn't see us just shoving the woman out on her own right in the middle of nowhere, so I nodded my head.

Jake Martin snapped at the woman as he started after his loose stock. Almost faster than thought, that tepee was down and loaded on a travois. Jake was sitting on his pony then, and the woman was on hers. The baby wouldn't see anything but where he'd been. He was riding in the cradleboard strapped to his mother's back.

"Well," Jake Martin said, "I guess we're off."

And I guess we were. Our little cavalcade was a sight more impressive as we left that camp than it had been when we reached it. We'd added another man, a sullen woman, a baby and three horses—not to mention a travois and a damned nice tepee.

It took us just about a month, traveling slow the way we did, to reach the place where the Laramie River emptied into the Platte. Buffalo had become a common sight as we moved along, so empty bellies were a thing of the past. We ran into a few parties of Indians, too, but they were small parties and neither friendly nor unfriendly toward us.

The woman paid for her passage, all right. She paid for it, and then some. She did all the camp work, every bit of it, and Jake got surly and mean if one of us tried to lighten her work any. He'd growl at the woman then, Jake would, using the Crow tongue, and the woman would give him one of those solemn looks and turn to work harder and faster.

It got on my nerves after a while, the way Jake treated his woman. But she

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was his woman—a family affair—and not for me or the others to interfere. For that matter, I was some surprised at myself. I'd come to regard her as a woman and not just a squaw, and this was a strange thing to admit to myself, me being a man who had never had anything but contempt for a race of people that seemed so low and savage in their ways.

"Dammit," Tom Woodley said to me one evening, "I wish Jake'd ease up on the woman." I felt somewhat better, knowing that I wasn't the only one whose outlook on such things had changed, but I didn't say anything. There didn't seem to be anything to say. I felt like going up to Jake Martin, though, and telling him he didn't have to be ashamed of the woman on account of us no more. But I didn't. Jake Martin wasn't the kind of man you talked to that way.

The night we reached the mouth of the Laramie was the night I found how things really stood between Jake and the woman. What I saw that night, propped up on one elbow as I lay on my blankets, let me understand what it was that made Jake Martin risk his life in one grand gesture to that woman of the Sioux. It was a gesture that cost Tom Woodley his life. But every time I think about how Tom died, I think back to the scene I saw that night and, somehow, Tom's death seems less bitter and futile.

I must have been asleep for two or three hours that night when I suddenly came wide awake. It was an eerie feeling, and my first fuddled thoughts were of danger. I raised up and reached for my rifle, but that was as far as I got.

The moon was shining full and bright down the length of the river, the soft whiteness turning the waters into a quick blanket of rippling silver. The woman was down there beside the river, and Jake Martin was there too. Even as I watched, the man took the child from the woman, holding the baby close to his own great body and touching his face to the softness of the child's. Jake Martin shifted his son to his other arm then, and the woman moved against him. They stood there, still and quiet, for a long time. And then Jake Martin kissed that woman of the Sioux. He kissed her the way any man kisses the woman who is his heart and soul.

My opinion of Jake Martin changed in that moment, and he might have been my brother. I wanted to wake Troy and Tom, but that was a private thing and not something to call attention to. I heard a noise then, and I saw that Tom Woodley had raised up beside me. He smiled at me, Tom did, and shook his head silently. I've been grateful a thousand times that Tom Woodley was awake that night.

It was this Laramie River that we'd been heading for all this time, and Jake Martin breathed deep as he looked up that stream next morning. "Well," he said, "we'll go up her and stop where the beaver's thickest. They're up there too."

Jake Martin gave his woman pure hell that morning. He was as hateful to her as any man ever was to a woman. He snapped at her and growled at her, and nothing she did was fast enough or good enough. It would have been enough to have made me fighting mad a day or two before, but Tom Woodley and I looked at each other and traded winks. Let him rant and let him rave.

We traveled up the Laramie in easy stages until the mountains squeezed the river in good and tight. There wasn't anything to do then but pull away from the stream and pick our way through those mountains. It took two days of steady, hard work on the part of men and animals to get over that range and down into the valley beyond.

Beaver sign was in every little creek, just about, and our first night in the valley ended with nineteen beavers in our traps. Tom and Troy and I were in favor of setting up headquarters right there, but not Jake Martin. "Good Lord," he said, "you ain't seen nothin' yet. Wait till we're farther upcreek."

We were late getting out of camp that morning. We hadn't gone far, though, until I noticed that Tom Woodley was missing. I rode up beside Troy and Jake. "Where's Tom?" I asked.

"I don't know," Troy said. "He was still putterin' around the breakfast fire when I rode off."

"I'd better ride back and see about him," I said. "You all mosey on ahead, and we'll catch up."

It couldn't have been more beautiful that morning. I felt like whistling, and I felt like singing. The day was so nice. There was just the thin belt of timber bordering the river, and from where the trees stopped there wasn't anything but the gold of rolling prairie land until the valley touched the mountains ten miles away. Jake had said the plain stretched out for seventy miles in length, almost, but I had to doubt him. Me, I just couldn't imagine there being that much perfection in the world.

I found Tom Woodley, all right. If I'd been an Indian, I could have cut his throat before he knew it. The way it was, I just walked my pony up to the log he was sitting on, there at the edge of the timber, and spoke to him. I had to speak the second time. "Tom," I said, "are you deaf?"

He jumped a little, and a sheepish expression came over his face. "What'd you say, Homer?"

"What in the devil are you doin', Tom? You act like you've lost some of your beans."

"Homer," he said, "I ain't never seen nothin' like it!"

"Like what?" I said. I looked the way he was seeing, and all I could see was the deep grass of the valley and the mountains to the west. There were some buffalo grazing out there, all right, but I knew good and well that Tom had seen buffalo before.

"Homer," he said, and he was near breathless with the amazement of it all, "I ain't never seen a place as pretty as this before in all my born life."

Tom Woodley was that way. He was simple and good and not afraid of sounding stupid when he praised something that pleased him. "Homer," he said, "I'd give anything in the world if Allie Sue could see this here valley. Homer, if her and the kids was here, I swear I wouldn't move another foot. I'd build me a cabin

... ...

Blackbirds in the Sunset

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

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answer,
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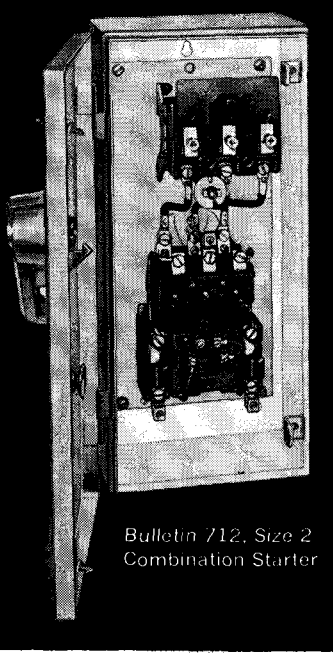

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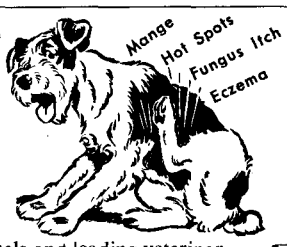

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Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And most amazing of all this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind.

The secret is the astonishing new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®. In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids—Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. And it helps prevent infection, a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easy to use away from home). Available at all drug counters.

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right here. Lord, I know Allie Sue would love it too."

I wished he hadn't started talking about his family. All of a sudden I felt lonesome and lost, and I could see my wife's face just plain as day. It wasn't too good to think so strongly about things like that, when you knew it would be a year or more before you could see them again.

"Well," I said, and I kneed my pony a little closer so I could slap him on the shoulder gently, "if you'd get a move on, boy, we'd see about gettin' enough beaver pelts together for a stake, so's we could move our old women out here on this creek."

He looked up at me in wonder, and a pleased-as-Punch look took the homeliness out of his face. "Are you serious, Homer?"

All of a sudden I was. "You bet, Tom," I said.

"Then look out, beavers," he said, and he got on his horse.

We'd been close friends most of our lives, Tom and I had, but we'd never been as close as we were right then. We rode along slow and easy, and Tom had our cabins situated and built before we'd gone a mile. He had the land broke, and cattle grazing, and smoke coming out of the chimneys. He was quite a feller, Tom was.

We caught up with Troy and the others, scarcely pausing as we joined company, and I laughed deep inside with honest pleasure as Tom started talking Troy's ears off about what the two of us were going to do with the money we made from trapping. Tom could talk a bird out of a tree.

We were riding on the prairie, not far from the line of timber, when we rounded a bend and met the war party. Jake Martin was riding up front, and the whoosh of his breath was the first warning I got. But it was enough, and my own breath almost left me when I looked up and saw those lean and savage men.

It's a queer feeling a man gets when he knows all at once that he's going to get into a fight that he maybe won't walk away from. It's queer as hell, that feeling, and yet there's a kind of trembly excitement that's not altogether fear, but partly that too.

Those Indians were caught unawares, same as us. They jerked their ponies back in astonishment, and they let out some quick, sharp yells as they looked us over.

"Sioux," Jake Martin shouted, his face tight and sharp with excitement. "They're Sioux, sure enough." He looked around, not wasting any time at all, and he pointed to a clump of trees thicker than most, with more underbrush. "Pile in there and don't lose no time about it!"

We broke for the trees, all right, the Indians yelling all the while, and as we piled off our ponies in wild confusion I looked up to see one of those glory-hunting warriors coming at us in a mad run. But he swerved his pony aside at the last minute, that Sioux did, and went on back to his bunch. I let my rifle down unfired and noticed that my hands were shaking some.

It was then that I saw the true wildness of spirit in the man who called himself Jake Martin. It was then that I thought maybe my doubts were unfounded—that the man lived with the Indians just because white men lived in places too tightly closed and fenced and with not enough freedom. Jake was shouting right back at the Sioux, giving them tit for tat, and a man would have thought he was an Indian, too, the way he was going on. He looked around at us then, his chest heaving, and I swear that he grinned. He was so calm that he made me mad.

"Are you havin' a good time?" I asked him angrily.

He sobered some when he saw how scared we were. "You boys just keep your heads about you," he said finally. "They'll do a lot of ridin' and screamin', but they won't come in on us just yet. The chances are"—he grinned again—"we'll have ourselves a parley before the fight starts in earnest. Indians is pure hell for talkin' before a fight."

"I'm a talker too," I said, still scared and not kidding.

They lined up on the prairie then, the Sioux did, and they were graceful-looking devils. After a minute of shuffling around, one of them left the bunch and stepped his pony toward us.

"I told you so," Jake whispered. "They want to parley now."

There was a loud whoop in my ear, and I would have leaped a good twenty feet if I hadn't been so tightly pressed against that tree trunk. Jake's woman let out another whoop, and before a man could think, she had slipped the cradleboard off her back and handed the baby to Jake. She shouted something to Jake, her voice high with emotion, and then she was racing across the prairie toward the horseman, her skirt held high and her hair blowing long behind her.

"What the hell, Jake!" I asked him harshly, still trembling. Jake was cursing steadily, his face not pretty to look upon. Bitterly, without taking his glance off the running woman, he said, "It seems that the one comin' to parley is her brother."

That Sioux had leaped off his pony, and from the way Jake's woman and that warrior went together I'd say there was some connection, all right. It gave me hope. "Well, that's a break," I said.

"I wouldn't bet on it," Jake Martin muttered fiercely, and from the tone of his voice I decided not to.

The other warriors came up and gathered around Jake's woman and her brother then, and the tumult that went up was enough to shake a mountain. They milled around a bit, and I watched with misgivings as the woman turned as though she were going to come back to us. She tried, she surely did. But they grabbed hold of her.

"They ain't goin' to let her come back," Jake Martin said tonelessly. "She's gone for good, just as sure as God made little apples." He squatted beside the cradleboard then, and I never saw a more stricken look come over a man's face as he reached out a big, rough hand to touch the baby's face ever so lightly.

The woman was screaming and fighting out there, struggling and twisting beneath the grip of one of the warriors, and Jake Martin's face went pale and strange as the woman called to him over and over again. "She's cryin' for me," Jake Martin said in an odd, small voice, "and she's cryin' for the boy."

The woman's actions seemed to enrage the Sioux. They screeched with rage, and the arrows they shot seemed to whistle and then rattle as they hit amongst the trees. The fight was on, and there wasn't a thing to do but start shooting back. I wished that I were back in Kentucky right then. The Indians just seemed dangerous all of a sudden—instead of graceful—as they raced their ponies past our covert and unleashed the full fury of their attack.

I didn't know what Jake Martin had in his mind when he laid his rifle on the ground and picked up his son. I would have stopped him—or I would have tried—if I'd known. But one minute he was kneeling there beside me, and the next instant he was running across the prairie in great, bounding strides, and his son was in his arms.

It was a brave thing Jake Martin did that day. It was the bravest thing I've ever seen—before or since. The Sioux thought so, too, I guess, because they never loosed an arrow once he was fairly out in the open. He made that run in utter silence, Jake Martin did, and it was the very silence that accented the magnificence of the thing he did. The sun seemed to hesitate, and the birds might have been frozen in flight.

He ran almost up to the woman and the Sioux warrior who held her. He ran almost up to his woman, and he paused for one terrible fraction of a second as he placed the baby in the grass. I never knew if Jake Martin said anything to his woman, but I thought he did—I felt that he did. He faced her for that winged beat of eternity, and then he was coming back to us in a dead run, his features straining with effort and something greater than effort.

He must have covered ten yards, at least, before the warrior holding the woman tried to fit an arrow to his bow. He would have killed Jake Martin then that brave would have. The target was big, and the stakes were high, but Jake's woman flung herself upon that brave and her strength was greater than his that moment of danger. He did not aim true, but he finally shot that arrow, and he broke the spell of enchantment with the violence of his actions. The spell was broken, and the others sent their ponies after Jake in a thundering run. Jake Martin was fast, but he was not as fast as a pony cruelly whipped.

I saw a movement to my right, and I heard a cry that thrilled me to my very soul. Tom Woodley was the movement, and Tom Woodley was the cry. He was running to Jake Martin, and he ran gladly and without hesitancy. Tom Woodley knelt and fired and then—without knowing how or when—I was out there too. Troy Green fired from close beside me, and Jake Martin was past us and into the trees.

We had turned their charge and, Lord, I wanted them to come again. I was fire and thunder and stormy, wind-swept skies and, Lord, I wanted them to come at me once more! A hand jerked me around, and it was Troy shouting in my ear. "Run to the trees, you fool!" he screamed.

I came to my senses then, and I ran for the trees. I was running, and Troy was panting beside me, and there was the sharpness of Jake Martin's rifle speaking. I knew an exultation that I'd never known before.

But Troy shook me hard, and he pointed out on the prairie. There was Tom Woodley on his back, and the arrow in his throat must have been pointing to a better world. It had to point to a better world. The wonder and the beauty of it all was gone then, and I could hardly shoot for crying.

We got away from the Sioux that night. In the darkness of the moon we led our ponies through the riffled water of the river. The water was cold, and seemed colder still as we listened to the woman wailing way off there in the dark evilness of the night.

We got a lot of furs that year, Troy and Jake and I. We sure did, but they cost us too much. They cost Jake Martin his woman and his son, and they cost me Tom Woodley and two cabins within chimney sight of each other in the valley of the Laramie River. The furs weren't worth the cost, and there was a lonely woman in Kentucky who would agree with me.

THE END

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Sam, a filling-station operator with unconventional methods, informed Henry he could use some truck tires. Henry obligingly stole five from a tire firm, but was nabbed in the act by police. When he "told all," the police suggested that he go through with the sale. He did, and the officers arrested Sam on a charge of attempting to receive stolen property.

"This wasn't stolen property; it was recovered property," Sam's attorney argued at the trial. "The police already had got it back from the thief. So it was no longer stolen by the time it reached Sam."

"Sam thought the tires were stolen, yet he tried to buy them," the prosecutor retorted. "That's enough to convict him."

If you were the judge, would you throw out the charge against Sam?

• •

Sam lost. The court said he "purchased them believing they were stolen and with the intent to keep them from their true owner."

Based upon a 1959 California decision.

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The Sweet Singer From Split Skull

(Continued from Page 31)

Irish saloonkeeper for being just a bit ffled, I trust."

'I will, old friend. Philo is by way of ing a by-product of Scat-a-Cold. At first I thought I had created a Frankenstein's monster. For a while I was sure of it. But at the moment, Philo constitutes the difference between triumph and disaster. Would you say, just offhand, that the boy has the makings of a grand duke?" Max grinned hugely.

"You've slipped your cable," Tim replied sadly. "Poor old Max."

"A natural reaction, old friend. But wait until you've heard my story. And I don't mind if I do have a brandy on you."

But perhaps it might be well here to insert just a sentence or two about Col. Max Bonsal. The colonelcy was absolutely genuine, United States Marine Corps variety, complete with some four rows of ribbons, give or take a *Croix de guerre*. That he would have attained his general's stars there is not the slightest doubt, but in consequence of his devo- ion to duty, he had suffered the ghastly sfortune of having his arches fall flat ortly after Korea. And while the Marine Corps will tolerate much in its more brilliant combat commanders, it cannot abide flat feet.

To a lesser man the situation might have seemed fraught with peril; to Max it was a challenge. Taking his savings, he went into the manufacture of patent medicine, basing his operations in the thriving little community of Split Skull, North Carolina, the geographical center of a region notably beset by the common cold, rheumatism in all its varieties, whooping cough and the perpetually parched throat. Within a year of his first bottling, Scat-a-Cold, as his palliative was called, was a household word, a boon to mothers and a solace beyond words to fathers. It was also just under 86 proof.

And now it is time to return to Max's table, upon which the waiter has just placed a glass of Tim Costain's special reserve of ancient brandy.

he whole business began (Max said musingly, seeming to lose himself in the amber depths of the glass before him) with two totally unrelated circumstances. The first was that the grand duchy of Stronia, though minuscule and of little consequence in the affairs of great nations, is the home of stroniac, which I'll explain shortly. The second is that no proprietary medicine can hope to achieve success in the late Confederacy unless its merits are extolled against a background of mountain music, laced with hymns.

Now, the principal merit of Scat-a-Cold is a relatively high alcoholic content coupled with an inimitable flavor. And the flavor is accomplished by a judicious mixture of branch water and stroniac. Stroniac, for your information, my dear Tim, is a kind of Middle European version of cognac with tantalizing overtones of Alpine herbs, and it has en made without interruption in the and duchy of Stronia since its discov- ery by a certain Fra Deodatus Theodorus late on New Year's Eve of A.D. 1305. So remunerative was its manufacture that it became a grand-ducal monopoly, carefully controlled and limited so as to restrict its sales only to crowned heads and the nobility above the rank of baron. Thus, though it never came to enjoy a global popularity, stroniac did become the accepted snifter for royalty and the peerage. When the manufacture of halberds dropped off—Stronian halberds were, as you know, standard equipment for European heavy infantry for several centuries—the distillation of stroniac became the duchy's principal industry and sole economic support.

Restrictions against the barons were dropped shortly after the Crimean War, and the stuff was thereafter sold freely to the rising millionaire mercantile class. Such was the situation which obtained when I first tasted this nectar at a banquet given for an admiral on whose staff I was serving just after World War II, in Paris.

When I determined some years later to enter the pharmaceutical field, I recalled the subtle flavor and delicate bouquet of stroniac. By wholesale purchase in bulk, each quart of stroniac would yield sixteen bottles of Scat-a-Cold and a 100 per cent profit, provided I used two ounces of stroniac per four-ounce bottle of my sovereign specific. As I improved the product, I learned that I need employ only one ounce of stroniac per four-ounce bottle, substituting an ounce of garden-variety grain alcohol and yet retaining the distinctive flavor. The profits rose to 200 per cent, and sales began to boom.

It was to nourish this boom that I began sponsoring a troupe of local rustics known as Cousin Hoady's Country Caperers over a network of small radio stations scattered across the Southland. Of Cousin Hoady, the less said, the better. The man had neither talent nor taste, but he did have a nephew. From time to time during the unearthly shrieks and howlings that constituted the *Scat-a-Cold Hour of Fiddlin' Fun* this youth would shamble forth from among the guitars and raise his voice in song. The sound can be described only as eerie.

"That boy must go," I told Cousin Hoady after one particularly depressing performance.

"Hit's jus' thet young Philo don't truleh injoy mountain music," Hoady explained. "Whut he reely wants to do is seng lak thet Presleh buoy; th'wun who wreggles and takes on."

"Just one more show, then," I cautioned. "And if he wants to sing rock 'n' roll, for Pete's sakes, let him. He can't sound any worse."

In this surmise, however, I erred. When the next Scat-a-Cold hour took to the troubled air, it became obvious that Philo Joy—for that was his name—had been rehearsing his uncle's seedy ensemble in secret, and when the entire group launched into *Take Your Cotton-Picking Hands Off'n My White-Visored Cap*, the resultant noise defied coherent description. The thing had an enormous beat, like the throbbing of a migraine, and over and around it snaked the high, nasal whine of Philo Joy.

The audience response dumfounded even me, undumfoundable Max Bonsal. Scat-a-Cold sales soared beyond my wildest imaginings, and some twenty-odd recording companies offered Philo contracts of varying degrees of fraudulence. I felt myself in duty bound to protect this rural oaf from the wolves, and, at the urging of his Uncle Hoady let myself be appointed the boy's guardian.

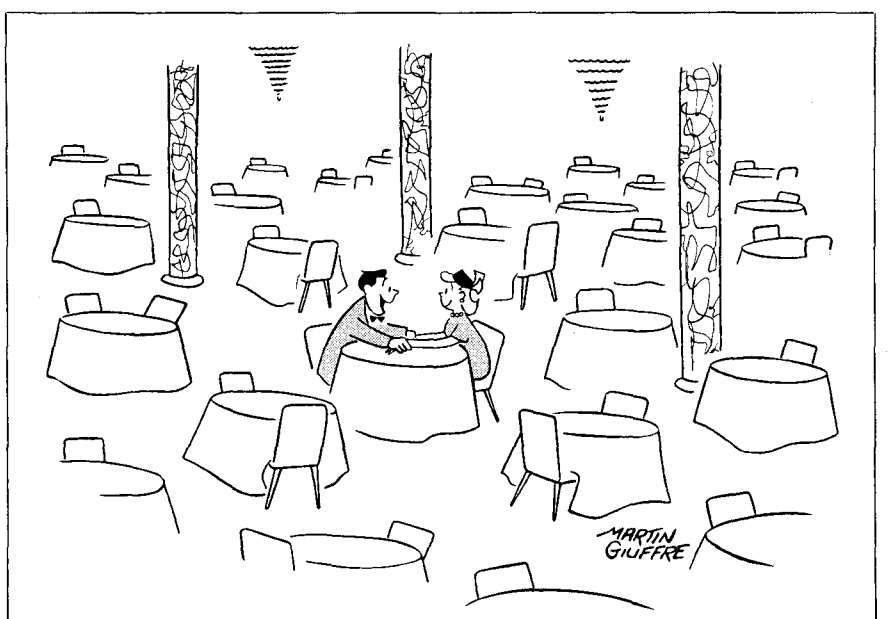
"Enneh buoy seng thet kahn uh tresh ain' no kin uh mahn," was Uncle Hoady's reaction to Philo's virtuosity. "Yew welcum to'um ontil he gets his raht mahn back agayun."

Seething mobs of teen-agers greeted us when I took Philo to the great cultural center of Nashville, Tennessee, to make his first recording, having already fitted him out with his first pair of low-cut shoes, a suit of electric-blue tweed and a cowboy shirt of exquisite repulsiveness. He had selected his own wardrobe and was only with difficulty restrained from topping the whole mess off with an Ivy League motoring cap in the dress tartan of the Clan MacGillivray.

It was in Nashville that Philo revealed his kinship with Mozart and J. S. Bach when he shyly disclosed that he, like them, dashed off a composition from time to time when the muse moved him. "Ah kahn uh wuk 'um aht awn mah saw," he explained when I stormed into his room one morning shortly after three o'clock, demanding to know the origin of the keening which bored straight through the wall separating our rooms.

If Philo and his voice alone had fetched the hinds, Philo and his musical saw sent them into a kind of frenzied ecstasy, and with his second recording—*There Was Blood on the Handle Bars*—we outgrew Nashville. Our greeting in New York afforded disturbing proof that the subnormal among our national population are not confined to rural areas. Adolescent females swooned by platoons at Penn Station (Philo's early training at his mother's knee had left him with the conviction that flight by man was against nature and consequently sinful); they became hysterical by regiments outside the recording studio, and the Sullivan show was forced off the air when a phalanx of them made a broad frontal attack on the stage during Philo's first television appearance. One girl received minor cuts and abrasions in the scuffle when she attempted to make off with Philo's saw.

"Philo Joy," they screamed. "Phi-Lo-Joy-Phi-Lo-Joy! That's our boy!" It was frightening, no matter how you looked at it.



"Not many people know about this place."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Even more frightening was the conference to which I was summoned shortly after our arrival in the metropolis by Messrs. Frogwhistle, Fentle and Seep, the ancient and eminently respectable firm of wine merchants who kept me supplied with the one indispensable ingredient of Scat-a-Cold. If Frogwhistle, Fentle and Seep were to learn of their association, however remote, with Scat-a-Cold and Philo Joy, and of the use to which I was putting stroniac, the tipple of kings, they would cut me off without another drop. Thus it was with no little trepidation that I presented myself in the austere grandeur of their Georgian-style offices.

"My dear Doctor Bonsal," said old Frogwhistle genially. (I should perhaps explain that, purely as a precautionary measure, I was known to the firm as "Doctor" Bonsal, the originator of an asthma cure involving great quantities of stroniac and administered at my clinic, high amid the health-giving mountain air of western North Carolina.)

"Ah, Bonsal, good of you to come," added Fentle, beaming at me with his mild, mad blue eyes.

"My dear Gonzales," muttered Seep, who was deaf as a post, but had a nice taste in the lighter Rhenish bottlings.

"Gentlemen," I responded graciously, breathing easier in the atmosphere of their cordial greeting. Frogwhistle poured us all a glass of the firm's special Amontillado.

"As you know," he declared solemnly, "or perhaps as you do not know, the fact is that you, my dear doctor, are the largest single purchaser of stroniac in the United States." I bowed. "Fentle, Seep and I are aware of the splendid use to which you put this superb distillate, and I may say that we all three take pride in our contribution, however small, to the plight of the nation's asthma sufferers."

"Quite, quite," murmured Fentle. Seep stared into space.

"We are equally proud of the part we, all of us, are playing in the mounting prosperity of the grand duchy of Stronia. The Stronian glocken is today as stable a medium of international monetary exchange as the West German mark."

"The glocken equals thirteen and a quarter pfantzen, or one ninety-eight, U. S.," Fentle explained softly.

"Ninety-eight was a good year, but hardly a great one," Seep added by way of clarification.

"Upon inquiry from her royal highness, the grand duchess of Stronia, we have taken the liberty of communicating to her the reasons for the astonishing and rapid increase in the sales, United States-wise, of the Stronian national beverage," Frogwhistle went on as the small hairs on the back of my neck began to quiver. "Her royal highness was graciously pleased to advise us that the growth of stroniac exports to this country has recently necessitated a not-inconsiderable expansion of the royal distilleries. Unemployment has ceased in the grand duchy, and the Stronian social-welfare program is currently the admiration of Europe."

What, I wondered uneasily, was all this leading up to?

"Now Ninety-seven," Seep mumbled to himself. "There was a horse of another color."

"As a matter of fact," I said, choosing to disregard Seep's maunderings, "one

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of my principal reasons for visiting New York just now was to discuss an increase in my shipments of stroniac." Scat-a-Cold was being sold under the counter in certain areas, so pressing was the demand sparked by the nasal twangings of Philo Joy.

"Tut," rejoined Frogwhistle kindly. "These matters of commerce are easily adjusted and can wait. Pray accept another glass of sherry. Splendid. And now, my dear Doctor Bonsal, I come to the matter concerning which we have asked you to meet with us. The fact is, my dear sir, that her royal highness, the Grand Duchess Augusta of Stronia, some weeks ago informed us that it was her intention to visit the United States for the sole purpose of conferring upon you the Knight's Cross of the Military and Civil Order of St. Michael of Stronia, First Class, with swords, emeralds and oak leaves, for conspicuous services to the grand duchy. Fentle, Seep and I, I may add, are to become Companions of Honor, Civil Division."

"Normally," Fentle explained, "these matters would be handled through diplomatic channels, but Stronia's foreign affairs are administered by the Austrians, and the Austrian ambassador is in bed with a cold, and the local consul general has been called to Washington to help out around the embassy. Gay, madcap folk, the Austrians." He began to hum a Lehár waltz off key.

I felt a moment of blind panic, a relatively new experience.

"Doubtless the grand duchess will also wish to inspect your clinic," Frogwhistle went inexorably on. "Indeed, she mentioned the possibility of your establishing a similar center for asthma treatment in Griscau, Stronia's picturesque capital."

"Fine people, the Austrians," said Seep from his own private world. "Give me a Gumpoldskirchner over a Piesporter Goldtröpfchen any day of the week. Body, flavor, bouquet—they understand these things."

"Her royal highness having arrived today," Frogwhistle continued, ignoring Seep's oenophilic aside, "the investiture will take place tomorrow afternoon in her highness's suite at the Plaza. Afternoon formal dress, of course."

"Of course," I replied in a voice I did not recognize as my own. Who could say what international repercussions might ensue if her royal highness ever discovered that stroniac, the liqueur of royalty, was the basis of Scat-a-Cold, Dixie's soothing syrup; that there was no asthma clinic, but instead an ex-textile mill on the outskirts of Split Skull, North Carolina? Almost as bad, what would Frogwhistle, Fentle and Seep say, their Companionships besmirched, their reputation a laughingstock? Worst of all, what would then happen to Scat-a-Cold, the paramount panacea of the somnolent South? Disaster loomed.

I was in something of a daze as I returned to the suite Philo and I had retained amid the storied splendors of the Waldorf, as befitted his eminence. I found him there moodily gnawing a chicken leg over a cut-crystal goblet of root beer. He had just returned from yet another guest appearance upon one of those afternoon programs aimed like a missile at the average American housewife.

"Ah give foh cabin cruzehs, a ahrplane and fahve roun' trips to Gay Pahree away foh free," he observed as I sank distraught into a luxurious armchair.

"Go and compose something," I suggested, desiring to think.

"Ah cain't," he replied, and there was a note in his voice I had not hitherto heard. "Ah give mah saw away."

"You what!"

Philo's expression was sickening in its vapidity. "Ah thenk Ah'm in luhve," he murmured dulcetly. "Purties' li'l ol' theng Ah eveh did see. Come raht on up to talk afteh Ah finisht givin' away the ahrplane and the fahve roun' trips to Gay Pahree. Come to thenk on it, Colonel Max, where at is Gay Pahree, anyways?"

"North Dakota," I snapped irritably. "Just east of Bismarck." Philo in love! What complications lay ahead now?

"An' the way thet li'l ol' gurl talked, mah, mah," Philo mused. "Real funneh, lak she din't har'ly know Anglish at tall."

"Finish your root beer," I told him crossly.

"Ah'm gunna take huh aht foh a hambuhguh an' a Big Orange this vereh evenin'," Philo announced, his manner determined. I was too troubled by other concerns to worry myself over the dangers inherent in such an arrangement or I would have forbidden it, lest Philo find himself the defendant in some absurd breach-of-promise suit. A lad in his position is the natural prey of the unscrupulous female; and judging from his description of the girl's accent, it seemed likely that he had fallen in with some nubile Brooklynite. Brooklyn girls can be extremely dangerous, as is well and widely known. But as I say, I had other problems more pressing to ponder.

Above all, the grand duchess must be discouraged in her regal whim to inspect my nonexistent clinic. Some manner of story would have to be devised, and that right swiftly. In such situations, military theory tells us, it is frequently wise to improvise as events develop. Meet fluidity with flexibility, as we used to say in the Corps.

Philo, hideous in a sport coat of nubbly pale green silk, yet another cowboy shirt, richly embroidered with steers' heads, and tight black motorcycling pants, went forth to his wooing just after seven o'clock, jingling the five dollars in change I had permitted him as mad money. His lean face was bathed in a kind of dedicated light, and I confess to a feeling of sympathy for the boy. By then, of course, I had realized the folly of letting him loose upon the city with a floozy, but to have denied him his evening at that point would have constituted cruel and unusual punishment.

As for myself, I spent the evening plowing through several travel guides to the grand duchy of Stronia, hoping to find some traces of a royal scandal. Not that I would have descended to blackmail, mind you, but it would have been nice to discover that the Stronian royal family was afflicted with the normal human frailties. I had no luck.

Shortly before midnight Philo returned, moving as one in a dream. He was, so help me, sniffing a small white flower, and humming to himself as he passed by me on his way to bed. I inspected him as closely as circumstances permitted for traces of lipstick, but there were none. Philo's courting was, I decided, probably as chivalrous as any knight's—the ancient traditions die hard in the mountains of western North Carolina.

The following morning I dispatched Philo away to an all-day recording session, having first telephoned the record company to insure that another musical saw was available for his use. Then I busied myself in negotiations looking toward the rental of formal afternoon garb—cutaway, striped trousers, high hat and all.

Fully and fashionably uniformed, then, and feeling an absolute fool, I made my way to the Plaza at the hour appointed, paying no heed to the undisguised amusement of the lout driving my cab. Frogwhistle, Fentle and Seep had preceded me in the drawing room of the royal suite.

"My dear Bonsal," greeted Frogwhistle heartily. "A great day in your life, my dear chap. Her highness's equerry, Baron von Heyer, is with her highness at the moment, or he would be here to welcome you." At this moment an unnervingly tall, thin, elderly man, wearing what appeared to be the full-dress uniform of a field marshal in the late Austro-Hungarian Army, lurched into the room like a lost stork, gathered his wits about him and inspected me from the heights through his gold-rimmed monocle. This, I assumed, was Baron von Heyer, and I came to a sort of attention as Frogwhistle performed the introductions.

"Enchanted," said the baron, cracking smartly at the waist.

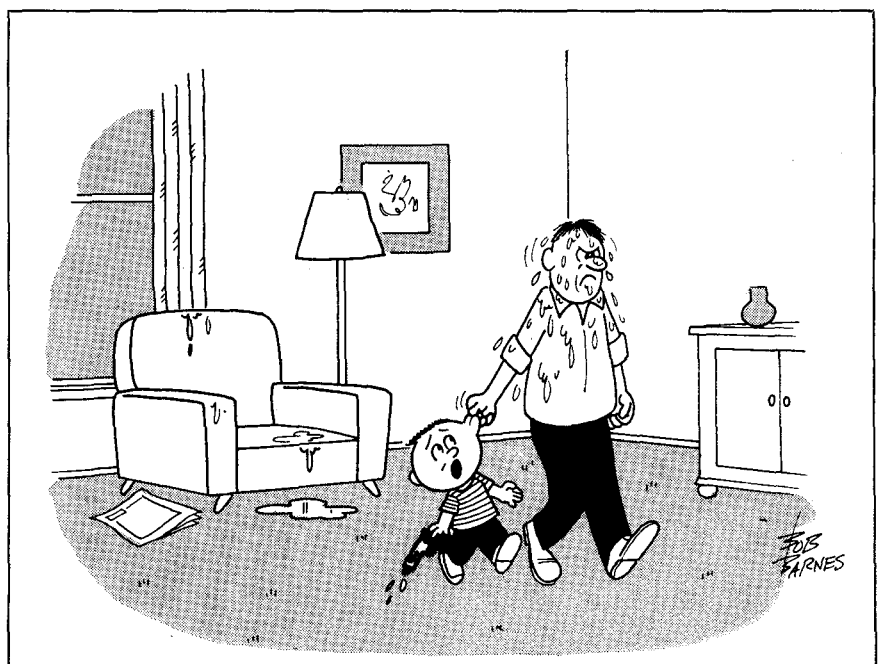
"Honored," I replied, not to be outdone.

"Asthma is a most worrisome complaint," the Baron declared, launching into the small talk designed to put me at my ease.

"Quite," I agreed. Frogwhistle, Fentle and Seep nodded gravely.

"But," said the baron as we all hung, as it were, upon his lips, "a cold in the head is also worrisome, not so?"

"Indeed," I declared promptly, with Frogwhistle and Company backing me to a man—a great team and dead loyal.



"Can I plead insanity?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The baron appeared pleased by our unanimity.

"That is why," he said heavily, "you will understand, gentlemen, that today's investiture must of necessity depart from our customary usage. Normally such honors would be conferred by the grand duchess herself." A great wave of hope swept over me. "But last evening, unfortunately, her highness contracted a cold, in consequence of which she is confined to her bed upon the advice of a physician." We murmured sympathy. "In view of which," von Heyer went steadily forward, "the ceremony will be conducted by her highness's mother, the dowager grand duchess, Ivernia."

"But——" Frogwhistle began, as much confused as, I confess, was I.

"Her royal highness, the dowager grand duchess, is visiting the United States incognito," the baron continued imperturbably. "That is why, I venture to say, you were not aware of her presence, and why, if I may make so bold, you seem to be somewhat bewildered." He allowed himself a toothy smile. "Royalty's ways are frequently baffling, gentlemen, as many years of life at court have——"

"Von Heyer!" came a husky contralto voice from beyond one of the doors leading from the drawing room. "Where the devil did you put those bits and pieces of St. Michael? Come in here and help me look."

"The dowager grand duchess," muttered the baron. "I'm sure you gentlemen will excuse me if I——"

"Von Heyer!" the contralto voice boomed again. "Stop nattering and lend a hand."

"Coming, highness," caroled his excellency.

I was beginning to feel like Alice at the Mad Hatter's tea party when the door through which von Heyer had vanished was suddenly flung wide, and Ivernia, dowager grand duchess of Stronia, captain-general of the Military and Civil Order of St. Michael of Stronia, colonel-in-chief of the Royal Hussars, patron of the Royal Stronian Red Cross and relict of the late Grand Duke Leofric the Tenth, strode into our midst—a perfectly splendid, indeed a magnificent figure of a dowager grand duchess too. I put her in her mid-forties, within a year or so of my own age. Superb complexion, all peaches and cream, and blond hair that would have become a lass in her teens. She was wearing a tweed suit of an indefinable heather coloring.

"For Pete's sake!" she cried, stopping short at the sight of us. She whirled on von Heyer, who was following properly in her wake. "Did you tell these chaps to put on these absurd costumes?" she demanded sternly. Von Heyer blenched and nodded. The dowager grand duchess sighed and shook her head. "Nothing to be done about it now, of course. Best get on with the ceremony. Now then, which one is Bonsal?"

"I bowed. Your highness," I murmured. She extended a hand, and somewhat dazedly I took it and felt a firm, friendly grip.

"Kneel," hissed von Heyer, anxious to repair his error—and don't tell me it's impossible to hiss the word "kneel."

"Nonsense," snapped her highness. "Americans kneel to no one, von Heyer.... Congratulations, Bonsal, you are now a knight of the most ancient and honorable Order of St. Michael of Stronia, first-class and all that. Among other things, your rank entitles you to free rides on the Griscau municipal tramways and a salute of three guns from the fortress on your birthday. Not much, but better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick, as our sturdy peasantry phrase it."

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Von Heyer stepped forward and, not without difficulty, adjusted about my neck a wide purple ribbon from which depended a medal which must have weighed half a pound.

"I'm more honored than I can say, ır highness," I remarked dutifully. She .ve me a curious, knowing smile and turned to Frogwhistle, Fentle and Seep with a regal air.

"You three," she told them, "are to be Companions of Honor. Free tram rides, but no salutes." As one, they bowed, Fentle nudging Seep smartly. "There, that does it," said Ivernia of Stronia in tones of satisfaction. "Von Heyer, take these gentlemen into the other drawing room and pour them a drink. I wish to speak privately with Doctor Bonsal, or Sir Max, as he is entitled to be called should he desire to renounce his citizenship."

"Your highness commands," rapped Von Heyer, coming to attention with a crash of heels. "Gentlemen, if you please. . . ." And they departed.

To my astonishment, Ivernia of Stronia dropped into an armchair and began to chuckle with what could only be sheer delight. "Bonsal," she declared happily, 'm proud of you. You had the nerve to through with it." I stared, feeling the ıoor dropping smartly away from beneath my feet. "Oh, come off it, Max—I may call you Max, mayn't I?" I simply gargled at her.

"My friends call me Ivy, and we, my dear Max, are going to be friends. Now then, tell me how things are going at Split Skull, North Carolina?" When I remained unable to find my voice, a note of impatience crept into hers. "Of course I know about Split Skull. I also know about Scat-a-Cold and that there isn't now nor ever was an asthma clinic. Great heavens, Max, do you suppose I didn't get just the least little bit curious when our American sales of stroniac jumped a cool four hundred per cent?"

It figured. "Well," I mumbled unhappily.

"So I asked my dear friend, the Austrian ambassador, to do a bit of quiet nosing around," this remarkable woman went on calmly.

"I can only apologize, your high ——"

'Ivy, remember."

"—and offer to return the decoration," I concluded humbly, unable to bring myself to address her as Ivy.

"Don't be a fool, Max. You deserve it, and I only wish the emeralds were a trifle larger. You've bailed us out, you and your Scat-a-Cold. The royal Stronian exchequer was in dreadful shape until you came along. The war just about did for stroniac, although why I can't imagine. There are fewer crowned heads about, true, but millionaires have never been in greater supply."

"Most of them are from Texas and drink bourbon," I observed. "Or West Germany, where they prefer schnapps, perhaps."

"Well, in any event, the main thing is to keep Scat-a-Cold going like a house afire. Of course, we must never let it be known that stroniac is the flavoring agent, what few crowned heads we still supply ıld drop us like a hot potato." She ,laced the tips of her slender fingers together and gazed at me over them. "The next step, as I see it, is to crack the European market."

I looked upon this most excellent female in awe.

"The British are great hypochondriacs," she went on musingly. "So we'll start with England. And then"—she paused—"Max, be a lamb and mix me a stroniac and soda while I think where to go next."

"You command," I said, imitating Von Heyer. "Where's the bar?"

"Behind that screen in the corner. There's ice in the bucket."

I strode behind the screen, where a small table had been set up with all the requisite utensils and ingredients, and stopped dead. Leaning against one gilt table leg was a large, gleaming musical saw. I mixed the stroniac and soda for Ivy and added an extra dollop in my own glass. I needed something to brace the tissues, if you follow me. I mean, it is not every day you find a musical saw in the Plaza, and it gave me to think. But no, it was absurd—and yet?

"Spain!" Ivy cried triumphantly as I emerged bearing a silver salver and our refreshment. "The Spaniards are always full of doom and death. We will brighten their somber lives with infusions of Scat-a—what's the Spanish word for 'cold,' Max?"

"All I know is that '*caliente*' means 'hot.'"

"No matter. We'll hire somebody who can speak the stuff." She accepted her glass and raised it toward me. "To our new partnership, my dear Max."

"What?"

"Really, Max! What sort of a dowager grand duchess should I be if I let you take all the profits? I owe it to Stronia to protect our national interests. And then, too, our Stronian corporation laws are exceedingly flexible, and as for income taxes—poof!" She snapped her fingers.

"Ivy," I said sincerely, "I've got to hand it to you." And I meant it from the bottom of my heart. "To our new partnership." I raised my own glass high and then drank deeply.

"We'd better call Augusta Wilhelmina Victoria Theresa Maria in and give her the news," Ivy said. "She's a sweet child, actually, though she is my own daughter.

"Gussie!" This last in her booming contralto.

"But I thought she was in bed with a cold?" I said, bewildered.

"Nonsense. She hates these ceremonies. She's been out all morning watching that strange young man of yours making a recording. I believe the two children are in love, upon my soul."

There entered now a vision of petite blond loveliness which could only be her royal highness, the grand duchess of Stronia. I leaped to my feet.

"Gussie," said Ivy, "this is Mr. Bonsal. . . . Max, this is Gussie." I bowed, and the grand duchess curtsied prettily. I could certainly understand why Philo had fallen head over heels in love with this glorious creature, but what she saw in Philo escaped all comprehension. I was not, as you may have gathered, thinking too clearly at this point. "Gussie tells me she will abdicate unless she is allowed to marry your young man," Ivy announced calmly.

"What is a throne when true love calls?" asked Gussie in a faraway voice and just the slightest trace of an accent. "Calls with the sound of Philo's magical saw. And besides, mother runs everything anyway," she concluded matter-of-factly.

"But isn't this sort of thing fairly unusual?" I inquired.

"Look at dear Eddie Windsor," countered Ivy briskly. "Look at me, for that matter. Before poor dear Leofric met me—rest his soul—I was plain Ivy Hannegan of the Richmond, Virginia, Hannegans. Then, that wonderful night when we played the Royal Theater in Griscau and Olga Mildmay, our star, came down with a sore throat, and there I was—and there was dear Leofric staring at me from the royal box—it was enough to make any Richmond girl's heart go pitapat."

What a woman, this Ivernia of Stronia!

"Ivy!" I cried. "You, an American girl! Why, in that case ——" I dared not finish the sentence, but then I did not need to. Ivernia understood my thoughts completely, as her smile plainly told me.

"Run along, Gussie," she bade her daughter. "Aren't you and Philo supposed to be dining out again this evening? Mind you, my pet, no pressed duck; you know it upsets your digestion."

"So nice to have met you, Mr. Bonsal," said Augusta Wilhelmina Victoria Theresa Maria, dimpling up at me. . . . "And don't worry about pressed duck, mamma. Philo always buys me something called a Big Orange and a superduperburger."

"Smart lad, that Philo," said Ivy decisively. "He'll make a first-class consort for Gussie. The child simply has no head for figures. And do you know, if we put him into the uniform of the Household Cavalry, he might not cut such a bad figure at that." She gazed at me with immense satisfaction. "By and large, Max, we seem to have worked things out pretty well, wouldn't you say?"

"Ivy," I declared stoutly, "you couldn't have spoken a truer word. Removing Philo's voice from circulation will be a service to humanity beyond praise. We can always find another singer of songs—one with real vocal cords. Scat-a-Cold will not suffer. And you are a genius."

"Mix me another stroniac and soda, dear Max. I feel quite faint after so much excitement."

"I am yours to command, now and forever," I told my Ivernia.

For some moments after the conclusion of this narrative, Max Bonsal sat contemplating his now empty brandy glass, lost in his own thoughts.

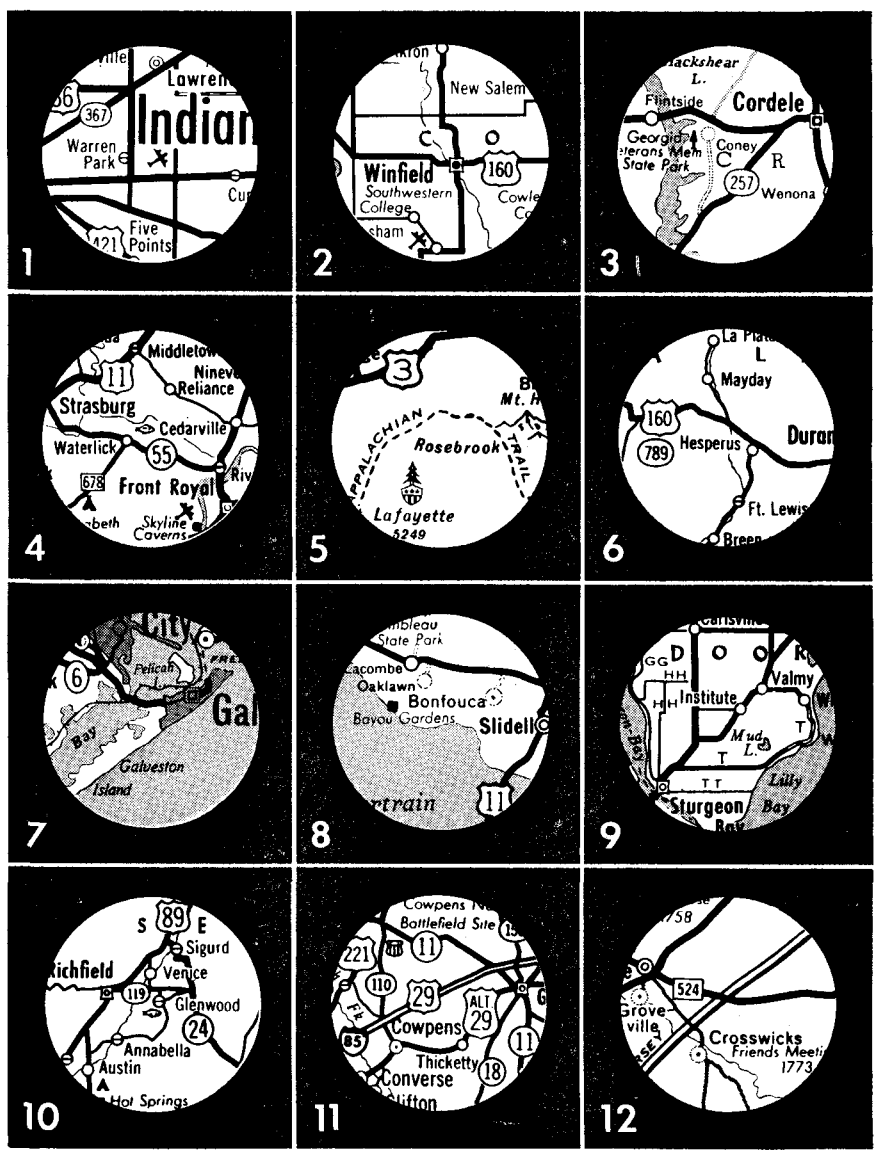
"And when will the wedding be, now?" asked Tim Costain.

"Which one?" Max asked.

"Which one!" cried Tim. "You mean ——"

"Philo and Gussie are scheduled to make their vows in the great abbey of Griscau sometime toward the end of next month," Max replied. "But Ivy and I feel that a small, simple civil ceremony would be more appropriate, considering the circumstances. And we don't want to interfere with the youngsters' big moment. Perhaps, if you're not otherwise engaged next Wednesday afternoon, you might care to attend."

"Max, me lad," said Tim Costain, "you may count on it. And mind you, while I tremble a bit for the future of the grand and glorious duchy of Stronia, and I'll shed a tear or two for Spain and the common cold, as an Irishman I can only say that what you're about to unleash on England near makes me weep for joy. Your health, Max, and good cess to your elbow!" THE END



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on Page 77*)

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Tugboat Annie's Sentimental Journey

(Continued from Page 15)

rouse me dandruff, Peter," she added gratefully, "but it's no use. Like I said, the spark's went out. An' anyways, Severn's bin sore as hell at us since Clem radioed him we'd lost that tow."

"Well, cheer up. Here's yore grub, Annie," said Peter as Shiftless entered on a blast of chill, wet air. "Maybe that'll give ya a charge."

"Dunno why I axed fer them," said Annie, clamping her fist on an enormous sandwich. "I got no more appetite'n a bird."

Fascinated, Shiftless watched the sandwich disappear. "What bird, Annie?" he asked, awed.

"Don't gimme no sass! What's the weather doin' now?"

"Daylight's comin', is all. Golly"—he wiped his streaming face—"ain't been rain like this since Judas was a cowboy."

"I mind one time it was wuss," Annie replied, working on her second sandwich. "Four, five years ago, at Port Henry, down the coast below Flattery. I wasn't there, but I heerd about it. You remember that, Peter?"

"Sure do! A friend o' mine—mate of a purse seiner—got their boat out just in time. Three-day cloudburst. Washed out a big dam up in the mountains behind the town."

"That's right. An' took the power plant wid it, what supplied 'lectricity to the fish canneries an' sawmills. The folks below took to high ground jest afore them millions o' tons o' water come tearin' down. An' widin minutes the streets o' Port Henry was three squaws deep!"

"If you wasn't there, Annie," said Shiftless, "how d'ya know so much about it?"

"I lived there years ago," she said quietly. "An' Snoosebox Larsen, what was a boozin' pal o' mine an' Terry's, writ me about it. But there's another reason I'll never fergit the town that I'll mebbe tell ye about another time. Is they any more sangwiches in the galley, Shif'less?"

"Oh, brother!" Peter murmured.

"You're a fine kettle o' fish to talk," said Annie indignantly, "wid that pot you lug around! Well, as I was sayin', time that flood was over, wid all the rocks an' stuff it carried down, washin' away the mills an' canneries, they wasn't much left o' Port Henry. Part o' the harbor an' some o' the ship channels was silted up, an' wid no work, most o' the people moved away. Ol' Snoosebox, though, I ain't seed him in years. But I guess he's still there."

"There was a big ship lost there, too, Annie, remember?" Peter said. "A big old three-master lumber schooner."

"Yeah, the *Suva Star!* She was ready fer sea wid a full cargo o' sawed cedar. But that wall o' water snapped her moorin' lines an' flang her clear across the harbor onto Dogleg Spit."

"They ever salvage her?" Shiftless asked. "That cedar she carried is pretty valuable stuff."

"They tried," Annie replied, "but the spring gales held 'em off. An' time they let up she was buried so deep in silt an' rocks they figgered she'd be too costly to dig out. So they prob'ly writ her off."

"Like I'll be written off if I don't get some rest," Peter yawned. "Look, it's almost daylight. And the rain's clearing off."

"See what yakkin' kin do?" Annie said, as Peter left and a rattle of pots came up from the galley. "An' there's Pinto rasslin' the breakfast weevils into a pan. Better eat afore ye turn in."

"We're too close to home for me to sleep," Shiftless answered. "Look—what was the other reason ya'd never forget Port Henry, Annie?" he went on, grinning. "They throw ya in jail, or somethin'?"

Annie stared at him peculiarly. "Boy, you sure know me, don't ye?" she said, amazed. "That's exackly what did happen!"

"No kidding?" he cried elatedly.

"No kiddin'! Like I said, I lived there years afore that dam what broke was even built. That's where I met me future husband."

"Cap'n Terry?"

"He was on'y a deck hand then, on a tug outta Astoria. An' I wasn't fat as I am now. I was fatter. But that's the way the stinker liked 'em. Anyways, we married and honeymooned right there in Port Henry. Well, whenever Terry had a load o' scoot juice, he'd pine fer a good lively tussle; an' if nobody bigger was handy, I'd do. He-he! I sure was a tomgirl, them days! Well, one night, bein' our honeymoon, me an' Terry an' Snoosebox an' a fifth o' bait walked out onto Park P'int, what's a wooded peninsula wid benches, across from Dogleg Spit, where that schooner piled up years later. An' ——"

"But how'd ya get in jail, Annie?" Shiftless broke in eagerly.

"Lemme stay out a few seconds longer, will ye?" said Annie. "So Terry gits feelin' good an' starts a hassle; an' fust thing ye know we was at it, hammer an' nails. An' when them nosy cops butts in, Snoosebox crawls out from under the bench where he was sleepin' an' comes up fightin'. So we all got ten days—an' that's why," she ended in fond nostalgia, "I'll never fergit Port Henry. An' if I ever hafta leave me ol' *Narcissus*, that's where I'll go."

It was not yet ten o'clock when Annie entered the home slip, and she was relieved when she saw that Mr. Bullwinkle's *Salamander* was absent from her berth across the way; for, although she had braced herself for their usual corrosive exchange, what she most needed now was peace and a good long sleep.

But even before the sea-weary *Narcissus* was tied up at the company wharf, Fred, the dispatcher, was on the outside second-floor office steps.

"Hi, Annie!" he shouted. "Welcome home! The dry dock's ready any time you can take her over there. But look—the boss wants you. So hurry on up here, will you?"

"Heck wid the boss!" Annie yelled. "If he's that anxious, why didn't he swim out to meet us? So tell him —— Never mind. I'll tell him meself!" And, heaving herself to the wharf, she clumped angrily up the steps.

When Annie entered his private office, Alec Severn, the plump, gray-haired little owner of the Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company, was seated at his desk and barking into an intercom, his usually placid, benevolent face the congested red of a cranky baby's.

"Well, keep after it, Olive!" he told his secretary impatiently. "Build a fire under somebody! Phone the airport again. Oh, you did? Then check the hotels. Keep at it till you find him!"

He switched off, scowling, then looked up. "Oh, hello, Annie," he said absently. "Glad to see you back."

"Ye look it!" said Annie tartly. "Settin' there, glarin' like a duckbilled clatterpuss! What gives? An' why give me the bum's rush up here when we've jest got back from six months o' ——"

"I know! I'm sorry, Annie, honestly! But this is just one of those fouled-up days!"

"What's wrong then?"

"Oh, it started when this man from London—that Doran back east wrote me about—didn't arrive at the airport this morning. Or if he did, I missed him. Fellow name of—but here ——" He handed her the letter, the airmail envelope of which bore the insigne of a large eastern towing company. It read:

My dear Severn: A Mr. Charles Cave of London was recommended to me here by old friends of mine in England. I am not free to reveal what his business is in this country, except that part of it has to do with the Pacific Northwest and, specifically, Secoma.

"Nothing. I just wanted to see if you were on the ball."

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He will arrive there by air at 8 A.M. on Wednesday, the 17th. If you conveniently could meet him—or have him met—at the airport, and assist him with information or other courtesies, it will be a big favor to him and equally to me. Cordially,

(signed) J. C. DORAN.

"Hm'mph!" Annie tossed the letter back. "So, because he ain't here, do ye hafta fizz up like a busted pop bottle?"

"It's more than just that!" Severn said irritably. "He may have arrived some other way, and I'm stuck at my desk till I find out."

"Nice stickin'," said Annie. "I could use some o' that kinda grief meself."

"Oh, you could!" he retorted, nettled. "Well, let me tell you part of this is your fault! I was supposed to be out of here an hour ago, buying a new hawser to replace the one you lost when you let that LST sink on you up north of Point Barrow. And ——"

Instantly Annie's elephantine body swelled with outraged fury. "When I wha-at?" she trumpeted, eyes blazing. "'Let' it sink, did ye say? What was we s'posed to do? Hang onto the towline wid our teeth an' git drug down wid her, like we darn near did? By the Bull o' Barney," she stormed, "if ye was half me si- I'd ——"

Like a little banty rooster he jumped up and faced her. "What's got into you, Annie?" he demanded. "In all our years together you've never talked to me like this!"

"Ye axed fer it!" she threw at him. "Sayin' I 'let' her sink!"

"O.K. You're right." He resumed his chair. "I'm sorry and I apologize. So shut up! Now where was I? Oh, yes. About the new hawser. Yon Skalka of the Marine Salvage Company yard phoned me that they're selling a good one cheap at their yard today. I can't leave till Cave arrives or I know where he is; and nobody but you or myself can handle Bullwinkle if he puts in a bid. So ——"

"Bullwinkle?" Again Annie stiffened.

"He was in the yard office looking for bargains when Yon phoned. So run the *Narcissus* over before she's dry-docked, and ——"

"I'll run her to the dry dock an' that's all," said Annie. "My boys needs a rest. What about the Lily? She's alongside."

He nodded. "Fine! And get a good bid on that hawser!"

As she left, his intercom buzzed and he answered. "Yes?"

"The airport just checked back, sir," Olive's voice informed him. "A Mr. Cave came in on the first flight yesterday morning."

Again Annie felt relief, when she reached the salvage-yard wharf, because there was no *Salamander* alongside; and, hurrying through the yard's maze of rusty anchors and other maritime detritus, she joined a group of husky seafarers around Yon, a chunky, tow-haired Finn who had just sold a gill net to a Portuguese fisherman. They welcomed her with raucous humor, for she knew them all. All, that is, except one—a tall, lean, blue-eyed man in the background who, dressed in a well-cut business suit, watched the sale with quiet interest.

"You after the wire rope Severn wants, Annie?" Yon asked, and moved to a massive, open-crated drum. "Fifteen hundred feet—surplus, never been used. A-one condition! Any of you other characters biddin' on this? It's all yours, Annie! What's your offer?"

"Dollar-sixty-five a foot," said Annie promptly.

"This ain't a TV giveaway, chum! It starts at one-ninety!"

"It's a skoovie gyp, ye thief," Annie grinned. "But O.K., a dollar-ninety."

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Yon figured quickly. "Total: twenty-eight hundred and fifty dollars. Got the *Narcissus* alongside, Annie, or shall we ——"

"Twenty-nine hundred dollars," said a gravelly voice calmly.

"Oh-oh!" Annie groaned and swung ınd as Mr. Horatio Bullwinkle's pow-..ul bandy legs propelled him through the crowd. And upon reaching her, his uncouth features expressed startled disbelief.

"Is this reely Annie?" he cried artlessly. "Why, I heerd she'd been harpooned fer a walrus up in the Pribilofs someplace!"

"Lay down, Barko," Annie rasped, "afore I clout ye wid a bone."

"It is her!" Mr. Bullwinkle announced loudly. "An' she's alive!"

But Annie's tired brain refused to cope. "Look, Bullwinkle," she said dully. "Don't bug me! Not today. Jest lay off an' stay healthy!" She turned back to Yon. "Me offer was twenty-eight hundred an' fifty."

"I topped ya, dear," said Mr. Bullwinkle dulcetly. "By fifty bucks."

"Three thousand, Yon!" Annie croaked, grim-lipped.

"Thirty-one-fifty," upped Mr. Bullwinkle airily. "What's money, unless ya 'n't got it?"

Look, Bullwinkle," said Yon, eyes .rowed, "is that a firm offer, or you only horsin' around to needle Annie?"

"Why shouldn't it be a firm offer?" he replied warmly. "Ain't the wire worth it?"

"Aw, pipe down!" Yon growled. "Annie, you don't have to go on wi' this if you think he's foxin' ——"

"You heard my bid!" Mr. Bullwinkle protested. "It still stands. Thirty-one hundred an' fifty dollars!"

"Foxin', is he?" Goaded and weary Annie threw caution away. "Well, my bid's thirty-three hundred. Let him fox that!" she roared. "An' I on'y wish, Bullwinkle, that one end o' that wire was shackled to me towin' drum wid the other around yer ugly neck!"

But with strange forbearance Mr. Bullwinkle only shook his head. "I'm afraid it's around yore own neck now, Fatso," he said sympathetically. "Because right after ya made that last bid o' thirty-three hundred, I suddenly remembered somethin'."

'What was that, ye snake's belly?" she .anded.

"I remembered," said Mr. Bullwinkle meekly, "that I already have a towin' wire." And he scuttled with prudent haste through the ring of spectators toward his now waiting *Salamander*.

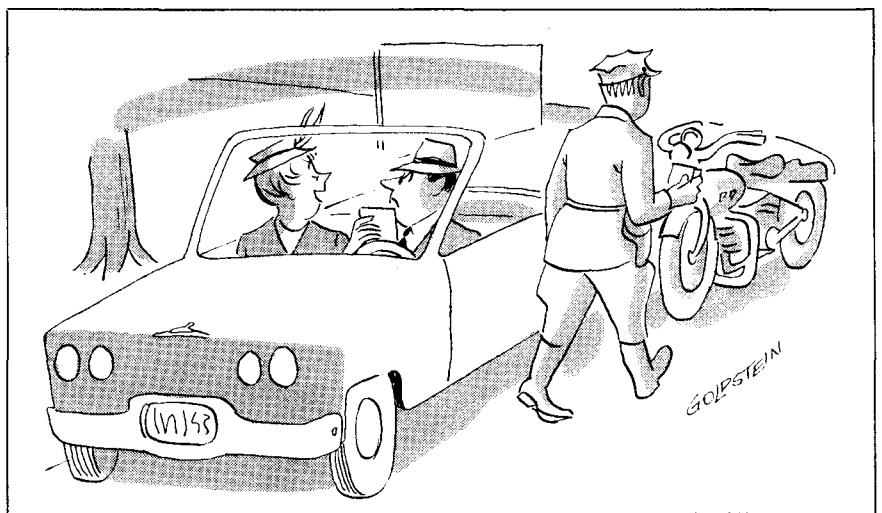
Stunned, Annie glared after him, noting only subconsciously that he was followed and hailed by the tall stranger; and that during their brief meeting Mr. Bullwinkle pointed to the *Salamander*, and the other jotted down a note or two, following which they boarded the tug.

"That's great! Simply great!" Severn commented acidly when, back in his office, Annie sulphurously had reported the result of her mission. "Sure, the wire's worth more than thirty-three hundred! But to let that thickheaded oaf outsmart you into paying four hundred and fifty dollars too much, just to make a fool of ·! Where the devil's your business se gone, Annie?"

"Same place your seamanship's went!" Annie retorted harshly. "You could run a tugboat pretty good once, too, afore the fat went to yer head as well as yer starn!"

"What do you mean, 'once'?" he demanded indignantly. "I built this business by working on tugs! From deck hand to master. And I can still handle any one of my fleet!"

"Horseshoes! Ye proved I'm right by that crack ye made about the LST earlier.



"You certainly snarled out some withering 'yes sirs.'"

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But if you'd skippered the *Narcissus* that day, Alec, ye'd be deep-froze, wid all hands, in six hundred faddom of ice-water right now!"

He glared at her. "What you need," he said harshly, "is a lesson in ——"

"I know what I need!" Annie interjected violently. "But I ain't gonna git it by tryin' to hang onto this job by the grit o' me teeth! So ——"

Once more the intercom buzzed and Severn cut it in.

"Mr. Cave is here now, sir," Olive announced.

"Eh? Oh, fine! Send him in." He glanced up at Annie, who was halfway to the door. "I'll talk to you later," he said coldly.

"You think ye will!" Annie mumbled. But as she reached for the knob, Olive swung the door open, revealing the tall stranger.

He stepped aside; and after a brief glance Annie was about to pass when surprised recognition lighted his eyes. "Well, hello, there!" he exclaimed.

"Bong soor, yerself! How's every little thing in Cockney?" replied Annie, not to be outdone in international *savoir-faire*.

When he entered Severn's office, she stared after him with a puzzled frown. The door closed and still she did not move. Then memory flashed back and she turned to Olive. "Ain't that the missin' link what all the hellabaloo was about?" she asked.

"Yes. Mr. Cave of London. Why, Annie? Is anything wrong?"

"Not a thing, 'cept"—Annie laughed shortly—"'cept he's pals wid a certain chicken-pluckin' —— Well, never mind! Skip it! Let little Hotsy-Poppa, what thinks he's sich a smart business typhoon, find it out the hard way!" And she boiled out and down the steps.

At the bottom she paused, however, for the *Salamander* was alongside her berth with Mr. Bullwinkle, enjoying a page of comics, visible through his open pilothouse door.

With pachydermous stealth Annie picked up something from the wharf and took careful aim, and was rewarded a second later by Mr. Bullwinkle's howl of anguish as a rusty iron nut bounced off his red-bristled skull.

"That'll l'arn you, ye monkey's orphan!" Annie grunted happily, and ducked quickly on board her tug.

"I seen who done that!" Mr. Bullwinkle yelled as he rushed out to the rail.

But Annie had joined her crew in the messroom where, grabbing a pork chop, she dredged it in applesauce and between hasty bites fired a volley of orders.

"Hank! Shif'less! Soon's ye've nasticated yer grub, haul all them soaked blankets an' gear out o' the fo'c'stle fer the laundry. . . . Sam, check yer engine-room log wid the office. . . . Pinto, you got yer replacement list o' them dishes what was smashed? O.K. An' when that's did ——"

"Who'oa, Annie! Yore propeller's racin'," said Peter.

"—— an' when that's did, Peter," Annie rattled on, "you'll take her over to the dry dock ——"

"I will?" Peter stared. "What about ——"

"—— then ye kin all go home till the overhaul's done, three, four days from now."

Peter stood up. "What's the deal, Annie?" he asked quietly.

"I'm takin' a furlong! I won't be around fer mebbe quite a while." And she stepped over the coaming and stumped topside.

Big Sam also got ponderously to his feet. "This we got to look into," he growled; and, with Peter, he followed Annie to her cabin. As they watched from the doorway, she crammed her gear into a long-unused portmanteau and threw her shore-going clothes on the bunk.

"Did Alec fire ya, Annie?" said Peter, concerned.

"No," said Annie, "he didn't. But I'm goin' if he likes it or if he don't!"

"Goin' where, pal?" Big Sam questioned.

Annie was lifting Captain Terry's chromo from the bulkhead. "Come on, ye old rum-bum!" she said roughly. "You're jumpin' ashore wid me." But her hands were gentle as she laid it on top of her things. "What'd ye ax me, Sam?"

"I asked where you're headin' for."

"Dunno yet," she replied indifferently, her eyes still on Captain Terry's upturned likeness. But as she gazed, the years swept back, and suddenly, her big frame shaking with mirth, she turned to them. "I'll take that back, Sam," she chuckled. "I do know where I'm goin'."

"Where?" asked Peter quickly.

"I ain't tellin' where," replied Annie with a grin. "But don't ye worry 'bout me, fer that wuthless scallyrag"—and she pointed to the portmanteau—"ain't never failed me yet! Now scuffle outta here whiles I change me dugs."

Quickly, when they left, she began to undress; but realizing that she had neglected to draw the curtains, she crossed the cabin. And, glancing out, her gaze, abruptly somber again, became fixed on Severn's upper office window. "Need a lesson, huh?" she muttered. "Well, mebbe by the time Bullwinkle an' his new chum git through wid whatever they're smokin' up, you'll have l'arned one lesson ye'll never fergit!"

Mr. Cave's ulterior motives, if any, remained well concealed within a reticent yet friendly manner; and the confusion raised by his earlier arrival was found to have been caused by a secretarial mixup of day and date in the letter from Doran. And when Severn had not appeared as expected at the airport the previous morning, Cave, assuming him to be too busy or away, had telephoned an old United States Navy friend, who had taken him in hand. So, with this problem disposed of, he and Severn had got on very well.

His questions, knowledgeable and acutely practical, dealt mainly with Secoma's dockyard facilities, wharfage, shipchandlery costs, and the like; and it was not until later that Severn realized how skillfully his visitor had evaded any specific reference to his own personal interests.

When Cave got up to go, Severn accompanied him to the outside stair landing, while cordially inviting him to use the company offices during his stay.

"Thanks, but I'd just be a nuisance," Cave declined. His quick glance took in the *Narcissus* below them, and the line of smaller company tugs, barges and equipment. "You've got an interesting setup here, though," he went on. "I'd like to drop in on you again."

Severn noticed then that his gaze was now on the *Salamander*, and that Mr. Bullwinkle, with court plaster adorning his throbbing cranium, was watching them intently from his galley doorway.

"That tug you're looking at," Severn told him shortly, "belongs to her skipper, Bullwinkle. We're—well, business rivals in a way."

"So I gathered."

"You gathered?"

"Yes. I met him," Cave replied candidly. "And he was good enough to show me your harbor, then run me over here this morning."

"Met him where?" asked Severn quickly.

For a moment Cave paused. Then, "As a matter of fact, at that salvage-yard sale. The Navy friend I spoke of thought I'd be interested and dropped me off there."

"You see that mess my senior skipper, Annie Brennan, got into?" Severn asked, his face again flushed with anger.

"Most unfortunate," Cave murmured.

"She's not generally such a fool, but —— Hold it!" Severn broke off, staring at the *Narcissus*. "Here comes the old battle-ax now."

Annie, lugging her portmanteau, puffed up onto the wharf and, barely glancing at the office landing, waddled loftily away.

"Where the heck you think you're going?" Severn yelled testily.

"Where folks don't bite the hand o' the dog what feeds 'em!" she flung back defiantly. "An' I ain't ever comin' back till I'm good an' ready—if then. An' brother, am I gonna have a ball!"

"Hooray!" cried Mr. Bullwinkle who, avidly curious, had not missed a word. "You never comin' back, Gutso? Boy, would I like to make book on that!" But as Annie picked up another missile, he dived for cover.

"I'm warning you, Annie!" Severn bawled again. "Get back here and take

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Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

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1. Ind.	2. Kans.	3. Ga.
4. Va.	5. N.H.	6. Colo.
7. Texas	8. La.	9. Wis.
10. Utah	11. S.C.	12. N.J.

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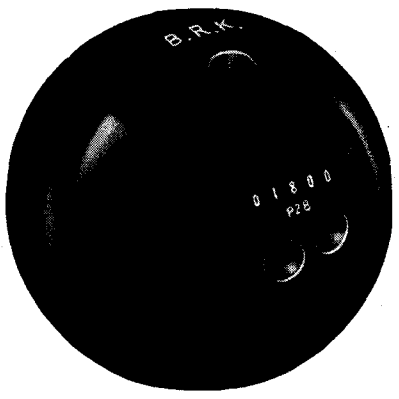

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that tug to dry dock for overhaul, like I told you."

Annie's reply being a derisive twitch of her massive *derrière*, he added, furiously, "O.K.! You're fired! And this time it'll stick."

Uptown, Annie stopped at her bank for vacation funds, but after long months of arduous monotony in the bleak loneliness of northern seas, the city's hurrying crowds and roaring traffic were alien and confusing. So the ensuing ferry trip across the familiar, now sun-sparkling sound to the snow-peaked grandeur of the Olympic Peninsula should have been sheer delight.

Instead, unsure of future plans, Annie remained depressed, and after the ferry had docked and she entered the bus which crossed to Port Henry, she slumped morosely in her seat.

Then, at the end of a long, steep climb, the top of the divide was reached, with its spectacular vistas of sea and coast, and surf exploding in snowy thunder against the offshore rocks and creaming over curves of golden sand. With this her mood changed into a profound but happy nostalgia, for this was familiar ground, and she was recrossing, for the first time in many toil-filled years, the threshold of her youth.

The descent to Port Henry was swifter than she had remembered, however, and within minutes the bus had reached its depot stop on the main street, and Annie, levering herself stiffly down, stood gazing eagerly around her.

At the foot of the street, harbor and estuary flashed in the late afternoon sun; and behind the town rose the great, scarred mountain flanks between which the flood waters from the broken dam had swept in mad destruction five years before.

But the changes that Annie had expected as a result of the disaster—a quiet town and a lack of industry—were not in evidence. Wooden sidewalks and dirt roads had been replaced by cement and asphalt; neon-lighted cocktail bars had supplanted the old brawling saloons; and, most surprising of all, the traffic, both motor and foot, was now heavier than in Port Henry's most prosperous days.

The people, too, were sharply different; for the old-time crowds of roistering loggers, fishermen, mill and cannery workers and seamen now were replaced by swarms of uniformed United States servicemen, along with jeeps, half-tracks and other military vehicles; and ceaselessly to and from the harbor area shuttled a stream of dump trucks and gigantic, tractor-driven, earth-moving equipment, handled by civilian construction crews.

Puzzled and deflated, Annie gazed at this teeming activity that contained not a single human link with the past; but then, remembering one of the main objectives of her pilgrimage, she picked up her bag and trudged hopefully along an old-fashioned side street parallel to the waterfront which led to a clutch of ramshackle dwellings on the rim of the town.

Each stood in its refuse-cluttered yard in sharp contrast with the one exception—a neat, clean-painted four-room cabin, its well-tended rock garden surrounded by a fence of white ship's rail. On the clapboards above the door projected the well-preserved figurehead of an old-time square-rigger with, on either side of the door, its ancient port and starboard lamps. And as Annie swung open the gate which once had graced the gangway top of a smart Cape Horner, she noted on it, with kindling eyes, the old, familiar, polished brass name plate. It read: LARS LARSEN—SHIP MODELS.

At the end of the crushed-seashell path Annie reached the door and gave the bell pull a hearty jangle. No one came; but the door was unlocked, and she entered a narrow corridor leading to the back, which gold letters on a small teakwood plaque indicated was the NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

She emerged into a surprisingly roomy combination living room and kitchen, scrupulously neat and clean, one end of which was occupied by a carpenter's bench and jigsaw, with well-filled tool rack above and a pot of glue bubbling quietly on a nearby stove. On brackets about the walls were exquisitely modeled tiny replicas of famous windjammers, from the Flying Cloud to record-passage grain ships of the early 1900's. And at the workbench, his back to her, Lars Larsen was gluing a miniature taffrail to the stern of an old New Bedford whaler with the same painstaking skill with which, as

... ...

To a Nervous Guest

By Barbara A. Jones

That isn't Martians. Just
the kids,
Who have to clash the
trash-can lids.

That's not machine-gun
fire. Their feet
Are kicking boxes down the
street.

No jet is landing. Do not
crouch.
They're playing jumping-
off-the-couch.

I guess you've never lived
among
The doom sounds of the
human young.

... ...

ship's carpenter, he had built the original many years before.

Quietly, for a few seconds, Annie watched him. Then—"Hi, there, Lars!" she greeted jovially. "What time you got by the snoosebox?"

Straightening, he took from his pants pocket an old snuff tin containing a dollar watch.

"It ban yust ten minutes until ——" he began. Then he slowly turned, an enormous, gnarled old man with faded-oakum hair, shaggy white brows and childlike blue eyes which, when they recognized her, widened with incredulous delight.

"An-nie Brennan! Gude sakes, is dis really yeu?" he said. "Ay t'ought Davey Yones get yeu for sure, years ago!"

"What kinda talk is 'years ago,' ye ol' relict!" said Annie happily. "It ain't that long since ye writ me about that flood. Well, well. Same ol' Snoosebox Larsen!"

"Come in und set," he invited warmly; and soon coffee replaced the gluepot on his stove, and over cups of steaming fragrance, well-laced with a potent Scandinavian distillation, they hashed over old times, old friends and the hilarious peccadilloes of their mutual idol, the rascally Captain Terry.

Later, when darkness fell, Snoosebox lighted meticulously polished oil lamps and set about preparing supper.

"Pooty soon now, An-nie," he remarked, "ve hef electricity again, ven de Army finishes building de new dam und powerhouse back in de mountains."

"So that's what all the crowd o' so'jers is doin', what I seen back in the town, huh?" Annie ejaculated. "I was wonderin'."

"Ya!" Snoosebox nodded. "Is been de same for veeks now! Port Henry ban big, important place again! New coast-defense place, vit guns und radar und—vat ye call dem—Nikes?"

"Mikes!" corrected Annie inaccurately. "What's all them big tractors doin' out around the harbor?"

"Ya! Harbor, too! Rush job, day und night. But vait. Ve haf supper, und ay tak yeu out in leedle boat ay got und show yeu."

After the meal Annie booked a cheap hotel room in the town, through which big dump trucks still rumbled to and from the water front. Fifteen minutes later in a chill night wind they were crossing the harbor in Snoosebox's clinker-built boat with inboard engine, which he kept beneath a ruined cannery jetty.

"Ay'm sorry she is not better boat, An-nie," he apologized, "but she is all ay need. Perhaps, some day ay build better von, ven ay can afford ——"

But Annie was only half listening, for ahead long lines of brilliant cluster lights ran out from shore along the length of Dogleg Spit, which formerly was a tide-washed sand shoal, but had been built up by silt and rocks from the flood to a wide, almost craggy finger of land that now stood well above the lowest tides.

Big scrapers and power shovels were busy under the lights removing spits on both sides of the inlet to make room for the dredging of a new, straight, deep-water channel, following which, Snoosebox enthusiastically explained, crane-equipped Government cargo and supply sheds were to be built on new concrete wharves—all of which eventually would result in a small but completely reconstructed seaport.

"How come yeu nefer heard about dis, An-nie?" he asked when he had finished.

"I bin away north o' Barrow fer months," she said, and continued to stare, fascinated, at the busy scene while an idea, vague at first, began to focus. "Tell me, Snoosebox," she asked suddenly, "that schooner, the *Suva Star*, wid the cargo o' cedar, what got carried ashore an' nearly buried durin' the flood—is that her there?"

"Ya! Dat's big headache," he told her "She's big, heavy lump. Und Tim O'Dowd—he's head civilian contractor und good friend, who bought *Thermopylae* model from me—told me dey maybe have to dynamite her out of de vay."

"Where's O'Dowd from—Secoma?" Annie asked quickly.

"No. He's vit Illinois company on Government contract."

"Great! He won't know a backstay from a binnacle. Snoosebox, I want a knockdown to him. Right now. Tonight!"

Snoosebox stared. "Tonight? He'll be dere tomorrow."

"Yeah, but will the schooner? Dynamite, ye said!" Annie peered ahead, half dazzled by the glaring lights, to where the bow of the schooner projected. "Come on, come on! Le's go!"

"Ve-ell, hokay." He swung the boat toward the spit. "Vot's on de mind, Annie?"

As she told him his faded eyes also glowed and he nodded emphatic approval. "Ya! Vit dem machines it can be done easy!"

"An' when it is, Snoosebox," Annie promised exultantly, "we'll git ye the best boat in Port Henry! Now le's jump ashore an' knock O'Dowd fer a couple hooplas."

Twenty minutes later, shouting against deafening tractor clatter, Annie wound up her sales talk to Timothy Aloysius O'Dowd.

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"O' course, we won't git much outta her but a few nuts an' bolts an' old iron, Tim," she ended, "but ——"

"Who you kidding, Ma?" he asked, eyes twinkling. "Still, digging earth, not buried treasure, is my job, and as long as u'll pay ——"

'How much?"

'Two thousand," O'Dowd said, "if you drag her away or not."

"Make it fifteen hundred an' a fifth o' bog water. We're savin' ye dynamite an' curin' yer headache, ain't we?"

O'Dowd grinned. "It's a deal. We'll start digging her out for you, and you've got three days to pull her off. But if she's still there, we blast. O.K.?"

"It's in the sack!" Annie crowed.

Early next morning Annie was back in Secoma and went first to the Maritime Exchange to ask a few questions, the answers to which confirmed what long experience in abandoned wrecks had led her to expect. Then she bustled cheerfully down to the company wharf to the intense surprise of Mr. Bullwinkle, who was sitting on the rail, drinking beer with the Salamander's paunchy mate.

"Look who's back, Jake!" he muttered. "She blew outta here yesterday swearin' she'd stay away. So now she shows up again so happy she's spittin' ies. Somethin'," he went on suspiusly, "must be cookin'! I wonder what?" And, getting up, he waited until she was abeam.

"What early bird yanked you back here so quick, worm-puss?" he inquired solicitously. "Yesterday you was gone forever."

But Annie was unruffled. "Keep tryin'," she replied equably, "an' someday ye'll be promoted to a jerk."

In high good spirits, and followed by Mr. Bullwinkle's thoughtful gaze, she clumped up the steps to the office and bade the astonished staff an affable good morning.

"Call the dry dock, Fred," she directed briskly. "Cancel the *Narcissus*' overhaul. Then phone me boys to git her back here quick! Where's Alec?"

"In his office. But I doubt if he'll want to see you, Annie. He's not feeling so good anyway, and ——"

"What's wrong wid him?" said Annie, instantly concerned, and quickly she entered her employer's office.

Severn, his face pinched with pain, was at his desk, vigorously kneading his leg and emitting a few low moans.

Annie felt his pulse. "Say 'A-a-ah,'" she said earnestly. "Mebbe it's them flea bites again like ye had last year."

"Phlebitis, you fool!" he snapped and jerked his wrist away.

"Well, if ye got 'em, ye got 'em," said Annie philosophically. "Whyn't ye dust yerself wid TNT?"

"O.K., so you're back!" he said wearily. "What for? You got fired, remember?"

"I hired meself back," she said complacently. "Wait till I tell ye." And she gave a brief but pungent account of her Port Henry discovery, which caused Severn, hostile at first, to listen with increasing interest.

"What about her owners and underwriters?" he asked. "Did you ——"

"I checked this mornin'. The owners gave their notice of abandonment more'n four years ago, an' her underwriters accepted an' paid off. So there she is, Alec, wid mebbe ninety thousand dollars' worth o' cedar in her, free fer the takin'! An' you know cedar! Windfalls will lie in the woods fer a hundred years an' stay sound!"

"And getting her afloat will be as easy as you say? You may be a poor businesswoman, Annie, but you do know salvage. Still ——"

"Easy as pullin' hens' teeth," she assured him elatedly. "O'Dowd started workin' on it early this mornin'. I telled him exackly how it hadda be done—an' all we'll need besides me *Narcissus* is our Number One salvage barge wid them big pumps."

"And all it's going to cost me," he said, "is our overhead and fifteen hundred dollars?"

"An' a bottle o' kelp squeezin's fer O'Dowd. Oh, yeah—an' a new boat for a old pal o' mine what put me onto this, name o' Snoosebox Larsen! Look, Alec, I gotta git goin'! The boys'll be fetchin' the *Narcissus* out o' dry dock an' back here right away. So ——"

"Just a moment, Annie ——"

"—— so I gotta warn 'em to keep their pout shut about where we're goin'." She glanced significantly across the slip and grinned. "'Case o' you-know-who. That goes fer the office staff too!"

"I'll take care of that. But what I wanted to tell you ——"

"Fine! An' soon as the *Narcissus* is fueled up," continued Annie happily, going toward the door, "wid her stores aboard an' that new towin' wire reeled on, we're away! I'll clear Flattery afore midni——"

"Annie!" Severn's sharp imperative was almost a shout.

"Yeah, Alec?"

He eyed her briefly. Then, "When the *Narcissus* leaves," he told her quietly, "you won't be taking her."

"Wha=at's that?" she demanded incredulously. "Who the hell else could handle her on this job but me?"

"There are certain things a self-respecting boss must never take from an employee, Annie, no matter how long they have been together," he went on after a brief, painful pause. "Especially when they reflect upon his ability to run any part of his business."

"But, Alec, I ——"

"And yesterday you said," he continued calmly, inexorably, "that I was no longer capable of captaining my tugs. You may be right. I've thought about that, too, because you, if anyone, should know."

"Alec, I'm sorry," said Annie, profoundly distressed. "I never should ha' ——"

Severn shook his head. "But the proof lies with me, not you. And I've got to be sure. You do see that, don't you?"

Annie swallowed. "Yeah, Alec," she said huskily. "I do. But—but what about me?"

"You, Annie," he told her quietly, "had better go back ashore again and—er—have yourself a ball!"

TO BE CONCLUDED

Glamour Treatment for the Mentally Ill (Continued from Page 23)

immediately. Supplies of lipstick, rouge, eye shadow, hair spray and similar paraphernalia were collected. Under the direction of Mrs. R. Guy Jubitz Jr., volunteer workers from the Association for Mental Health arranged the countless details of transportation and backstage operations. One of San Francisco's most exclusive dress shops agreed to supply a collection of the latest fashions for a style show to en the course.

On the morning of the first fashion-herapy class, Mrs. Winthrop awoke with what she termed an absolute paralysis of the brain. *I can't go*, she thought. *I'm terrified.*

"When I was a young girl," she said afterward, "the only scary tale my mother ever told me was about the time she went through a mental hospital, seeing people tied up in strait jackets. Real horror stuff. I suddenly felt Napa would be like that. I couldn't take it."

But her husband, a San Francisco importer, told her, "Janey, this is just another fashion show with people. You know fashion. You like people. Now get in the car and drive up there."

On the way to Napa Mrs. Winthrop relaxed somewhat. "I'd been thinking," she recalls, "that any woman who's got a cold in the nose, or a sinus attack, or corns—immediately after she gets home, e removes her girdle and her stockings d her shoes, and she looks simply gnastly. So, though I'd never seen a mental hospital—and moreover didn't want to—I reasoned that if you were really mentally sick you'd feel even nastier and you'd care even less how you looked."

The only way to reach such patients, she figured, was to "slap 'em in the face with fashion—not demure little housedresses, but the most beautiful evening gowns, gorgeously wild hats, plenty of jewelry, and false eyelashes that stretched out to here."

When the fashion experts saw their audience on that first morning, any optimism they might have felt vanished.

"They're just sitting out there in bathrobes and slippers," one of the models whispered to the rest of the team backstage. "They all look tired and depressed—as if it's just too much trouble to do anything. They won't even look at you!"

Before this group of unhappy patients Mrs. Winthrop started her introductory comments.

"Good morning, ladies," she said. "Now, we're all women, and women are really clever. They know how to use tricks. And fashion is a bag of tricks. Glamour, style, color—all these can be yours when you learn the tricks. And today we'll show you the best of this season's."

The first model stepped out on the stage and walked among the patients in a full-length, gold *lamé* Grecian evening gown, a new creation destined to stun typical fashion-show audiences and flatten most pocketbooks. She was followed by other models in other dazzling creations. At first these displays had no appreciable effect. Then suddenly animation spread through the women. One patient said, "M'm'm, I wish I could wear that one!" Another, long racked by terrifying dreams of persecution and torture, smiled warmly and said, "When I was a little girl, I had a dress that color." A third asked, "How much do you think this would cost?"

One timid, mousy little woman showed no reaction until the very end, when she reached out to a model, softly touched the fabric of her dress and whispered, "Please, is that silk or nylon?" A few rows behind her, one nurse leaned toward another and said, "Gee, did you hear little Agnes? Those are the first words she's spoken in all the months she's been here!"

Even more reaction was stimulated when the patients were divided into small groups and taken in hand by the models and other fashion experts and shown how to fix their own hair, select the best shades of make-up for their own coloring, shape their lips, apply eye shadow and even put on artificial eyelashes.

None of the Fashion Group members had been given any preliminary coaching. "Just treat the patients as you'd treat old friends," they were advised. They did precisely that and discovered that the patients became friends. Even when they

"Yeah, but he's hitting only .220 this year."

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relaxed and used such normal fashion jargon as "crazy costume jewelry" or "an insane little hat," they found the patients did not swoon or take offense.

One model, for example, cheerfully told a patient, "If you think you need that much rouge, you must have a hole in your head." Immediately she added, "Oops! I shouldn't have said that!"

But the patient reassured her, "That's all right, dearie. I do have a hole in my head. That's why I'm here."

In what has now become a standard routine, Vivien Thorne, a talented young San Francisco fashion artist, appears barefoot in a slip, with hair dangling and bedraggled, no lipstick, no make-up, no nail polish.

"She represents the absolute nothing, the small sad sack," explains Jane Winthrop. "We call her Basic Girl."

Patients generally exclaim, "She looks like an inmate," or "She looks like she's just had a shock treatment," or even, "Good Gawd, she looks like me!"

Then in the next half hour, while the show goes on, Miss Thorne sits before a mirror at an improvised dressing table, does her hair, applies her make-up and finally appears, sleek and modish, in a handsome and apparently priceless golden-brown opera gown and miniature hat—actually concocted from an old Army blanket and a sample length of drapery fabric.

"The whole cost was three dollars and fifty cents," says Mrs. Winthrop. "You see? Fashion is just tricks."

Another apparent trick—actually one of the key therapeutic measures—is the design of a special dress for each patient, under the spectacular direction of Madame Irina Roublon.

Exotic, Russian-born Madame Roublon is known as one of the most successful, temperamental and expensive designers in California. With her wealthy customers in her own salon, she may sulk or explode in any of half a dozen languages. With mental patients she is incredibly kind, gentle and understanding.

"With some natural insight," a Napa psychiatrist says, "she can find something pretty in any patient, create a dress around it, and make the patient feel wonderfully attractive."

This is by no means a simple procedure.

Most of the Napa patients are far from beautiful. Many seem to be dumpy, scrawny, flat-chested, sagging, too short or too tall, with graceless legs, bad complexions and lifeless hair. But with every one, Madame Roublon has quickly found something to praise.

To one patient with shockingly pocked skin she declared, "What delicate shoulder bones! For you, a peasant blouse. You like this fabric? . . . So. We will cut it like this, here and here—ah, sensational!"

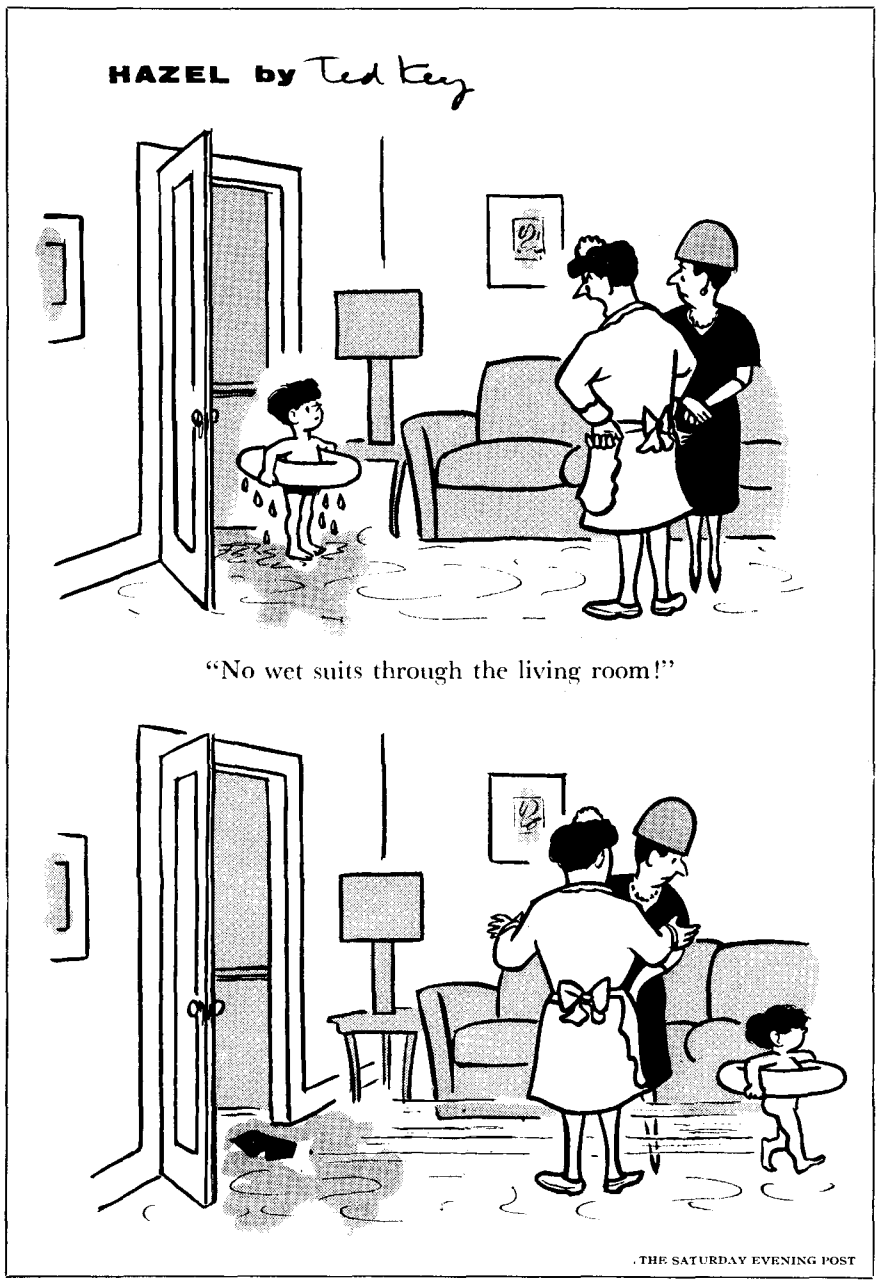
To a young Mexican girl, crippled in both body and mind, she exclaimed, "*Dios!* But never have I seen such magnificent, golden skin! For you only, I have brought this metallic cloth. You will be dazzling!"

And facing another woman, who seemed to be built wrong everywhere—bad legs, figure, posture, hair, skin and even teeth—she called, "Girls, look at this beautiful line of the cheek! Inspirational! On this we will create a complete masterpiece."

An experienced psychiatric worker watched one of Madame Roublon's performances and said, "You know, her comments are probably the first compliments that some of those patients have ever had."

A nurse told us, "At first, you listen to Madame Roublon and decide she could not possibly be sincere. But then you look again, and you suddenly realize that the patient really does have pretty skin, or nice ankles, or a beautiful line of the cheek. It sounds corny, but you learn to ignore the bad features, no matter how bad they are, and find the pretty thing that's actually there in every woman."

The standard fashion-therapy course at Napa—financed largely by Fashion Group itself—now consists of three sessions, held a week apart, followed by a formal fashion show. In the first experimental course, back in 1959, it was evident after the first two sessions that changes were taking place.



In the wards there was more talking and visiting back and forth among patients. Fights and hysterical outbursts were less frequent, and fewer women remained frozen in their deep depressions.

Out on the grounds the fashion-conscious women—with new hairdo, lipstick, make-up and posture—were observed by male patients. Soon it was noted that these men were beginning to shave more frequently, put on neckties and act more sprightly.

In the hospital staff itself a completely unexpected development was reported by Evelyn Avera, the attractive nursing supervisor for the program.

"Twelve of our nurses were observers at the first sessions," she told Dr. Theo K. Miller, the hospital superintendent. "You'll be interested to know that eight of them went out afterward to get permanents, they're all using lipstick and eye shadow, they're keeping their stocking seams straighter, and they're trying to walk like those young models." And with a grin she added, "The morale among our doctors has never been higher."

After the first fashion show, when the treated patients displayed their new look before hundreds of other hospitalized women, Nurse Avera said, "Now there'll be requests all over the hospital for lipsticks and mascara and brassières, but I don't see how we can provide them. Things like that aren't in the budget. Isn't there something we could do about it?"

The superintendent consulted with state financial officials and then said, "Go ahead and order what you need. List them as educational aids."

To Doctor Miller, who has directed Napa since 1942, the fashion-therapy program fits logically into the modern total-push attack against mental disease and the treatment of each individual as a person rather than a patient.

"There is no evidence that this fashion therapy by itself will cure any of our patients," he claims. "But combined with all our other treatments—drugs, physical and occupational therapy, and all the rest—it can contribute tremendously. With some patients we feel that the fashion approach has worked when we were not able to reach them by any other means."

Last year Doctor Miller—with Drs. Lewis G. Carpenter and the late Robert B. Buckey of the Napa staff—reported in *Mental Hospitals*, a publication of the American Psychiatric Association, that the program may well prove to be a particularly valuable tool in "the reactivation of women patients, especially among those in the chronic group with long-term periods of hospitalization."

By even the most pessimistic standards, a team of Napa researchers concluded last year, approximately one third of the patients showed "much improvement lasting over a period of at least several months while an additional one third showed modest improvement.

A recent checkup showed that, after nearly two years, approximately 20 per cent of the first group of patients—all of them chronic and considered almost beyond help—had improved enough to be released on trial or permanently from the hospital.

One of these had been in one mental hospital or another since 1939. "She's getting along beautifully at home," her daughter reported. "We're not sure it's right for somebody her age to use so much paint on her face, but now she seems to have such self-confidence!"

The hospital records likewise showed that approximately a third of the patients in the first group were still "maintaining clear improvement," even though still hospitalized. Formerly dangerous patients were now living in open wards. Some remote unco-operative women were able to get along better with others and to take on productive jobs around the institution. One middle-aged woman, written off as essentially hopeless more than a dozen years before, had completed the fashion course, then decided to take a basic training course in nursing, and last summer was serving as a nurse's aid in the hospital's chest center.

"Interestingly," says Doctor Miller, "when these patients start looking better, their sons and daughters and relatives start visiting them more often in the hospital, and we see the re-establishment of old family ties. Whether it's because of her new hairdo, or her new dress, or something else, the patient finds she's still part of her family. This in itself is a major contribution."

After the successful trials at Napa, the San Francisco Fashion Group and the San Francisco Association for Mental Health introduced their programs at other California hospitals. By this summer nearly 400 women had gone through either the full three-day course or abbreviated one-day versions. At the same time at the Napa State Hospital, an experimental fashion-therapy program was being tested on teen-aged girls who had been brought into the hospital for emotional problems.

Similar programs have already been conducted by local fashion groups and mental health associations at hospitals in Los Angeles and Minneapolis, and still others are being developed in New York, Houston, Toronto and Montreal. Other hospitals can undertake similar programs, claims Jane Winthrop, wherever interested groups are willing to set up courses based on some fashion and much close "woman-to-woman" contact.

To Mrs. Winthrop the programs in the San Francisco area have more than warranted the time, effort and money involved. "To a lot of us," she says, "the fashion business sometimes seems futile and ridiculous. You get the idea that you're just selling more things costing more money to more women who've already got more things than they need. You begin to feel a little ill. And then suddenly a door opens—you find a way you can take your knowledge and use it to help women who desperately need help."

And she adds, "It's nonsense for the people in the hospitals to thank us. We're forever grateful to them. They let us feel we had something to give that another human being needed."

THE END

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It happened in White Oak, Maryland. A robin decided to build her nest in the shelter of a public phone booth. To give her peace and quiet, local Bell telephone men quickly installed another phone nearby. Result: service as usual, mother and family (four) doing very well. • Bell Telephone System

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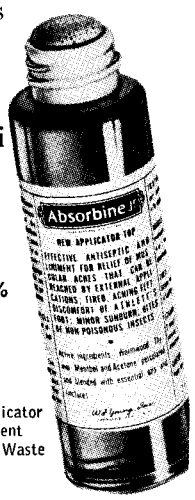

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Keeping Posted

Why He Left Wyoming

Patient's view of Jack Fields.

The temperature dropped to twenty-eight below in Thermopolis, Wyoming, on December 29, 1919, when **Jack Fields** came into the world, and Fields has craved a warm climate ever since. New Guinea, he decided during two war years there with the 5th Air Force, is *too* hot; so he settled in California. He now owns an Oriental-style house outside San Jose, where he and his wife live happily among his Swedish and Japanese cameras, a German car, an African dog (a basenji named Congo) and a Siamese cat. Despite these international aspects, Fields's *Post* specialty has been THE FACE OF AMERICA; we have published sixteen of his photographs in that feature in the last three and a half years.

While Fields was photographing patients at California's Napa State Hospital (see GLAMOUR TREATMENT FOR THE MENTALLY ILL, page 22), a patient was photographing Fields (see result, at left).

Author's sketch of Jim Gentile.

Ys Man

Double-threat newsman **Murray Olderman**, author of our article on Jim Gentile (HOT-TEMPERED ORIOLE, page 21), writes sports news and draws sports cartoons (see cut) for the Newspaper Enterpri Association. He also plays thi base for the Ys Men, in the Leonia (N.J.) Recreation League.

Comforted by Cows

Far-ranging correspondent **James Morris** filed *Post* articles last year from The Netherlands, Afghanistan and the Middle East, and won a George Polk Memorial award for "dispatches which have the perspective of history and the richness of literature." He covered the opening weeks of the Eichmann trial for his newspaper, the Manchester *Guardian*, then took a swing through seven Latin-American countries. Name almost any country and you can bet that Morris has been there.

In ENGLAND, EVER ENGLAND (page 16), Morris stays much nearer home, assaying the village of Ickham. Morris and his family reside in the village of Waterperry, which, he says, "is a tumbledown village, like something in the more stagnant corners of Ireland, eight miles out of Oxford and very damp." The Morris house is a 190-year-old structure called The Old Rectory, which was secularized two decades ago, when the parishes of Waterperry and Waterstock were amalgamated. "Its stable has been converted into my study. I have a couple of fields, let to a neighboring farmer, running down to the River Thame (not the Thames) behind the house. Cows sometimes lick my study window while I'm working there, making a rather comforting sort of rasping noise. The house has a nice, mellow, still faintly ecclesiastical air, deposited by the scores of country parsons who were my predecessors. It has two big evergreen oaks in front, and a shambles of garden which I shall presently reduce to order—if not tomorrow, then next year anyway."

Elizabeth and James Morris at St. James' Palace, London.

Twice a Prisoner

Ex-convict **Hal Hollister** (I SAY PRISONS ARE A FAILURE, page 13) sharpened his writing skills during seven years as editor of a magazine for his fellow prisoners and, subsequent to his release, on weekly newspapers in Washington and Oregon. Now a free-lance writer and a resident of Portland, Oregon, he was born forty-two years ago near Shelby, Montana, and was graduated from high school in Spokane. After a three-year career as a boxer—he lost eleven of thirty-seven fights as a professional lightweight and welterweight—Hollister enlisted in the Army. He served with the 509th Parachute Infantry Battalion in Africa, Sicily and Italy, was wounded and captured at Anzio, and was a prisoner in Germany for eleven months before being repatriated. "I was discharged on September 30, 1945, and something like a month later fell on a robbery-murder charge that led to a life sentence."

They Make You Laugh: J Whiting

Jim Whiting of Watkins Glen, New York, has served hitches as a Navy baker, as a cartooning teacher and as a bowling-alley manager. Now he spends his mornings conducting a three-hour radio show called *The Early Worm*. In the afternoons he draws a syndicated cartoon feature called *Ad Libs*, and in the evenings he performs as a professional magician, works as cubmaster of son John's pack and as assistant scoutmaster of son Jimmy's troop.

When does Whiting find time to dream up cartoon situations? Sometimes he doesn't. The idea for his current *Post* cartoon—on page 79—was sent him by a Larkspur, California, businessman who sells gags to cartoonists in his spare time.

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Can this lake be saved from pollution?

Tragically, no...unless we can start managing our failing water resources better than we do today

The steady loss of water recreation facilities—in the face of a rapidly growing population—has been one of the great tragedies of America's mismanagement of its water resources.

Every year, contaminants like sewage, silt and industrial waste destroy more fish and wildlife habitat than public agencies can restore. Yet, every year there are more people seeking the enjoyment and relaxation of fishing, hunting, swimming and boating.

And the loss of recreation facilities is only part of our national water problem. Right now, some areas can no longer attract new industry or support population increase because of depleted water reserves. These shortages exist even in areas where rainfall is abundant—because the land has not been shaped to retain water. Ironically, disastrous floods are followed by periods of water rationing.

As a nation, we have ample rain. The basic problem is that there is not sufficient *usable* water where and when it is needed. Yet, in just 14 years, we will need well over 50% more usable water than we have today.

Some progress toward a solution has been made under the Small Watershed Development Act. But larger measures are needed and have been proposed: the development of master water control plans for *all* our river basins. Industry is doing its part. But most important, each of us must share responsibility for solving the water problem—urban or rural—because it will be an investment in national survival.

Because we all will benefit, we all must help. After all, if we don't do the job, who will?

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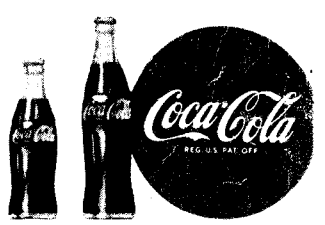

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